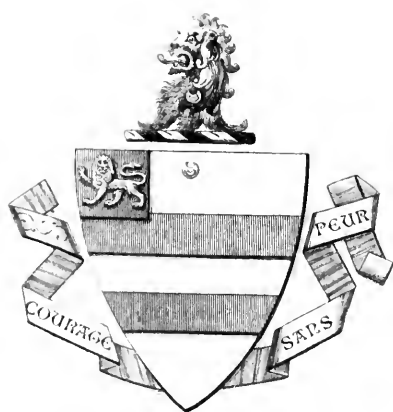
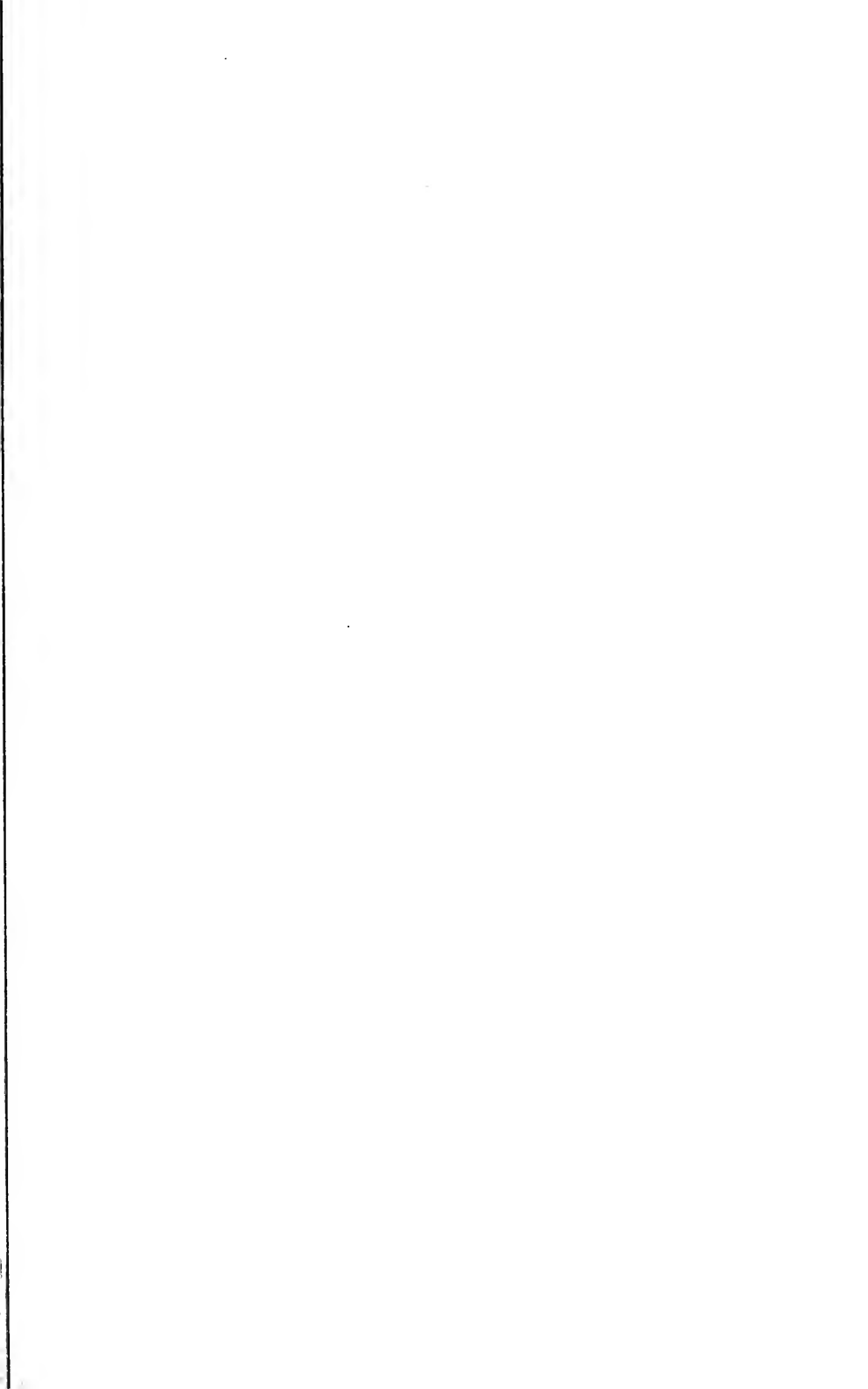


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Robert Lancaster



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BAILY'S MAGAZINE

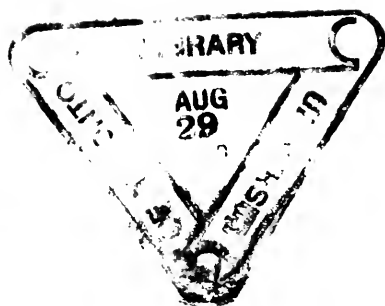
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SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

LONDON :
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1863.

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME V.

- SIR RICHARD BULKELEY, BART., 1.
Mr. John Leech's Sketches in Oil, 4.
Charlie Thornhill, 12, 62, 108, 175, 227, 284, 353.
Scott and Sebright: a Review, 30.
Cricket, 34, 83, 141, 199, 248, 311.
'Our Van,' 39, 95, 150, 205, 263, 313, 364.
Art and Dramatic Gossip, 48, 102, 160, 214, 263, 322, 372.
Marquis of Anglesea, 51.
Battersea, 54.
Blooming Condition, 77.
Our Jockeys, 77.
The Cooperer, 81.
The Two Jacobs, 82.
The Turf Market, 92, 147.
The Earl of Strafford, 105.
The Question of the Day, 125.
On Otter Hunting, 132.
Doubtful Crumbs, 138.
Lillywhite's Cricket Scores, 140.
Captain Percy Williams, 163.
A White Spot in the Black Forest, 165.
Angling Gossip, 192.
Lays of Modern Rome, 204.
Mr. Henry Villebois, 217.
Gentlemen Jockeys, 218.
Shooting in Andalusia, 244.
Hunting in the Himalaya, 250.
My First Day's Shooting in Brittany, 259.
Sir Charles Monck, Bart., 271.
Jockey Club Investigation (Tarragona Case), 275.
Past, Present, and Future of Fox Hunting, 301.
The 'Tarpoley Week, 306.
Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart., 325.
His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and English Sports and Pastimes, 330.
The Tale of the Old Customer, 336.
'Gentlemen Riders:' Mr. George Thompson, 354.
A College Fingerpost: Part I., 356.

LIST OF PLATES.

Title-page—Mr. George Thompson.

<p>Sir Richard Bulkeley . . . Page 1</p> <p>Marquis of Anglesea . . . „ 51</p> <p>The Earl of Strafford . . . „ 105</p> <p>Captain Percy Williams . . . „ 163</p>	<p>Mr. Henry Villebois . . . Page 217</p> <p>Sir Charles Monck, Bart. . . „ 271</p> <p>Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart. „ 325</p>
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William G. L. G.

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

SIR RICHARD BULKELEY.

CONSIDERING how much, within the last two months, the name of the above popular Sportsman, whom we had hoped to have recorded as the winner of The Derby, has been brought before the public, we flatter ourselves the selection of his portrait for the present number will not be unappreciated by our readers.

Sir Richard Bulkeley Williams Bulkeley is the son of Sir Robert Williams, the ninth Baronet of that name, and assumed, by sign-manual, on the 26th of June, 1827, the additional surname of Bulkeley, having inherited in 1822 the property of Viscount Bulkeley. He was born in the parish of Marylebone, in London, on the 23rd September, 1801, and was educated at Castleford, near Pontefract, by the Rev. Mr. Barnes, who at that time enjoyed a high reputation among the upper circles of society, for his preparation of young men for the Universities. And the strength of his 'stable,' if we may be permitted to use the expression, may be estimated by the fact, that at the period he had the subject of our memoir under his charge, he had also associated with him the present Lord Cowley, the late Sir Henry Peyton, Mr. W. Williamson, brother-in-law of Lord Zetland, and Mr. Harland, of Sutton Hall, near York. Born a Sportsman, Sir Richard Bulkeley, after having finished his career at Oxford, soon found himself at Melton, and lived for many years there with the late Sir Harry Goodricke. Being a very light weight, there was no necessity for his having a very large stud of horses; but those he did possess were always found equal to the occasion. Contemporary with all the old Meltonians, Sir Richard Bulkeley had a great many good men to beat before he could distinguish himself sufficiently to be photographed by Nimrod as a bruiser. But, in point of popularity, none could surpass him, both from the vigour and freshness of his intellect, his conversational powers, which were in the highest degree amusing, and also from that charm of manner which Bulwer in 'Pelham' lays so much stress upon. The Turf career of Sir Richard com-

menced in 1831, when we find him winning a Sweepstakes at Chester with a mare called Reseda, by Rubens, and at the same Meeting the Rhodée Stakes with Miss Maria. This mare, got by Count Perro, soon put his name up in the Calendar, and, in addition to the above stakes, won him one at Newton, one at Liverpool, and four at Holywell, where his colours were always in immense force. Pickpocket proved useful to Sir Richard at this time by 'picking' up small stakes in the country, and paid his trainer's bill.

At that period The Holywell Hunt Meeting was the most fashionable gathering in Wales, being the period when the great Roman Catholic Lancashire families assembled for the week, and when race ordinaries and race balls were at their zenith. It was there the Marquis of Westminster would run beside Lord Derby, and the Stanleys of Hooton compete with the Talbots of Lytham and the Mostyns of Talacre. The Mostyn Mile Handicap was then heavily betted about, and the result eagerly looked forward to. Party spirit connected with the Reform Bill broke up this old-established social gathering, nor is there any prospect of the aristocracy of the two counties reviving it. But in 1832, the year afterwards, by his Birdcatcher, so called in contradistinction to the celebrated Irish horse Crowcatcher, he stood higher in the list of winners than ever, for he won The Dee at Chester with him, The St. Leger at Liverpool, three or four other stakes at Newton and Holywell, besides running second to Margrave for The Doncaster St. Leger. Pickpocket also went on winning, and if the others did not do so much, they at all events cost him nothing. In 1833 the Chester folks were delighted to see Sir Richard carry off both The Chester Cup and Stand Cup with Pickpocket, ridden on each occasion by Sam Darling, and Birdcatcher was busy in the same line of business at Liverpool, Doncaster, Newton, and Holywell. The following year, after Birdcatcher had won The Stand Cup at Liverpool, he disposed of him to Mr. Kirby, of York, for the stud, and Pickpocket also finished his career after appropriating to his own use no less than sixteen races, which included six gold Cups. After this for the next few years, although he had always three or four horses in training, Sir Richard did nothing worth reproducing; and his next best horse may be said to have been The Bishop of Romford's Cob, by Jereed, who subsequently became so well known to all the Match-makers on Newmarket Heath, and with whom he won The Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot, beating Attila and a large field. The Cob, about whom as little as 3 to 1 was taken, was ridden by Charles Marlow, and his finish with George Edwards on the Derby got him one or two new masters.

Tracing Sir Richard on through the Calendar, we find that Montpensier and Joinville were the only two he trained that put money in his pocket; nor did he have another good race until he won The Champagne with Tasmania, and three stakes with Bel Esperanza. Under these circumstances it was not to be wondered that his friends congratulated him on bringing out Old Calabar, for

no horse ever left off as a two-year old with a better chance of winning The Derby as a three, than the one over whose accident Newmarket still mourns. So much has been written on the subject, that it is quite unnecessary to revive the dispute, and reopen the wounds which are hardly healed by this time. An attempt was made to attach a stain upon Sir Richard, because he did not adopt at once the course which certain losers by his horse desired. The authorities, however, under which he acted were quite of sufficient standing to justify the measure he pursued. No one felt more for his friends than Sir Richard Bulkeley; but at the same time he was not disposed to avenge their losses on Old Calabar, at the expense of his trainer's character. When, however, he was satisfied it was desirable, for many reasons, that his stud should be transferred into other hands, he was not long in signing the warrant. And we are aware that it was impossible for any individual to have felt more deeply than he did the total destruction of all his hopes for The Derby, which he had a right to imagine was only a question of health for Old Calabar. Whether the injuries he sustained were caused maliciously, or were the result of accident, it is impossible for us to state. But if the former course was adopted towards a favourite of one so popular as Sir Richard Bulkeley, then all we can say is we do not envy the feelings of either the planner or the perpetrator of such a crime, which will be certain to come home to them, and bring about its own retribution. But although the Epsom prize has just been snatched from his grasp, Sir Richard Bulkeley is too good a sportsman to give up, and is again sanguine that on the St. Leger day William Butler may yet bring out his Calabar fit enough for his friends to support; and should, by the wheel of fortune, the race be secured for him, the Welsh baronet will find that Yorkshiremen know no distinction of country when they cheer the horse of a good Sportsman, and an honourable gentleman. We should add that Sir Richard commenced training with Robert Brunton, at Holywell, where Mr. Clifton's horses were likewise prepared. Brunton, it will be recollected, was foreman to the celebrated Billy Peirse, with whose doctrines he was deeply impregnated; and the number of races he won for his employers proved upon what a sure foundation they had been based. Upon Brunton's death, which took place in Sir Richard's service, he engaged Charles Peck, who was living with him at the time, and his stud was removed with the latter to Malton, where they remained some time, when circumstances caused them to be removed to Stephenson's, at Newmarket. Subsequently they returned back to Peck, who was again superseded by Stephenson, who remained in office until he was discharged last month, and the vacancy filled up by William Butler, with whom we hope he will be more fortunate than he has been with his other trainers. In conclusion we may state that Sir Richard Bulkeley unites all the enthusiasm of the Sportsman, with the polish of the man of the world, acquired by intercourse with the best society of English and Foreign Courts. As a gentleman rider

he has frequently distinguished himself, particularly in one match with Lord Howth, at Croxton Park, some years back, in which he beat that wonderful artist very cleverly. During the whole time Sir Richard has sat in Parliament for Anglesea, he has ever been a strong supporter of the Liberal cause, and attends to his duties in the House with the same regularity as he does to the claims which are made upon him in his other capacities, in none of which has he ever been known to have made an enemy.

Sir Richard, who succeeded his father on the 1st of December, 1830, we must not omit to state, has been married twice, viz., on the 27th of May 1828, to Charlotte Mary, daughter of Lord Dinorben, who died on the 11th of May following, without issue. And again on the 20th of August 1832, he was united to Miss Stanley, only daughter of Sir Thomas Stanley, of Hooton, by whom he has a family of four sons.

MR. JOHN LEECH'S GALLERY OF SKETCHES IN OIL; OR, HIGH ART.

BY THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

OF the public exhibitions to be seen for nothing in London, by far the most popular has been Mr. Fores's shop-window in Piccadilly. Whether the great attraction be 'Lady Spencer,' or 'Past and Future,' the 'Steeple-chase Cracks,' or 'The Right and the Wrong Sort,' I have no idea. It is sufficient to deal in facts, without attempting to penetrate causes. Neither is it my business to inquire whether the admirers of the former engraving number amongst them the professors of the latter school of art. I know that, for years, that corner shop of Sackville Street has attracted a more numerous and a more respectable class of loungers than any other in town. I never lost a pocket-handkerchief even whilst indulging my curiosity with the works of Alken, Herring, Henderson, or Hall; and the conclusion I draw from so unusual a circumstance is, that the majority of Mr. Fores's patrons are sportsmen. No! when the eye requires to repose upon the graceful or the luxurious beauties of a court like ours, I indulge in a stroll through Bond Street, and feast upon the dainties provided by Messieurs Mitchell or Andrews: if upon the elegance of well-studied costume, I prolong my afternoon's ramble to the bottom of St. James's Street, where the charming ease of Mr. Dighton's pencil calls up the dandies that are gone, in the window of our friend Sams. There I behold the twin followers of Epicurus arm-in-arm, the late George W—— and Adolphus F——, and half a dozen more, of whom the reminiscence recalls those halcyon days of tight boots, tight trousers, tight waists, and tight everything—even to the money market, west of Temple Bar. I am not cynical, nor critical, nor hard to please, but still I return

to my old haunt, and spend a pleasant ten minutes or a quarter of an hour over the counter of Mr. Fores. Beauty palls, costumed elegance wearies, but I feel fresher, and my eye rouses itself from its unnatural languor to a state of agreeable excitement when I see those heroes Becher, and Billy Bean, the old Squire, and Captain Ross, on Vivian, Grimaldi, Clasher, and Clinker, clearing 82 feet of water, or a turnpike road and a waggon and horses, whilst the unsuspecting carter scratches his head with astonishment at so novel a performance.

Sporting sketches are almost wholly of the nineteenth century. The early painting in that line consisted usually of a long-legged animal, of the size of life, going at an easy gallop over a brown course, intended for Newmarket Heath, evidently started for a four-mile plate, in heats. The jockey is a respectable-looking old gentleman, with a fine old hunting-cap, and a well-fitting pair of very brown tops tied with a leather round the knee, with long and loose flaps on the outside. This is varied occasionally by having his opponent alongside of him. Sometimes the Squire leans thoughtfully over his horse's neck, in a large shirt-frill and scarlet coat, whilst his favourite hound licks the disengaged hand of his master. Now and then I have seen a fine portrait of this school; but the bag-wig and black breeches and sword carried the day. There are a few nice paintings in existence with backgrounds and skies, like *Morland* or *Reinagle*, and stout old gentlemen breaking cover on bobtailed nags, all of them hallooing more or less, and most of them with their caps in the air. I have seen an extraordinary gamecock or two of the period, and *Colonel Thornton*, and *Mr. Flint*, and the great *Diomed*, and *Eclipse*, and *Hambletonian*, all more or less badly painted, and the *facetiæ* on canvas of *Mr. Loraine Smith*; but I know of no true representation of the incidents of the field, or the road, or the turf, prior to the present century. My taste may be all wrong, and there may be much valuable talent thrown away upon me. I only record my opinion: any gentleman who thinks differently is perfectly welcome to his.

To this, however, succeeded an age when a few men would fain have raised this branch of art to a higher point. *Henderson's* best coaching pictures are admirable—full of truth and reality, and extremely well painted. There is a great deal of life without exaggeration; and since the days of coaching appear to be returning, we may have a *Henderson* who will do for the drags what has been done for the road. *James Ward, R.A.*, is one of the most successful of our animal painters. *Ferneley*, who painted half *Leicestershire*—some of it as large as life—and even ventured upon a 'scurry' with some prominent portraits, approached more nearly to our present ideas of sporting subjects. The fact is, he loved 'hunting,' and being indifferent about the business as one of art, he painted hunting pictures better than anything else. We have *Herring*, a thorough draughtsman, whose hunting scenes are scarcely the best of his works, dragging truth from the bottom of the well in

the position of his horses and his delineation of action ; but though a good judge, and a great lover of the animal, he was no practical sportsman, and, but for a happy hint, would have sent out his four famous hunt pictures in snaffle bridles. There was much spirit in some of the light water-colour sketches of old Alken, but the wonderfully impracticable nature of the fences made one's hair stand on end ; and, until the advent of Mr. John Leech, I began to think that there could be no hunting without exaggeration, and no spirit without caricature. Still, 'Palmarum qui meruit ferat.' Mr. Fores has done his best for the British public. He brought out all that was good, and, I presume, with considerable tact or stringency, suppressed all that was bad : for if painting is at all like poetry (and they say the impertinence of both is proverbial,

'Pictoribus atque poetis
Quid libet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas'),

his task must have been a hard one. In the gravity and respectability of the old red rag, Mr. Grant has never been equalled ; but I scarcely venture to regard his pictures as horse pictures, believing the hunting to be an accidental accessory referable to his own predominant taste. One might as well call 'Coming Events' a pretty little sporting picture, as regard 'The Melton Breakfast' in any other light than that of a group of portraits in the most becoming of costumes.

These things being fairly taken into consideration, there is no doubt that we stood in need of some delineator of the incidents of the chase who should instruct whilst he amused. Thanks to the periodical publication of light literature—so light that but for the weight of illustration we should have lost it altogether—the world has been introduced to John Leech. At a moment when the British lion, a true sportsman himself, was growling for some more practical illustration of his sacred diversion than he had yet seen, the master spirit of *popular incident* appeared. That John Leech has improved in drawing, felicity of design, and facility of execution since we first made his acquaintance, there can be no doubt. Now, indeed, he scarcely leaves anything to be desired. But he made a hit at once. No man who studied his early sketches could be blind to the hand of a master. His ideas were happy, his women pretty—charming—his bonnets Parisian, his boots——(we have no expression for these, excepting in Greek, which I spare my reader), and his horses
—MOVED.

I should not wish to be severe, but more than half the popularity of every work that has been illustrated by this artist is owing to his talent. Who ever really knew Jorrocks till they saw the great grocer of Great Coram Street in his proper colours ? If Sponge and the cow on which he rode to cover is immortalized, to whose pen or pencil is it owing ? We heard of Sir Harry Scattercash and Sir Moses Mainchance, but thousands would never really have seen them but for Leech ; and as to Billy Pringle, I am so fortunate as to have

been present at the first attempted negotiation of a fence ; but the imbecile performance of the richest commoner in England is a caution to aspiring youth. I wish Mr. Leech would illustrate a book for me : upon my word it would induce me to write one. There never has been such a thing as a sporting novel yet : the thing seems to be an impossibility. Indeed, no love, no novel ; and the spurious commodity, in which your practical sportsman is supposed to deal, renders sentiment an inconsistency which the authoress of 'East Lynne' could scarcely have got over. With what a charming pair of boots would our artist invest the heroine ! what eyelashes ! what a waist ! There can clearly be no difficulty about the heroine. Then the sea-side. Of course no fashionable novel could come to a termination without Brighton, or Ramsgate, or Eastbourne at least. And what a taste the man has for the sea ! What waves ! what wind ! If Turner was the father of atmosphere, of a truth John Leech is the very Æolus of painters. 'The sea breeze is 'beneficial to the back hair ;' and as to a little Skye terrier, which every woman who calls herself a lady must have, there's one in the sketch of Wiggins's politeness and activity, No. 25, which looks like the very personification of a squall. Clara's pet would make the fortune of the man at the corner of Throgmorton Street. Do you want a father-in-law ? Go to Leech. Or a mother-in-law ? Go to Leech. Or a foretaste of what ought to be the *summum bonum* of earthly happiness to the married man ? Go to the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, and inquire for Mr. Peewit. There you will see the charming excitement of the 300*l.* per annum lottery, the comfortable little extemporaneous dinner of little Peewit himself upon the staircase, and 'the real master of the house.'

In John Leech's performances you may see your own wife, your own sister, mother-in-law, your own hack, and your own self. You may enjoy a day with the Brookside, or the old Surrey, to be blown up by the Master, or hung up at a gate by the lovely Ninepins. You may have a turn on the 'Ocean's wave,' or a morning at croquet, in which you fall a victim to the prowess of Melnotte or Hubert. Or you may take a day's exercise in some good stiff standing beans, grown on strong clay, whilst your friend smokes his cigar outside, to mark. You may be ridden over in a ditch, or ride over somebody else ; you may do your sea-bathing at Boulogne, or your hair *à l'Impératrice* at Paris ; you may 'pick up the early 'worm' with Piscator ; be assailed by a bluebottle ; tame your own colt with Briggs ; and finish the day with a Turkish bath 'in your 'bed-room, with the greatest ease ; only taking care that you 'manage the apparatus properly.' All this you may do. For who is there 'with soul so dead' that he has not identified himself a hundred times with the delineations of social life by John Leech ?

But we were not prepared to see our old acquaintance as a colourist. I remember Mr. Jorrocks, in one of his hunting lectures, has some valuable advice on the subject of hounds. 'If their loins 'are well filled and their flanks hollow, you may say they look like

'their work; if they're fat, say they're wery even in condition. Rich-coloured 'ounds you may liken to the Belvoir; and then you can talk of Goodhall and Guider, or of the Quorn Trueman, or even go back as far as Farrier and Hosbaldeston; still let your talk be of legs and loins, with an occasional mention of helbows and shoulders. Perfection, symmetry, handsome, level, bone, breedin', condition! Lord 'Enry, Sir Richard, Sir Tatton, Mr. Jorrockes, are terms that may be thrown in at random.' Nothing could be more applicable to painting: feeling, light, delicacy, atmosphere, truth, nature, roundness, breadth, and depth are stock words. Rubens, Vandyck, David, Gainsborough, Sir Joshua, De la Roche, Watteau, Etty, Wilkie, West, Northcote, Millais, Gerome, Ary Scheffer, there are plenty more on whom 'ingenuous spooney' may descant; but when utterly ignorant of the business, do not forget that there is such a thing as *colour*. Colour must be the 'legs and loins' of your sermon when you have nothing else to say. You can't go wrong altogether if you rest upon that. There may be no atmosphere, no roundness, no breadth, no feeling; but in every picture there must be *colour*. 'Any fellow would know that, you know.' And all I shall say of Mr. John Leech as a colourist is, that his colouring is decided, and pure, as the colouring from Nature should be, without aiming at high finish. He is bold, as your humorist must be, but his boldness is tempered by discretion and truth. But as every one has his own particular notions of colour, you had better go and see.

To what circumstances are we indebted for these 'enlarged transcripts of drawings?' Is it the invention of a new process, or the very natural desire that many men must feel to find something suitable for a country house, a hunting or shooting box, from so gifted a pencil? The greater part of Mr. Leech's time has been passed in drawing upon wood for the engravers; and although he may have been willing to gratify the desire expressed by his friends, there can be no doubt that the combination of a new patented process with the use of oil colours has considerably facilitated its execution. In the large room at the Egyptian Hall, where Albert Smith, poor fellow! was accustomed to delight his thousands and tens of thousands, John Leech essays to do the same. And if success is to follow merit, I hope the present occupant of the locality may be no whit behind his predecessor. He openly repudiates the name of a finished picture for his productions, and claims for them nothing higher than that of 'Sketches in Oil.'

But it is time that we conducted our reader through the series, touching on those points which seem most characteristic from speciality. I am vain enough to imagine that these lines are sometimes read by those whose tastes are not necessarily connected with sport; but, in the present instance, it behoves me to turn aside from the too dangerous temptations of pretty women, sea-side scenes, fashionable aquatics, love-making, and the rising generation, to those pictures which treat more particularly of the incidents of the field.

How many a young man pulls up upon his very entrance into the room, at No. 1, and sees himself negotiating a flight of hurdles, after a rather slack day. Perhaps a 'run over the downs' has deprived him of the opportunity of distinguishing himself on a 'perfect screw,' whose merits cannot be brought out under four feet six of timber; or perchance that melancholy possibility, a *blank day*, suggests a palpable method of trying the young 'un on his way home, if he can only find half a dozen more to accompany him; and James Mason to give him a lead. Surely those men must have been down in the Bicester country; in which case the latter suggestion is thrown away.

And here is No. 2 himself—a fine, portly, mulberry-faced old fox-hunter—is staring Mr. Jorrocks out of countenance. A regular 18 or 20 stunner, not Mr. Henley Greaves, imagines himself planted in the middle of some troublesome growers, in a desperate attempt to lead over, and the refractory beast objects to follow.

The case is not an uncommon one; and probably as the mountain cannot go to Mahomet, Mahomet will eventually go to the mountain. There stands Jorrocks in all his glory of scarlet coat, and mulberry countenance; like a conception of the Grecian drama, unsupported, sublime in his unity. If Jorrocks be a Xerxes, a mighty leader, then, in the present case, is *Arter* Xerxes a terrible misnomer.

How many of my readers are in the habit of riding on to or over the hounds? Look at the indignant disgust of the Master in No. 5, and the terrified expression of the disappointed hound, as the miserable sinner, and his equally wretched mount, displays his boldness over the most practicable gap. Or if Mr. Leech's conception of a disgusted sportsman be sought, observe in No. 16 the sturdy insolence of the first whip, and the horrified indignation of the dirty little snob, whose 'ugly mug might frighten the fox out of cover, if he would but get inside.' Have you ever seen a whip, what he calls *a little put out*? Have you ever marked the just appreciation those servants have of the true gentleman, the legitimate *habitué*, and of the ignorant pretender, or the half-shaved snob, who presents himself at the cover side? It is quite clear to me that Mr. John Leech knows them all. He never drew either 'the indignant first whip' or the 'ugly mug' by description. That detective faculty is almost inherent in sporting servants. How civilly the touch of the hat, the cheerful 'Good morning, sir,' or the ready response to an inquiry is accorded to the sportsman; and with what a surly grunt, or ill-suppressed ridicule, are the platitudes of a would-be swell received, by the same functionary! We may presume, too, that Mr. Leech has been at some provincial meeting or other, in his life, where gentlemen riders are still in vogue. It was not at Croxton Park, nor in the Shires, that he encountered the original of No. 30; and his name was not 'Little.' If gentlemen jocks are like that, they may well give 5 lbs. extra to professional riders,

and have something to spare. Mr. Leech has for once exceeded the limits of the humorist ; but

‘ Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus,’

it is but seldom he offends in that way.

Amongst the most amusing and truthful of the series is No. 10. Who that has ever been through Darker's beans, the produce of stiff Northamptonshire clay, on a fine hot day in the first fortnight of September, can forget his sensations at drawing them blank ; or at hearing in every direction the chirping *moqueurs* as they made off, whilst the sportsman struggled in vain with the binding stalks, unable to bring his gun to bear ? and how does it add to the pleasure to find your friend at the bottom, cool and comfortable, sitting upon the gate, with a flask of sherry and a half-smoked cigar ; and proposing to go on with the marking process, whilst you take another turn ‘ across the top end, down the other side, and round by the bottom ; ‘ trying old Heycock's standing oats on the way ?’ What a picture it presents to the mind of the little *agrémens* of sporting life, when birds are thin and standing crops thick upon the ground ; and when your companion is not only fastidious but incapable.

In Nos. 20, 43, and 57, we are introduced to the rising generation. The little Nimrods whose annual visit at Christmas reminds the governor of the necessity for getting up Beeswing and Old Dick, and clipping them immediately : some men ascertain the quality of the sport by the position of these youthful aspirants at the finish, and they thus perform the office of hunting pedometers. For my part, I love to see the young vagabonds, stealing a few weeks from the ‘ As in præsentî,’ and the ‘ Græca Minora ;’ and never think a frost so unwelcome as when it comes in the Christmas holidays. If they do no good, they certainly do no harm ; and now that Bartlet's boots are in fashion, they may be put in costume from three years old and upwards.

There are some shocking young ladies in the room, playing at croquet and Aunt Sally ; to say nothing of round hats and water parties. I am, however, glad to see that the Misses Weasel stand a good chance of abolishing crinoline. But of all the shocking young ladies of our acquaintance commend me to Miss Ellen in No. 36. Unhappily my opinion on the subject of young ladies' hunting, without proper escort, and in anything short of *grande tenue*, is too recently known to bear repetition. I might say better known than trusted. But if any one will say that that preposterous old funkier Robert, on the family coachhorse, is likely to live three minutes, by the side of Miss Ellen, on the blood-like chestnut, I give way. Or does the spectator (for such he will become, if he take my advice) imagine that the valuable life of a Tomkins, No. 45, is to be risked, because young Diana thinks that her pony would get over, if the horrified Tomkins would but break the top rail. Is Tomkins the man to give a lead over such a dangerous obstacle, at the suggestion of a girl ignorant of danger, or to encourage an Amazonian manli-

ness in woman, which ought only to belong to his sex? Perish the thought! Or is this *the* Tomkins whom the Squire's second horseman has hung up at a most awful gate? I applaud the moral courage of Tomkins in declining it; and if the Squire's second horseman is given to this kind of nick, I honestly confess that he will shut up me.

It is almost needless to continue describing the amusing incidents which now decorate the walls of the Egyptian Hall. In every sketch the painter exhibits not only a power of pencil most extraordinary, a knowledge of drawing, and of colour, such as could scarcely have been looked for in a gentleman who cannot have devoted much time to the practical study of it; but a knowledge of human nature and character, which, in those scenes, no man has ever attempted to place upon canvas. We have had much good form in Herring's pictures; a great knowledge of perspective, a wonderful fidelity in foreshortening, and much life and motion. But the great distinction between the hunting sketches of Mr. John Leech, and any others that have appeared, is this: that whatever distinctiveness of character there may have been in the horses, none whatever has been attempted in the men. They have been put upon their horses in the same manner; their boots, their breeches, their coats, their saddles and bridles, have all borne a strong family likeness. The fine old nobleman, the M.F.H. of thirty years, has been undistinguishable from the ordinary *habitué* of the hunt. The huntsman, the whips, the second horsemen, the juniors of the field, the young farmers, and the steady old yeomen, have had no individuality, until Mr. Leech took his hunting sketches in hand. We never had, so to speak, an incident of the field properly portrayed. We have seen a run, a steeple-chase, a find, a kill; but the absolute social life at the cover side, or in the day's sport, has been lost to us. We have never before seen, as in No. 63, 'Don't move there, we ' shall clear you.'

Mr. Leech has been called a caricaturist; perhaps he is so. I should prefer to call him a humorist. A caricature is a concealment of beauties and an exaggeration of defects, still preserving a resemblance to the original. The throwing into contrast, by proximity, elements in themselves sufficiently contradictory, is rather the case in most of Mr. Leech's sporting sketches; the nonchalance of the swell, or the imperturbable hauteur of the grim peer, with the hilarious importunity of the little gent, or the bustling self-importance of the snob; the courage of the inexperienced woman with the scared timidity of Tom Noddy, in presence of a hog-backed stile, is no caricature in itself. The juxtaposition of the individuals appears to exaggerate the condition of both; fairly examined, neither much exceeds the truth. That he is a humorist is true; and perhaps the highest praise to be accorded the painter is that, with all his apprehension of the ridiculous, he is so faithful to the real.

With this conclusion I beg to take my leave of the subject; only adding that the exhibition in question is likely to be as popular as it

is accessible ; for scarcely any one can fail to recognize in it something admirable in himself, or ridiculous in his friends. And should Mr. Leech ever stand in need of subject-matter for his pencil, let me suggest to him a visit to the Teams on the Ascot Cup day. He will then have an opportunity of contrasting the talent of the few workmen, with the melancholy imbecility of the incapables. The subject has not yet been handled in the vein for which Mr. Leech has made his name famous ; and if ever he should attempt it, I can only hope that the honour of providing the letter-press may fall to the Gentleman in Black.

CHARLIE THORNHILL ;
OR, THE DUNCE OF THE FAMILY.

CHAPTER XXIV.

INDEPENDENCE.

‘ Miserum est alienæ incumbere famæ. ’—*Juv.*, viii. 761.

THERE is as much difference between the advice a man gives himself and that which he gets from his friends as there is between the nauseous draught of the apothecary made up for you and the dose of excellent port he reserves for his own affectionate drinking. In the one case you get a very palatable offering, the prescription of a flatterer, which is not likely to be of much service ; in the other, the rough draught of one who is likely to give you the best he has, but not to make it too pleasant. One thing makes me very chary of taking advice at all ; it is this : that no one can have the intimate acquaintance with your affairs which you possess yourself ; and without that intimacy his counsel is likely to fall short of its true aim. Charlie Thornhill was very much of this opinion. Nobody quite knew him—his brother least of all—and nobody sympathized with him. His character was not one that courted confidence. He was a great favourite with those men whom he knew intimately, and his manly accomplishments tended to make him acceptable with many more, but there was scarcely one with whom he could be identified as a close and intimate friend. It might be a fault in his nature. He was shy, and not clever ; and he had a certain common sense, and a feeling of right not so popular amongst the young men of the world as it might be. He had none of the sharpness which they called common sense, and had an awkward manner of calling things by their right names, which made some men fight shy of him. But most persons would have done him a favour, if in their power ; and the worst to be urged against him was that he was not very amusing. Almost every one admitted certain good qualities of temper, courage, and honesty, but no one thought of him as a person to be served. It is true that appearances were against his standing in need of it, and his natural reserve would have effectually prevented his asking

a favour, had he seen his necessities as one or two persons saw them.

Lady Marston was not only a woman in all the best and kindest gifts of woman's nature—in its constancy and truth, in its affection and tenderness, in its forethought and tact, but in all the perseverance and active courage in behalf of her *protégés* which are supposed to belong to men and ministers in want of a return. She was not, therefore, likely to forget Charlie. She knew his necessities better than he did himself. She knew, too, how he could best help himself, for she had watched him from a boy. She knew his ruth and his honest nature, his idleness and ignorance, and his strong good sense. But she knew how difficult it would be to help him in a world where everybody was fighting and struggling and cheating and bribing for self. Delicacy urged her to go to Mrs. Thornhill; but Mrs. Thornhill, since her husband's mysterious death, had been out of the world. She had no political influence, no politics. Then she thought of Tom, and she found him willing to support his brother, to give him half of his fortune, if he wanted it; in fact, to do anything but tease his friends for their interest with the Minister, or the Home Department, or the Foreign Office; for anything of which Charlie, to say truth, was not eminently fitted by his antecedents.

‘But, my dear Lady Marston, what can he want with anything to do? He's welcome to anything I have, you know. There's always a home for him at Thornhills; lots of shooting—the best bird season I have known for years; and there's my black hack for him to ride. And when my uncle Henry dies, he'll have all that. And I only wish it was ten times as much for his sake.’

‘But you don't understand your brother's position, Tom. He ought to be independent of circumstances. Life's very uncertain; so is banking. Your uncle may live for forty years, or the bank may go to-morrow.’

‘Bless my soul! Lady Marston, how you frighten one! I hope it won't,’ said Tom Thornhill, laughing. ‘Let him come to Melton, and we'll put him up among us. You persuade him: he'll do anything for you.’

Well, of course this was useless. It was no use wasting time on his brother; and Mary Stanhope was not much better. ‘Charlie at business! Why, he'll be ill in a week. Besides, what's he to do? He'd better marry somebody. I suppose he will some day. Why can't he go and live with his mother? that's the best place for a young man now-a-days. They're always in mischief.’

From such sage advisers Lady Marston turned to Lord Tiverton. The Premier was a charming person, impervious to anything, always smiling or joking, *il se moquait de tout le monde*. He enjoyed the temperament of a duck's back. He was, however, a *beau garçon*, somewhat *passé*, and had a reputation for saying the pleasantest things in the world. A refusal was always a difficulty with him; to Lady Marston an impossibility.

‘A favour, Lady Marston? A pleasure to grant it. Anything I can do. Of course we must manage something for him.’ And on he rattled. ‘Remember his father? Yes, poor fellow; indeed I do. Rather crotchety about the Game Laws for current opinion, but a capital fellow, capital fellow. Can he speak Spanish? because I think we could manage something. What? nothing but his own language? That’s a bore. Now a little German or something of that sort goes a great way. Even if it’s quite useless, and a man can neither speak it, read it, or write it, still in these days, you know, public opinion must be considered. Perhaps he could say he knew something about it, and take his chance. He *might* satisfy the examiners. It’s all great nonsense. I’m sure I couldn’t pass an examination myself. Yes, yes, we must do something for him. Why doesn’t his brother go into Parliament?’

It was very vague, and Lady Marston knew the world too well to place much reliance upon it, so she turned her fascinations next upon Lord Thomas Charter. Little Tommy Charter, or little Lord Tommy, as he was familiarly called by the great unwashed, was brother of a Whig duke, the first statesman in England, the most popular of reformers, author of ‘The Life of Mumbo Jumbo,’ the African traveller, and ‘The History of his own Times,’ and everybody else’s. He was a small, sallow, sharp-featured man, highly conscientious, and who stuck to his party through thick and thin, whichever it happened to be.

‘Busy, Lady Marston? Indeed I am. But, never mind; let us see what can be done. I suppose we are sure of Marston on the Episcopal Clearance Bill? the country gets more practical every day. There’s the Sand and Blotting-paper Office: can’t we do something for your friend in that? Examination? True, true; but it’s very trifling. History of England—good knowledge of modern Europe, in fact, very essential—Italy especially; she’s in a very peculiar position: couple of modern languages; say French and German: Latin absolutely necessary—a little of it; but no earthly use: a science or two; and mathematics, of course. By-the-way, tell your friend to be well up in the provisions of the Great Charter. No man ever yet did any good in this world who didn’t appreciate the efforts of Stephen Langton and his followers.’

Lady Marston was not sanguine enough to imagine that Charlie Thornhill would qualify (as he would have called it) for this stake; but she could not but thank the great statesman for his kindness, and say that she hoped she should be able to write to him a line in a day or two. Lord Tommy knew nothing of sinecures; his whole life had been spent in abolishing jobs and distributing patronage according to merit—or at least professing to do so, when everybody was looking on. He was the very man who had lately discarded his third wife’s half-brother, a young man from the Board of Bricks and Mortar, enjoying his 800*l.* per annum, for irregularity. At the end of the first month he was reported, at the end of the second reprimanded, at the end of the third he was reported again, and by

the end of the fourth he was dismissed, and another reigned in his stead. It is true that he had married somewhat discredibly upon the 800*l.* per annum, and it was necessary to make an example to deter others from following so bad an example. Strange fatality! his name, too, was Charles. The Charlies were an unlucky lot.

The next person to whom Lady Marston applied was the late Wentworth Jones, now Lord Silkstone. At Eton he was Bill Jones, rather a swell, high up in the sixth, and a very good fellow. At Christchurch he became Wentworth Jones, forgetting the Billy, and report said pretty truly that he had come into a good fortune as well as a good name. Then he went into Parliament, worked hard, had a ready wit, and unfailing memory for other persons' shortcomings, which made him an invaluable debater; for though deficient in knowledge he was never afraid to display his ignorance. Such valuable qualities could not be overlooked: he was taken by the hand by the Premier, and by the nose by Lord Tommy, who found him very useful for a time, and when he was in the way had him elevated to the peerage under the title of Baron Silkstone. From that day the little Joneses became Honourable Wentworths, and their father became more polished, more civil, and less sincere than ever. He rode the neatest of hacks, had the smallest of grooms, wore the best-cut coats, and the most lemon-coloured gloves of any man in England.

When he was first applied to in behalf of our hero he suggested at once the colonies. He was overpowered by his wish to serve so charming a person as Lady Marston. How he longed for whole hosts of governorships of South Pacific Islands, secretaryships of Pulo Penangs, commissionerships of Jungleguava, attachéships to the embassy of Owhyee, and half a dozen other ships of every line but the right one! And now, when pressed to say what he could positively hold out, he made a definite promise of a nice snug little sinecure on the coast of Western Africa, within easy reach of M. du Chaillu's cannibals, and where Charlie would succeed a gentleman who had been eaten alive by a crocodile whilst performing his ablutions. The charming smile, white teeth, and bland *empressement* with which it was offered enhanced the value of this desirable post, and it was with considerable difficulty that Lady Marston could refuse it in sufficiently polite terms.

'I am really exceedingly obliged, Lord Silkstone, for the interest you so kindly take in my friend Mr. Thornhill, but the young man for whom I am asking the favour is strong and healthy at present, and might, if taken in his raw state, disagree with the crocodiles.'

I've never heard that the Honourable Wentworth was selected to fill the post vacated by the hardy bather.

Having waited a short time for something to turn up, and not hearing from either of her ministerial friends of anything more promising than the West African Station, Lady Marston consulted her husband.

Sir Frederick Marston was a sensible, accomplished man ; practical in all points ; fond of the world in which he lived, in no bad sense ; very modern in his ideas, though not without a hopeful touch of chivalry in his nature. He married his wife because he loved her, but he was not the less happy to find that she adorned her station, and was exactly fitted to be 'Lady Marston.' The consequence of his appreciation was a happy mixture of deference and affection, and that sort of intercourse which results from a mutual conviction of each other's capabilities.

'Well ! Frederick, nothing has been done for Charles Thornhill yet.'

'My dear, you seem to look upon Charles in the light of a pauper.'

'So he is, to all intents and purposes. I can hardly conceive a more painful position than that of a man able and willing to work, but compelled to live upon the charity of others.'

'Surely a mother's offering to a son's necessities is scarcely charity ?'

'Up to a certain age, no ; afterwards, yes. And what charms me with Charlie is, that he feels it to be so.'

'It's the case with half the aristocracy, where no provision can be, or has been made for the younger children. What's the use of a large house and a comfortable jointure ?'

'Mrs. Thornhill has not too large a jointure, Frederick ; and though she can well afford a home and a few hundreds for a younger son, Charlie's view of his own position is the true one. So let us help him as far as we can.'

'With all my heart, my dear ; but that won't make him independent. There's very little real independence in this world ; and if there were much, what a terrible set of savages we should be ! The only really independent person of my acquaintance is my trainer, Turner ; and he not only does as he likes with his own, but with mine too.'

'Well, then, independent or not, will you help him to do as he likes ?' said Lady Marston, checking her husband's inclination for a discussion, of which Sir Frederick was remarkably fond.

'Will a Government office suit him ?' asked the baronet.

'I think not, if it means an examination without some preparation. And if he has that, he may as well go into the army, which he has talked of a hundred times.'

'Well, an examination of some sort he must have : not very severe, I apprehend. Whether it does much good, I don't know. I think we shall have an inferior class of men, well prepared for special service, but not likely to make such good general servants. The education of a gentleman usually fits a man for any duties we have to put him to.'

'Excepting in modern languages,' said Lady Marston.

'No English boys can know much about them, unless educated abroad. And a comparison with us and foreigners in this respect

'is unfair: the Continent throws men of all languages together: there is both a greater facility for acquiring them, and a readier means for exercising them. But I don't think we're much behind them in essentials—eh, Kate? And you know I was a terrible reformer in that line once upon a time. No; Charlie will do best for a grenadier, or the household brigade.'

'I almost agree with you; and if he reads for the one he will fit himself for anything that may fall out by the way. And now the sooner he is out of London the better. We must find a good tutor for him, who'll read with him and teach him to read for himself. That's rather out of my line, Frederick,' said Lady Marston, who was beginning to think she had entered upon a rather too masculine undertaking. 'However, you and he can settle that between you. Only, if you have anything to do with it, beware of Gilsland, and don't let him get too near Melton.' With this sage advice Lady Marston started on some other benevolent errand, and Sir Frederick went into committee on the Buffertown railway, and forgot, for a time, the very existence of his wife's *protégé*.

Charlie, the person most concerned in these arrangements, was in the mean time enjoying himself as we have seen; but he was constantly visited with an anxious desire to do something for himself. He knew he was leading an unprofitable sort of existence, and envied hundreds who would like to have changed places with him: that's natural. Charlie had not much light, as the Reverend Struggle Muffins would say; but what he had was pretty clear. He did not get into mischief with his eyes shut; and though that is the more excusable error, it is not the less dangerous. Hitherto he might have been described as some horses—he always had a leg to spare. He passed his time very comfortably; but the thought was constantly recurring that he ought to be doing something else. I do not think that it ever occurred to Charlie Thornhill that the whole of the set were going down hill, or that there was something abstractedly wrong in wasting time, gambling, getting in debt, and the like. He had not been educated in a strict school of discipline. He thought it wrong for himself, because he individually could not afford it. Time was wanted to strengthen the growth of principles, which seemed almost inherent in his nature, if such things be. He seems to have been honest by nature, thoughtful by nature, courageous by nature, chivalrous by nature: as yet he had tried to improve none of nature's gifts. He had a speedy way of administering rough justice of his own; he liked good eating and drinking; was an active enemy to poaching, vulpecide, and dissent, and had a horror of books; these were the gifts of education. When he wanted a cheque he went to his mother; when he wanted advice or sympathy, to Lady Marston; when he wanted what he knew to be decidedly wrong, and what would be met by remonstrance from either of these, he went to Mary Stanhope.

He had a great deal of conversation with Sir Frederick; as much,

in fact, as that legislator could find time for. He held out no great prospects in a Government official situation; besides which, the thing was in itself distasteful to Charlie. As the matter of consultation was only a compliment to his former guardian, he was not long in coming to a decision in favour of pipeclay; and it then only remained to look for a tutor.

Tutors are of various kinds. There is the well-educated University man, rather stiff, formal, whose exparochial existence is passed amongst dry tomes; who reads strictly with his natural enemies for a certain number of hours each day, addresses them as Mr., greets them night and morning with a bland smile and courtly bow, imparts what he knows, which is not much of modern requirements, and is not eminently successful in his calling.

There is the rough and ready pipe-smoking, slovenly tutor; a clever, well-informed, half-idle, half-energetic person, of seedy coat and unkempt hair. Cares little enough about any tastes, inclinations, or habits for good or evil, but goes the shortest possible road to a certain object, by cramming and coaching, and talking and repeating, until he thinks the head is full which came to be filled. How soon it empties itself again is another question, but is not in the bond.

There is your respectable country clergyman, whose only qualifications are his former scholarship and his present necessities. Little enough is done in such hands, except (if he is fortunate enough to have a daughter or two, which all of them have) love-making. An excellent man is he, and as unfit to restrain impetuous youth, to deal with idleness and deceit, to direct a misguided mind, or urge a slothful one, as any man alive. He would teach, if his pupils would learn; but he has neither persuasion nor vigour to induce them to do so.

Above all, there is your utter incapable—not impossibly an old soldier; who, having dissipated time and money on whist and sangaree, comes home to discover that there is one profession still open to a gentleman. Knowing nothing, he sets to work to teach it. Finding that even impossible, he sends for assistance. Lo! there appears a third-rate Cambridge man, whom a career of low dissipation had almost stranded, when his happy chance—the *education of youth*—presents itself. Perhaps an Irishman, a Dublin B.A., a capital mathematician when sober, willing to teach anything from hopscotch to the binomial theorem, takes a part in the guidance of the pupil. Then a Frenchman or German hairdresser, who is always a political refugee, not unfrequently in correspondence with exiled royalty, is engaged to teach modern language. A drawing-master does his department, and a lecturer from the Polytechnic does the natural sciences, unless that falls also to the share of the versatile Irishman. As to the chief, he disdains work, and does no department whatever.

But we waste time. It was to one of the latter that Charlie was introduced before long, who, to his natural urbanity, added a vicinity

to Gilsland : the latter point carried the day. Charlie went to bed in the consciousness of having done something for himself, and Captain Armstrong retired to rest happy in having added one more to the list of his victims.

CHAPTER XXV.

TWO OF A TRADE.

‘Have more than thou showest ;
Speak less than thou knowest.’—*Lea*, i. 4.

To a dingy-looking house of considerable size, in one of the numerous streets which run parallel to Portland Place—be it Wimpole Street, Harley Street, or any other, matters not—I beg to transport my reader. There is a heavy respectability in the sombre darkness which belongs to this quarter. The carriages, ‘rari in gurgite nantes,’ are of the heavy order ; round, sleek, fat, pursy horses ; family coachmen ; yellow chariots, or long and low barouches, stand about at 4 P.M. at intervals. Paralytic old ladies, with wondrous bonnets of flowers, feathers, or bugles, and shaking ringlets, the undeniable handiwork of Mr. Truefitt, come creeping out on the arms of their footmen, and here and there a pretty girl, with airs tottering on the steps of Belgravian audacity, rustles down the doorsteps in attendance on dear grandmamma. Here is the house of a millionaire merchant, who disdains the fashionable *quartier*, and sticks to his prejudices. Magnificent collections of water-colours adorn the walls ; articles of vertu cover the ormolu and mosaic tables ; costly wines, port unknown in regal cellars, and choice Madeira of many a voyage, stocks the cellar ; and a not inglorious hospitality is shared with men of his own time and weight, which is never under sixteen stone, and may be four-and-twenty. There is the abode of a prosperous banker ; a junior in one of the great city firms—a junior only ; for your chief of the firm affects Piccadilly and the *beau monde*, has a stud in Gorsehamptonshire, and a moor in Scotland, and entertains his West End clients. But the junior is rich and old, and will be richer, if older. For he loves nothing but himself and his money, and is alone in the world. He has quarrelled with his only sister years ago, for disgracing herself and him by marrying a handsome Irish scapegrace (at that time about town, but having since disappeared under conviction of ‘nobbling,’ and some suspicions of manslaughter), called Kildonald. He has heard of her since in childbirth in a foreign country, in sickness, and in want, but he has never relented towards her and the innocent children for whom she pleaded. He is nearly twenty years her senior, and once loved Norah, and took care of her. But she left his house, and he cannot forget it ; he is proud to think that his prophecies of Kildonald have been more than fulfilled. He knew him better than she. Such is Roger Palmer ; of the firm of Mint, Chalkstone, Palmer, and Co., Bankers, of East Goldbury, City, London.

Roger Palmer had treated himself to a little fire ; the evenings,

he remarked to himself, get cold in October, and others remarked to themselves that Roger Palmer was getting older every day. He had eaten a good dinner, and was not so much out of temper as he looked. He was white, small, fragile, with pinched features, and a very fair complexion. His mouth was very thin-lipped and close, and his forehead was low, but broad. He did not want intellect, but was wholly without high aspirations. He loved money for itself, and his cold, silent, badly-furnished rooms testified it. He was a childless widower, and he did not lament the loss of his wife so much as he rejoiced in the curtailment of his expenses. As a young man he was not penurious, only careful. He loved to have a large balance, in case of emergencies : as he grew richer the feeling strengthened, and now he was a simple miser. Money was his god ; he hugged it and worshipped it, as God is seldom worshipped ; but he would not burn it, as an idol, to keep himself warm. Well ! there he sat, over his little fire, warming himself and his bright old toes ; for he was scrupulously clean, and could not forget that he was of the firm of Mint, Chalkstone, and Co. And by degrees odd matters assumed a form. The old man saw his sister, as she was when he first took her to a small house in London, before he became a partner in the bank. Then he wondered whether her children had inherited her grace and beauty, and her self-will—this last thought was a little compromise. Then he thought of Donald, his good-looking face, his bad reputation, his grace of manner, his latitude of principle, his turf practices, and his final disappearance. ‘Thornhill ! Ah ! poor Thornhill !’ thought he ; ‘but for his kindness what should I have been ? Where would have been Mint, who never saw a race, and Chalkstone, who never played a rubber, and the Co. ? We must all have gone in the panic, but for the propping and bolstering of Henry Thornhill and his kind-hearted brother Geoffrey.’

Two or three weeks after this soliloquy, Roger Palmer found himself in the little parlour at the back of the banking-house in Pall Mall, face to face with Henry Thornhill. Never were men less alike physically and mentally. The one was robust, fresh-looking, handsome ; the other, mean-looking and business-like, with an air of sharpness out of place west of Temple Bar. The one was kindly and well-mannered, and abrupt in spite of his nature ; the other was husky and dry, and only genial upon principle. There in his leathern chair sat the West-end banker, and over against him the City man of business. Both had a respect for certain qualities of the other : one was exalted by absolute superiority, the other assumed temporal equality by a great act of studied and unusual justice, which he was there to do. After a few minutes’ conversation, therefore, and leaning forward with his elbows upon the arms of the chair he occupied, Roger Palmer said, ‘Thornhill, you know what we owe ‘you, you who are occupied in the same pursuits, who have the ‘same anxieties, and I look upon it as an obligation that can never ‘be repaid.’

'Well, Palmer, be it so,' replied the other; 'it is long ago, and I think you would have done the same by us. You attach too much credit to my personal share of the business. I am only glad that by means of poor Geoffrey I was able to help you.'

'Help! God help you in a like case, my friend!' said the little miser cordially, and almost wringing his hands with the recollection. 'It was life to us; we were gone—at our last gasp—Thornhills saved us. Oh, how often I've thought of that Sunday night, which seemed to separate us from ruin and disgrace! But I want another favour, Thornhill.'

'There's no Geoffrey now, Palmer. What is it? surely not money?'

'Yes, money, money; but a surplus. I want your advice. Will you be my executor? I must make my will; that's the load on my mind at present.'

'What's become of your sister, Roger Palmer? you had one once. Where is she? what is she doing?' asked Henry Thornhill.

'No, no, hush! I've sworn, never—not one stiver;' and the old man frowned, and his lips closed so tightly as to disappear, whilst thick veins swelled in his forehead. 'She laughed me to scorn; she eat of my bread and drank of my cup, and when the wolf came she turned to him in spite of the shepherd's warning. I might be generous, but now I mean to be just.'

'Then be just and generous at the same time, and leave your money to your own relatives,' said the West-end tradesman.

'It's what you will do, I presume,' rejoined the City magnate; 'but you know nothing of the ingratitude of women, as I do.'

'Of course not;' and a deep sigh was following, which Henry Thornhill suppressed with a strong effort; 'of course not. But if you do not leave your money, as I tell you, to Mrs. Kildonald or her children, I'll have nothing to do with it. There, Palmer, we're old friends and need not quarrel; but you know my mind.'

Henry Thornhill was too generous to add the repayment of an obligation to his advocacy of what was right. But Roger Palmer had done what we all do occasionally for ourselves; he had fashioned a course of justice in accordance with his own inclination, and intended to abide by it.

'And your nephews, your brother's boys, how are they? what are they doing?'

'The elder is spending money, like his poor father; and the younger—well, the younger is thinking of making it, if he can; that's like you, you know.' And Henry Thornhill smiled a grim smile as he clutched his friend's extended hand.

'Does he need it? does he want a profession?' said the little man, eagerly.

'As much as any one that wishes to be independent, and is not so.'

'Then why not take him in here? What an opening for him!'

‘Humph ! that’s as may be. Perhaps he might be better with ‘you,’ said the uncle.

‘Oh, come, come, Thornhill, nonsense ! Now think of what ‘I’ve said. Bless my heart, it’s a provision for the Prince of ‘Wales.’

‘And you think of what I’ve said ; and do as you ought to do ‘with your money. When you’ve made up your mind to follow ‘my advice, come to me, and I’ll be your executor. Good-bye.’ And Roger Palmer departed on his way eastward, and Henry Thornhill sat down again to a ledger, but his thoughts were far away from the back parlour in Pall Mall.

It will be seen that there subsisted a considerable intimacy between these two men, so different. Circumstances had thrown them together, and an obligation due, with a generous mind, knits the debtor more firmly to the creditor. Thornhill knew all he had done for Palmer ; and with all his penurious hardness the latter had never been unmindful of it. In fact, he went to Pall Mall that day with the intention of leaving his money to a Thornhill. He had ascertained sufficient for his purpose ; and although he was prevented from announcing that purpose to Henry Thornhill, he had quite determined in his own mind that Charlie would be none the worse for his patronage and assistance. He liked what he had seen of him, and he had no particular wish that his wealth should go to replace an estate which was being, according to all accounts, rapidly dissipated. How little he knew of the use to which his money might some day be put the reader shall know hereafter, if his patience will carry him through the task he has commenced.

In the mean time, our hero has carried out his intention honestly enough. Charlie was reading hard. He was involved in the intricacies of that erudite and interesting history called ‘Chepmell,’ from which he ascertained the names of the heptarchy, the difference between Pitt and Lord Chatham, and the descent of our reigning monarch from James I. of glorious memory. Euclid had already informed him that the square of the hypotenuse was equal to the squares of the other two sides of a right-angled triangle ; but whether he was to add that it was ‘absurd’ or not, he was not yet certain. He was making daily translations from M. Contanseau’s extracts from Charles XII.—the battle of Pultava and his doings among the Janissaries, as very likely to be set ; and he had almost conquered the difficulty of ‘quantitative and qualitative’ adjectives, and the meaning of a thing called the ‘objective case,’ from a modern Lindley Murray. The assistance he derived in all this from *Old* Armstrong, as that gallant captain was called, was but small : such as the unhappy victim of short whist who never held a trump and played execrably, and nocturnal jorums of hot gin-and-water, might be expected to furnish. The Armstrong table was more substantial than *recherché*, and the ladies of the family were a moderate substitute for the pleasantries of Marston House, Lady Elizabeth, Mrs. Thornhill, and Mary Stanhope, or the charms of Edith Dacre

and her sister. Mrs. Armstrong was a slatternly beauty of forty-five; Miss Armstrong was a pretty girl, adorned in many colours, who found everything 'awfully jolly' or 'hard lines,' who sang manly songs, with a dash of the comic, made her own bonnets, painted scrolls for the curate of the parish, and was evidently destined for the first eligible spoon who was lucky enough to get an ensigncy through her father's agency. The Cambridge man was a terrible disappointment. He had no knowledge of Newmarket, nor of the Fitzwilliam. He preferred beer and cavendish to regalias and sherry and soda-water; and asked with considerable naïveté what Mr. Thornhill wanted with that huge can of cold water every morning? Charlie, however, had a strong will, and for some weeks made considerable progress in spite of all difficulties. He had his pleasures, too. Mary Stanhope's kindness had touched him nearly. He laughed at her fears for his health, but he accepted his favourite horse, and showed his appreciation of her liberality by riding him straight and well whenever he was fit to go. He had stuck to his first refusal to join his brother at Melton; but he treated resolution by a dinner and bed now and then at Gilsland, and he was not always back so early the next day as he promised himself. He set a capital example, not unaccompanied by precept, to his fellow-pupils, who held him in some respect, not only for his years, but for some preconceived notions of his *savoir vivre*. 'Why the deuce 'don't you fellows read?' said he. 'Old Armstrong swears you'll 'none of you get through the exam.'

'He knows nothing about it; I don't believe he can construe this 'bit of Livy himself,' said Craven, who had come from Eton, where, he admitted, that he had never opened a book or done a verse yet. Smith's time had been passed at the village public, making love to the Hebe of the tap-room, until Charlie Thornhill had laughed at his not very delicate amour, and made him understand that a roadside public was not quite the place for an old Harrovian. Marlborough and Cheltenham furnished each their quota; and the language of the representatives of these seminaries of polite learning had to be corrected by some very unmistakable hints from a gentleman not squeamish, I regret to say, as to an occasional oath, but with a just discrimination between what was wrong and what was low.

'What made you fellows tell such a falsehood to Armstrong 'about having been on the river to-day?' said Charlie. 'You 'know you hadn't been near a boat.' Charlie hated a lie, and seldom failed to show it.

'Oh, what *does* it signify? he's an old fool, and never knows any-thing about it,' said one; whilst another hung his head, and said, 'Why shouldn't one say the river as well as anything else?'

'Because,' said Charlie, 'though he's not very bright, he always 'treats us like gentlemen, and it's not pleasant to sit by and hear it.'

'Well, it wasn't the right thing to do,' said Smith.

'No, hanged if it was!' said Craven. 'Let's tell him to-morrow

‘we were over at Saddington, playing billiards. Hallo! there he goes, to a muffin-struggle with the Dragon’ (this was Mrs. Armstrong); ‘he’s going to have a rubber with the Doctor; let’s have a lark. I shall do my work to-morrow. Cantabs will give us a coach, so I shall go and smoke a pipe.’

This is a sample of the state of things under the lax discipline of the gallant captain, late of the H.E.I.C. There is, however, no doubt that he had much for which to thank Charlie Thornhill, who neither smoked pipes under his nose, laughed at his wife, chaffed his daughter, frequented the pot-house, cut prayers, or bullied him in any way. Before the winter, he had worked a reformation which was manifest to so dense an intellect as the Captain’s; and Charlie was happy in believing that he knew something more than he did when he left Gresham’s. He was a mark for the arrows of the young women of the neighbourhood, which caused him a little trouble at first, as he hated letter-writing, and was not quite safe in his spelling. Miss Pilborough, the doctor’s daughter, asked him to tea, on pink paper, and in the name of her mother. The rector, old Cureton, went the length of a dinner; and a neighbouring squireen, who had heard of his brother, and remembered his father’s death, left his own card, and his wife’s, with Mr. Thornhill’s name in the corner, and an intimation that there was breakfast and the hounds at Topham Scrubs on the following Monday. Charlie’s horse was not fit, and Edith Dacre reigned supreme.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A CATASTROPHE.

‘Prepare him early with instruction, and season his mind with the maxims of truth.’

‘And who was the wife of Charles I., Mr. Thornhill?’ said Captain Armstrong, as he sat with his book before him, superintending a sort of morning canter in English history.

‘Edith Dacre,’ said Charlie. ‘Oh, no! I beg your pardon, Captain Armstrong. I mean—let me see—’pon my soul, I forget; but I was thinking of something else. How very stupid, to be sure!’

‘“Charles was also engaged to Henrietta Maria, sister of Louis “XIII.,”’ said the Captain, very gravely, reading from the book. ‘“Just before this marriage took place James I. died, March, “1625.”’

‘Of course—of course; I beg your pardon.’ And the lecture proceeded with no very satisfactory result, as far as Charlie was concerned. A reference to the book showed the Captain that his pupil was wrong upon two or three points, of which he himself was not quite safe, as ‘that the area of a triangle was double its altitude with ‘its base,’ and that ‘Edward II.’s widow was confined for life ‘to the Castle of Gilsland.’ If the reader requires any explanation of an ignorance which is not uncommon either in teacher or pupil,

he will find it in this case in the following note, which was at the very moment in our hero's left-hand waistcoat pocket. It had arrived that morning by post. It produced a greater sensation than the contents appear to warrant :—

‘Gilsland, Tuesday Morning.

‘DEAR MR. THORNHILL,

‘Mamma desires me to write, as she is much engaged, and ask whether you will give us the pleasure of your company from Friday till Monday next. The hounds meet at our cover on Saturday, and perhaps you can send your horse over on Friday morning. There is a stall at your service. My brother is here, as he is not yet gone to Berne. We hope you will be able to come.

‘Yours very truly,

‘EDITH DACRE.’

Charlie had dined before at Gilsland, and slept there. He had been out hunting in his life often enough to have borne the news of the meet with equanimity; and Mr. Dacre's cover, though a sure find, was a very moderate one for sport. The fact is that this was the first time he had ever had a letter from Edith; and, though difficult to extract much from it, in the way of great encouragement, he managed to pick out of it consolation enough to drive out all the effects of his previous day's reading. Finding himself unfit for serious work, he lit a cigar, and visited the stable. The Templar was fit, and his proper day was Thursday. It was early in the season; there was no sign of frost in the air, he countermanded the Thursday's meet, and ordered his horse to be sent on Friday in good time to Gilsland. So much for the effects of a little scented paper, and an invitation to dinner; and he gave up Stickborough gorse almost without a sigh.

‘If Mrs. Armstrong and the Captain will excuse me,’ said Charlie, at breakfast (and the Dragon was never so politely addressed by any one else in the house), ‘I shall be away from to-day till Monday.’

‘We shall be very sorry to lose you, I'm sure, Mr. Thornhill,’ said she, with considerable *empressement*, and smirking at Matilda; ‘very sorry. I wonder where it is that Mr. Thornhill hides himself occasionally from Saturday till Monday?’ An intelligent titter between the ladies, and a plodding stoical indifference to everything but the dinner on the part of the gentlemen. Charlie, however, felt no bashfulness, as he answered—

‘Gilsland, Mrs. Armstrong; it's about eighteen miles from here.’

‘Gilsland—Gilsland—let me see,’ said the Captain, rushing at once into the subject, and very much fuddled with a morning potation. ‘Why, that's where Edward I.—no, II., was confined—no, it was his wife. We had it in our lecture the day before yesterday.’

‘Captain Armstrong,’ said the Dragon, quite shocked, ‘do you ‘know what you’re talking about?—Matilda, my dear.’ And the lady left the room.

There was a goodly party assembled at the Dacres’ on Friday, at seven P.M.: a heavy divine; two fox-hunting squires, and their wives; a foreign nobleman, who had a house in the neighbourhood for the winter; a dowager peeress; Mr. and Lady Elizabeth Montagu Mastodon; Mr. Robinson Brown, junior; Mr. De Beauvoir, and Charlie Thornhill. A very meritorious impression has gone abroad that horse-flesh is *never* a subject of conversation before the claret appears. Our old acquaintance Nimrod assures us that at Melton, after that brilliant run which was honoured with a niche in the ‘Quarterly,’ the subject of hunting was not once mentioned during dinner. This is a simple misconception of the rules of good society, where people usually talk, as they eat and drink, of the things that please them best. Beer was not excluded from the table at Gilsland, nor was hunting a proscribed guest. The divine had his say on the subject of tithe commutation and the church-rate, into the former of which Mr. Mastodon introduced the hop-duty, and into the latter an educational scheme of his own. The dowager peeress started Paris, in pity to the foreigner, who was not well-up in English politics, and which all joined in hustling about till they got to the fashions. Here the squires pulled up, and their wives took up the running. Charlie had not said much, for, having got next to Edith, and opposite to Alice, he satisfied himself with thinking. Edith never talked quite so much to Charlie as to other people; and Robinson Brown ran away with the conversation, on the other side of her, completely. Alice and De Beauvoir were discussing the charms of a certain picture by Millais; in which the gentleman fondly insinuated a certain resemblance to the principal figure, but which Miss Dacre as strongly repudiated, with very good reason.

‘That’s no compliment, Mr. De Beauvoir; the woman looks ‘as if she had been pressed in a mangle, and then ironed to get ‘out the creases; and I hope you don’t consider my hair bright ‘red!’

And she turned and looked at her admirer with a frank and open gaze, that assured Charlie, if he ever had any fears for Tom’s chance against that gentleman. For he had lately discovered that Tufttenham, like all other male gossips, always arrived at some wrong conclusion; and that it was Alice, and not Edith, who was the ‘pretty sister’ whom De Beauvoir affected, and not the young lady about whom he had so inconsiderately made himself uncomfortable. De Beauvoir had risen in his estimation since the discovery, and Robinson Brown was the person of whom, with much justice, he always spoke as ‘that ass.’ That ass was basking in sunshine at the present moment, and not grazing by any means on thistles. He drank, too, as they are said to do, of the sweetest water, and was well-nigh intoxicating himself. For Edith Dacre had a charming

manner—so lively, so free, so unconsciously coquettish and unaffected, that a wiser man than Mr. Robinson Brown might have calculated on conquest. If Charlie had known the world as well as he afterwards learnt it, he might have considered it a good sign that he was an exception to this rule; that she lost her lightness, and assumed a gravity which she was catching unconsciously from him. ‘Dear Jane,’ however, was the greatest fool alive, and no wonder it was taken in.

‘Iron,’ said Lady Elizabeth, who had too much sense ever to be above the shop, ‘demand for iron, of course, there must be; as ‘traffic increases, and population in large towns becomes denser, and ‘gold flows in from these newly-found regions of which we hear so ‘much, of course they’ll want iron. We shall have an iron age again, ‘Mr. Sylvester.’

‘And a golden one,’ said the gentleman, who seldom perpetrated a bon mot; ‘no more war—nothing but peace and plenty; that’s ‘a little against iron, my Lady.’

‘Peace! bless my heart! there’ll be more war than ever. When ‘people grow fast and rich, they kick, and then others kick again. ‘Poor people go to war, sir? Oh, no. Where’s the money to ‘come from? Nobody goes to war without metal, you know.’

And here Sylvester looked so puzzled at Mr. Dacre’s ‘Bravo! Lady Elizabeth!’ that, had he not been relieved by Sir Thomas Fallowtop, I can’t say how long she would have been without a reply. The baronet, however, had a grievance. Iron had entered into his soul, and now was the time to relieve himself.

‘I know that the consumption of metal must be much greater than ‘formerly,’ said the plethoric baronet, with much dignity, ‘though I ‘presume it has not become dearer through the increased demand; ‘for the farmers all round our country have taken to use it for ‘fencing, and it’s a most dangerous obstacle to crossing a country. ‘Something must be done by the legislature. You ruin this country ‘as soon as you put an end to fox-hunting.’ The old gentleman looked for a second.

‘Of course—most undoubtedly—vewy, vewy true,’ said Robinson Brown. ‘Tewwible thing indeed; awistocwacy’s pleasures, and that ‘sort of thing, eh, Miss Dacre?’

‘I hope, Sir Thomas, that we shan’t go into your country to-morrow then, for I am going out with the hounds. I’ve often ‘been promised, and at last I am really going on horseback. I’m ‘going to jump, too—ain’t I, Teddy?’

‘The mare’s a capital fencer,’ said Teddy Dacre, ‘but she’s rather ‘troublesome to ride. Edith has some peculiar opinions about ‘gentlemen’s hands, and she has insisted upon showing us how to ‘ride to-morrow. Mind your neck, Charlie!’

Charlie thought of somebody else’s neck, and only said—

‘I don’t think you ought to let your sister ride that mare, unless ‘she’s quieter than when I saw her.’

‘Oh, how provoking you are, Mr. Thornhill! Mamma and

‘papa set such value on my neck and your opinion about horses, that if you say much more I sha’n’t go at all.’

Charlie held his tongue, which he found easier than talking; but he made up his mind to ascertain all about the mare, and act accordingly. He thought Alice might help him in the drawing-room.

An hour later Mr. Dacre shook the hand of his last retiring guest, adding, ‘Good night! We shall draw our covers first, and if we get a run, well and good; if not, our second find will be Fallow-tops, notwithstanding the iron fences, which have half-spoilt the riding, and ought to be put a stop to by the landlords; they are the only people to do it, and not by abuse, but remonstrance.’

On a return to the drawing-room, the riding expedition of the next day was the topic of general conversation. The general feeling was against the qualifications of the mare for carrying a lady; but Teddy Dacre laughed at the notion, and Edith declared she could ride her, had ridden her, and would ride her; and Edith was a bit of a tyrant, and her word, on her own business, had long been law. Mr. Robinson Brown offered a substitute, and proposed to take the mare himself; but Miss Edith declared that his mother and sisters would never forgive her, if anything happened to him, and he had better reserve himself for his match with Mr. Thornhill. ‘Dear Jane’ was accustomed to be treated with deference at home, and did understand young lady’s chaff. Charlie had nothing to offer, as his own horse was quite unfit for any lady to ride.

‘Oh! I should not care about you, you know, Mr. Thornhill; but the fact is, that I mean to ride the mare. Papa means to go with us on a hack, and I dare say you’ll be goodnatured enough to keep an eye upon us.’ Charlie went up to blood-heat, Fahrenheit. ‘Mamma would feel better satisfied.’ He was down at 32°. Before bedtime, however, Alice had made him a participator, to a certain extent, in her own fears.

‘The mare is very hot with hounds,’ said she, ‘and though Edith rides very well, she has a great deal more courage than experience.’

‘Then I won’t be far away,’ said he, and the ladies went to bed.

There have been such things as hunt breakfasts described before this. I believe I know all about the breeches and boots, the neckerchiefs, and the cut of the pink, which has descended from the dignity of the old-fashioned swallow-tail through gradations of wide-skirted riding-coats, frock-coats, and shooting-jackets, to the present comfortably-fitting and truly useful morning coat, thick, warm, strong, and easy. But no sooner do I get among the pork-pie hats and the flyaway turbans, the pheasant breasts and partridge wings, the pilot spencers and velvet bodies, the short habits and curious nether garments of the Amazon of 1862, than I lose myself altogether, and become a miserable peg for envious critics to hang their gibes upon. Suffice it to say that Charlie appeared the perfection of an English sportsman, having assumed for the time a coat of modest black, as

the garb best fitted for his present *status pupillaris*; and Edith took her seat in a very proper habit befitting her intentions, and that chimney-pot which, with all the vagaries of modern taste, continues to be the head-dress of the most correct portion of our female equestrians.

By eleven o'clock the hounds, and servants with their masters' horses; a score of second horsemen; farmers of every grade, shape, age, and character; two hard-riding doctors (they always are so); a first-flight parson; and about fifty county gentlemen, who had partaken, or declined to partake, of Mr. Dacre's morning hospitality, were assembled in the field on the other side of the sunk fence. Opposite the door of the house grooms were leading the horses of those who prolonged their morning meal. There was Mr. Dacre's favourite hack, a neat-looking animal enough, fit to carry a thin, gentlemanly old man such as he. There was Robinson Brown's three-hundred-guinea Irish Birdcatcher horse, all that size and length, length of tooth included, could make him. Even now Edith ought to have changed her mind and the groom the saddles. There was a good, useful, not very expensive hunter for Teddy Dacre himself, and the mare, which switched her narrow, blood-like quarters, and clean-made thighs and hocks with her tail, now and then putting back her ears and striking with one leg; and there was Charlie's young one, Mary Stanhope's present—Aunt Mary, who was determined to make him idle, if possible—a raw, lengthy, slack-looking horse, but with large limbs, good shoulders, and great depth. His fault lay behind the saddle; but there was time as well as room for improvement there.

'Where to, Dacre?' said the Master, throwing himself into his saddle, and giving at the same time an order to his huntsman.

'Yes, sir,' replied that functionary, touching his cap, 'there's a fox lies down by the osiers close against the river.' And away went the huntsman in the midst of his hounds, preceded by one whip and followed by another, towards the supposed fox-kennel.

After drawing two or three spinneys on the road, blank, giving an opportunity to Charlie to superintend his charge, whose mare fidgeted about considerably, and had relieved her mistress of Robinson Brown's attendance by kicking the Birdcatcher horse above the hock, they approached the osier-bed. It was bounded by the river on one side, the upper part of it being dry lying, of blackthorn, at the end of which was a strong, almost impracticable fence, into a small meadow. At this end of the cover it was desirable that the crowd should assemble, and the hounds were brought round and thrown in there, as the best chance of affording a run. Charlie had taken his place at a corner of the cover indicated. He had scarcely forgotten Edith for a moment until now, when eyes and ears were straining for the hoped for 'gone away.' The young lady, with more modesty than that exhibited by modern Amazons, had turned her horse back, and, walking along the hedge-row, had ridden through a gate into the meadow itself, partly to quiet her horse and partly to be out of the way. For a few minutes it had the desired

effect, but almost immediately the hounds found ; a crash of melody ensued ; the rate of the whips, the cheer of the huntsman, or the sudden rush of horsemen to some favoured spot, again upset the mare. At this moment, standing in his stirrups, and straining his eyes to catch sight of fox, or hounds, or anything but Edith Dacre, she recurred to his mind. He had seen her go back, and now, looking towards the meadow, through the fence, what was his distress to see the mare rearing and plunging wildly, as at every fresh bound she neared the river, swollen by autumnal rains. Edith kept her seat and her presence of mind, but she was deadly pale, and evidently her strength was going. A fresh blast of the horn and a 'tally-ho back' brought more horses up at a hand gallop ; the mare seized the bit in her teeth, and plunged madly towards the river's brink. And now everybody saw the danger and the impracticable nature of the fence, and galloped, Robinson Brown leading, towards the gate, some two hundred yards up the hedge-row. Almost as they started a terrible shriek broke on the ear ; the mare reared bolt upright ; the poor girl caught tight hold of the curb-rein, and in an instant more they both fell with a crash into the river. The mare extricated herself immediately ; but there, on the waters, floated rapidly down stream the dark habit and brown tresses of that beautiful girl.

Charlie had quite forgotten the fox as soon as he perceived her situation on the bank ; he hesitated only to calculate the possibility of clearing the fence, or of getting to the gate most quickly. The last scream and violent plunge of the mare decided the matter. His horse was raw, but fresh and resolute ; the rails were strong, the fence pretty thick, but it allowed the pleasing vision of a broad, black ditch, and a second flight of timber on the other side. Catching hold of the reins in a grasp of iron, and sending both spurs into his horse's flanks, he rushed him at it. The result might be guessed : as Edith Dacre and the mare rolled off the bank into the water, Charlie Thornhill and his horse landed with a loud crash into the second flight of rails, which proved just strong enough to let them through, but with a heavy fall on the other side.

SCOTT AND SEBRIGHT.

BY 'THE DRUID.'

A Review.

THERE are few writers who have so steadily acquired popularity among all classes of Sporting men as 'The Druid.' Coming among us comparatively unknown, his sketches of race-horses ; his anecdotes of trainers who have long since been gathered to their fathers, but whose names are regarded as household words in the Dales and on the Wolds of Yorkshire ; his keen appreciation of the wit of the tykes ; and his fearless denunciation of any act which he conceived to be oppressive to those who had not the means to help them-

selves—caused as natural a curiosity to discover his incognito as the ‘Sketches’ of ‘Boz’ in ‘The Morning Chronicle’ did to know all about the ‘names, weights, and colours’ of Mr. Dickens. Tyros of the Turf read his productions with all the enthusiasm of youth, and veterans in their arm-chairs bore testimony to the truth of his anecdotes, which called up some of the brightest spots in their memories. By his graphic pen, Legers which only lived in the pages of Weatherby were placed before them, as vividly as if both horses and jockeys were seen cantering down to the start, or finishing at the judge’s chair. The present age he eschewed, leaving the men and manners of the day to ‘Argus,’ whose humour it suited far better to depict. No Belzoni mummy-hunter entered more enthusiastically into his task among the Pyramids in the East; or did ever any Arctic voyager exhibit more resolution, than did our Author in his search through the racing archives of Yorkshire, which presented to him a perfect mine of legendary lore. In the prosecution of these researches he met with every aid from the trainers of the North, who, knowing him to be no ‘betting man,’ and impressed with his quiet earnestness of purpose, entered into the spirit of his task, and aided him by every means in their power. The result has been the production of a series of volumes which depict, in as small a space as the subject would admit, the three Sporting ages of the country. The first of these works was called ‘The Post and the Paddock,’ the second ‘Silk and Scarlet,’ while the third, which we now propose to notice, rejoices in the equally popular title of ‘Scott and Sebright.’ The name of each volume suggests its nature; but the last is certainly the most *ad captandum*, inasmuch as the parties were, at the time the book was announced, the recognized heads of Racing and Hunting. The style of ‘The Druid’ is one essentially his own; and, for anecdotal purposes, cannot be surpassed, as he brings out his characters so vividly before his readers, they may fancy they can hear their conversations. This is a gift which few authors possess, and the subject of our notice has certainly made the most of it. Imitators have certainly followed in his wake, but their failure has been very transparent, inasmuch as ‘the liner’ peeps out so continually. And any Sporting writer who can treat of a Derby without an allusion to ‘The Blue Riband of the Turf,’ we are ready to speak of in terms of befitting respect.

The present volume, which is illustrated by a likeness of the late Mr. Tattersall as perfect as the sketch of his manners and customs which accompanies it, is divided into two parts, John Scott taking the most prominent position in the racing chapters, as Tom Sebright does in the hunting ones. At starting, ‘The Druid,’ we must say, is as quick on his legs as was ever a Garryowen or Nutbush. And hardly have we turned over a page before we find that in the early days of Goodwood the reporter observed nothing more ‘than five or six roving tents, and plenty of ice and pickpockets.’ Ascot then had no Manning for its Clerk of the Course, and Hibburds were undreamed of. The racing was opened not with a Trial Stake, but by

beat of drum, and its cords were bounded by E. O. tables on the South, and four-in-hands on the North, whose drivers are revived for our edification. We have also an illustration of George the Third's idea of the value of Hunters' Plates to be run over four miles, as he would never allow Davis to grant a qualification ticket for them, unless he saw the horses both at the uncarting and take of the deer. The first grant to Doncaster was five guineas; and at that time, we suppose, lodging-house keepers did not charge 'a pony' for the week for their houses, and a ton and a half of coals for dressing plain dinners at Clarendon prices. Then Sir Tatton comes before us in the respective characters of a Solicitor's clerk, a High Sheriff of Yorkshire, a buyer and driver of sheep, a gentleman jockey, and the largest breeder of blood stock in England. We are next transplanted to Easter Sunday at Newmarket, when the Duke of York used to be present; and a pleasant contrast is afforded between the proceedings there and the nomination night at York. The anecdotes of the trainers' wives, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Pierce, remind one of Grandmother Day; and Sam Darling and Sam Day's wasting properties are peculiarly well depicted, Uncle Sam being brought out in great force.

To 'Honest John' he does ample justice. And the sketch of his seat is true to nature. With Dickens-like minuteness the rooms at Whitewall are depicted; and for the truth of the proceedings of 'John' on the Wold, we can vouch by long personal observation. The anecdotes of the Derby and Leger winners, whose plates line the stable doors, although familiar enough to those who have shared the fireside of Whitewall, will come fresh upon thousands who are debarred by their position from association with the object of their admiration. To Frank Butler and Job Marson he has only rendered the credit they deserve from their merits in their profession; and their colloquies with their friends, will help materially to do away with the most cruel suspicions that were entertained at the time relative to certain races which they rode. The Scotch racing has never, until now, been so fairly chronicled; and we trust that the youthful Lord Eglinton, who is getting together so fine a pack of hounds, may recollect how gladly the tartan jacket would be received both on this side of the Border and at Ayr. And seldom have we read a prettier compliment to the Lord of the Tourney than that of the Druid, when he states, 'The Irish loved him for his frankness, his impartiality, his vice-regal munificence, and his nice turns out; the English revered him as the soul of honour on their favourite turf; and his countrymen delighted in his hearty national feelings, whether he was playing golf at St. Andrews, or laying his chaplet with manly eloquence on the resting-place of Burns.' Perhaps the best bit in the book is the review of Sir Tatton's Paddocks, by Snarry, which Charles Mathews might render on the stage with great effect. He is also very good in his sketch of Mr. Theobald; and the numerous admirers of old Rataplan will be glad to hear from the highest authority the first act of his life was 'to blow his nose

‘and suck his mother.’ Of Benhams House, the English seat of Mr. Parr, we have a sketch, which faithfully recalls it to our memory; and with great truth he writes, ‘Puce and white wins’ has now been heard from Weymouth to Kelso for ten long years; and gradually the parchments of Letcombe Regis and Bowers, Benhams, and the manors of East and West Challow have given a solid significance to the cry. We are surprised, however, to find one so observant, should not have made mention of the curious French inscription on a plate at the entrance door of Mr. Parr’s house, which entreats the visitor to blow his nose, wipe his shoes, and leave his dog outside. Mr. Greville, we know, was immensely struck with it when he saw it; and to other distinguished persons it has been a matter of much surprise and amusement. Sir Robert Peel will read with pleasure the manner in which John and Alfred Day managed his Actæon, Anton, and Antonio; and when General Peel praised so highly the riding of Alfred on the last-named horse in his match with Luff, all cause for cavil must end. To those who have been betting of late years, the histories and the trials of West Australian, Daniel O’Rourke, Ellington, Blink Bonny, Impérieuse, Beadsman, Musjid, Trumpeter, Thormanby, Underhand, and St. Albans, will be read with eager interest, for of their correctness there can be no doubt. In Coursing the Druid seems to be quite as much at home as in the racing stable, the names in Thacker being as familiar to him as those in Weatherby; and if Mr. Stephen Pearce is as successful in his Ashdown Meeting on canvas, as our Author is here on paper, he will be fortunate in his undertaking.

We have dwelt somewhat long on this portion of the work; but we feel it impossible to do justice to the mass of interesting matter it contains, and which is given in such a shape, that the volume may be taken up and laid down again at any time.

The Sebright chapters are alike agreeable and vigorously written, giving us a history of The Royal Stag Hounds, ‘from those good ‘days, when George III. was king,’ down to Lord Bessborough’s mastership. Here we find the season always commenced on Holyrood day, and that the king wore a light-blue coat, with black velvet cuffs, and top boots, buckled up behind, and that, on one occasion, when his horses were knocked up, he returned to Windsor in a butcher’s taxed cart, and talked of crops and stock by the way. Those were the days when Davis, as a boy, went out with pistols, as Mr. Mellish, the Master of The Epping Forest Lemon Pies, had been shot down by a highwayman, and when the chase was over, Davis had to hand his pistol to the yeoman pricker in exchange for his horn. All the other Packs of Stag-hounds, with their famous deer, are likewise dilated upon, and of Bill Bean, who was so disgusted with the degeneracy of the present steeple-chase age, that he offered to jump his old pony, Beanstalk, blindfold over a fence, which had been denounced at Hendon, as presenting a premium on coroners’ inquests, he makes honourable mention, and, in fact, he is one of his strongest cards. Captain Becher’s great steeple chases

are fought over again with Vivian, Cock Robin, and Yellow Dwarf, and Napoleon and Grimaldi are revived for us, with the Squire in his zenith. Lottery's races are well written; but a few lines in favour of Jem Mason would not have been out of place, for the pair were as inseparable as the Corsican Brothers. The Elmores are perfectly photographed, and Old Tilbury's famous story of the Foreigner and the Three Pigeons, which we have heard him tell so often, is, for the first time, printed. Lithographic equestrian sketches of Mr. Musters, Dick Gurney, and the 'Old Days of The Holderness,' accompany many graphic narratives of their 'sayings and doings,' but we wish we could say anything in favour of the portraits of the huntsmen, Dick Burton, Jem Hill, and Stephen Goodall, which are interspersed throughout the volume, and which are utterly unworthy of its literary contents. On the whole, Scott and Sebright, which, dedicated most appropriately to The Messrs. Tattersall, closes with an account of the death of Old Tom, given with all the minuteness of the last moments of a great monarch, will, we have no doubt, prove the most popular work the Druid has yet given to the Sporting World, and all who wish to be acquainted 'with the age we live in,' we recommend to purchase it, for we are satisfied they will never wish their money back in their pockets, and will rise from its perusal both wiser and merrier men.

CRICKET IN JUNE.

'UGH!' and *what* a June for cricket: cold as February; windy as March; wet as April; cheerless as November, and altogether, up to the date this is penned (the 23rd), such weather as 'No fellow could understand' in June; nevertheless, we have had plenty of cricket during the month, some good, some bad, some indifferent, and some quite brilliant. Our first 1862 innings in 'Baily' must be commenced with 'Old Lord's,' whereat the June cricket was inaugurated with that commendable match,

The Club and Ground against the Colts of England. The Club scored 139 and 141, and the Colts 102 and 80, so the Colts were defeated by 98 runs; but their defeat or victory is a secondary consideration with the promoters of this annual match, their distinctive aim being to find out and foster young professionals from any part of England who give promise of excellence in the fine old game. Were there any such among the Colts of 1862? we think so. Young Nixon is a bowler of promise; he has a good and fair delivery, medium pace, good length, and true, and in this match bowled 31 overs (13 maiden) for 36 runs and 4 wickets, all fairly, well, and clean bowled, 3 of them in two successive overs. Charles Daft is a batsman of promise: he shows good defence, and hits well all round, particularly to square leg. Young Dean, of Sussex—albeit he did not shine in this match—is another promising bat—a trifle over anxious to hit perhaps; but we are convinced, will, with practice, eventually turn out a batsman of mark. Burton, of Kent, has a good and free style with the bat, cuts very finely, but mars his good hitting by his bad running between wickets. Coward, of Lancashire, bats neatly and cuts effectively; but the pick of the lot is Biddulph, the young Nottingham wicket-keeper; and a lad of great

cricket promise in that peculiar place is he. Quick of eye and hand, he already takes the ball well on either side, and uses it promptly when he has it; when he handles the ball better from a long throw into wicket, and gets steadied and improved by practice, Nottingham and the North will have a good wicket-keeper in W. Biddulph. The other Colts that played in this match we must see take another canter ere we can give them a 'Baily' certificate. And now let us have our annual gossip about the great professional struggle of the season—the twelfth match between

The Two Elevens, played on the old sward at Lord's on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of June; and wondrous gay and brilliant the old ground appeared during the match. There was the famous 5 deep ring round the ground,—the crowded pavilion, the long line of brilliant and dashing equipages of 'the Upper Ten,' and that glorious array of fashion, beauty, and rank, never seen on any other ground; and the cricket form of 'The Cracks of England' was worthy of the brilliant and large auditory the fame of the players had attracted. What a magnificent and perfect display of the art and science of batting was that '63 not-out' of Richard Carpenter, the hope, the pride, and the mainstay of 'The United team!' It was one of the most finished and masterly exhibitions of defence, and resolute scientific hitting we ever witnessed, and we have looked on a few in our time. The bowling of The All Englanders, particularly that of Willsher, backed up as it was by the splendid fielding of the rest of them, makes this 63 of Carpenter the more brilliant and memorable: it was just a moiety of The United's first innings of 126; The All Englanders made 203 in their first innings, H. H. Stephenson scoring a brilliant not-out 70; but the bowling of The United, in this innings, was not equal to that on the other side. Another fine innings of 39 from Carpenter helped to swell The United's second innings to 129, leaving their opponents only 53 runs to score to win, and then we had some exciting and extraordinary cricket: Griffith, for the first time in the match, was put on to bowl, and he caught and bowled Willsher before a run was scored; a single was scored by Daft, and then Griffith bowled Rowbotham, Atkinson bowled Daft, and Hayward was caught mid on—4 wickets were down for one run only. H. H. Stephenson was caught and bowled by Griffith, making 5, or half the wickets down for 6 runs; another was quickly had by the prince of wicket-keepers, which made 6 wickets down for 14 runs, and The United's were backed to win. Clarke was joined by Anderson; a heavy shower of rain fell, the ball ceased 'to bite.' Clarke played well and carefully, while Anderson hit in that fine, free, manly, and effective style for which he is so famed: he bore down all bowling opposed to him, and in a perfectly grand form quickly won the 1862 or Exhibition Match for The All England Eleven by 4 wickets. It is to be regretted, The Two Elevens, owing to existing fixtures, will be unable to play another match this season. They have at present played 12 matches: of this number 2 have been drawn; The All England Eleven have won 6, and The United have won 4. The following is the bowling figures in this great match:—

THE ALL ENGLAND BOWLING.

	Overs.	Maldens.	Runs.	Wickets.
Willsher bowled	71 and 2 balls	35	71	8
Jackson	48	20	87	4
Hayward	41 and 2 balls	17	60	3
Tarrant	13	7	14	4
Total	174	79	232	"

THE UNITED BOWLING.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wides.
Atkinson	bowled 76 and 2 balls	27	92	5	0
Caffyn	„ 31	11	44	2	0
Bennett	„ 24	8	49	3	0
Griffith	„ 15	4	22	4	0
Wisden	„ 13	5	15	0	0
Iddison	„ 7	1	20	1	1
Total	166 and 2 balls	56	242		

The extras were 23 given by All England, and 14 by The United. The admission money taken during the three days amounted to 279*l.* 18*s.*, or upwards of 90*l.* in excess of that taken in 1861; 44*l.* 11*s.* was subscribed in the Pavilion, and the whole result was a clear benefit to the Cricketers' Benevolent Fund of 224*l.* The next match of import played in June on the old ground was the old annual affair of

M. C. C. and Ground *v.* Sussex. There was the old wet and sloppy weather, and the old short scores that yearly attend this match at Lord's; but Sussex having adopted new tactics, introduced young blood into the county team. They won the match by 4 wickets; the scores being M. C. C. and Ground 46 and 52, Sussex 64, and with 6 wickets down 36. The three Sussex colts, James Lillywhite, jun. (a cousin of John), Dean (a nephew of old Jemmy), and Fillery (a promising all-round player), won the match for their county. Young Lillywhite, a left hand round arm bowler, promises to do yeoman's service to his county: he took 9 out of the 10 wickets in the Club's second innings, and Wootton got *all* the 6 Sussex wickets down for 13 runs in their second innings; and albeit the ground was in a fearful state from the rain, and the bowling, consequently, of but little test, still it is due to two of the most rising left-handed bowlers of the day, Wootton and Young Lilly, that their effective bowling in this match should be recorded in the pages of 'Baily.'

THE SUSSEX BOWLING.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.
Stubberfield	bowled 61 and 3 balls	40	40	6
Jas. Lillywhite, jun.	„ 60 and 2 balls	32	57	14
Total	122 and 1 ball	72	97	

THE M. C. C. BOWLING.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.
Wootton	bowled 48	29	46	14
Grundy	„ 47	28	45	1
Total	95	57	91	

The extras were 1 (a leg bye) given by Sussex, and 9 by The M. C. C.: this is the last June match of the Clubs we are enabled to notice in this number, so proceed to have our June innings with

The Surrey Club, who inaugurated the month with their usual two days' Derby week match,

The Gentlemen of The Surrey Club *v.* The Southgate Club; and a wonderfully close and exciting match this was. Surrey, on the Tuesday evening, wanted 9 runs to win; when their last man, Mr. Beard, joined Mr. Miller, the former declined to hit, or even lift his bat up; he blocked a single. Mr. Miller made a 2 hit made into 4 from an over throw. Tom Hearne worked like a Briton, and bowled his best for Southgate, one ball from him shaking the

off stump of Mr. Beard's wicket as it whistled past: he then changed ends, bowled a maiden over or two, but 'twas no use, Mr. Miller hit, carried his bat out for 23, and won the match for The Surrey Club by 1 wicket. The scores were: Southgate 141 and 112, of which number Tom Hearne contributed 62 and 22; and The Surrey Club 93 and 161, the leading contributors being Mr. F. Burbidge with 28 and 25, and Mr. J. Bennett with a brace of 22's. The succeeding match played by The Surrey Club was

The Gentlemen of The Surrey Club *v.* The Manchester Club. It was a hitting match this, but not played out. The scores were: Surrey 123 and 219, and Manchester 160. For Surrey Mr. E. Dowson made 21 and 52; Mr. Miller played a not-out 50 innings; Mr. John Walker a brace of 18's; and Mr. T. A. Raynes 27 and 10. The highest Manchester scorer was Mr. E. Pilling, who played a steady innings of 37; and Messrs. A. B. Rowley and D. Bleackley each scored 23. The next match played in June by this renowned Club was that generally fine and attractive one of

Surrey *v.* Notts, this year utterly spoilt by the weather; rain preventing any play on the first day, June 12th, and rain preventing its being played out on the third day; the scores when the stumps were finally drawn standing thus: Nottingham, first innings, 172; Surrey, first innings, 108; Nottingham, second innings, 7, no wicket down. Jackson played a really fine innings of 59 for Nottingham; and Mortlock's 18 was the highest Surrey score. Tinley's slows worked on the soddened ground, and were fatal to 6 out of the 10 Surrey wickets. This over, Surrey had 'a week with The Cambridge Cricketers,' and a very extraordinary week's cricket it was. On Monday, June 16th, The Surrey Eleven appeared on the splendid ground belonging to The University at Cambridge, and then and there, on as fine a wicket as was ever played on, commenced the match of

Surrey *v.* Cambridgeshire, and some 'rare cricket' this match evolved. The Cambridgeshire men knowing the wickets, put the Surrey men in to bat; and notwithstanding the fine play of Stephenson, Caesar, Mortlock, and Mr. Dowson, Tarrant bowled in so splendid a form that he took 8 wickets, and the Surrey innings collapsed at 88 runs. Cambridgeshire then took their turn with the bat. Ten out of The Eleven scored double figures; the Surrey bowling was completely 'used up,' and Cambridgeshire scored the wonderful innings of 309 runs, Carpenter playing a magnificent innings of 80. Not a chance did he give until he had made 61; he went in with the score at 32, and left it at 174. Nothing daunted with the great majority of 221 runs against them, the Surrey men went to work with that pluck and determination they are so justly famed for. They began with Pooley and Mortlock, and the famous Surrey long stop, 'stopped' at the wickets close on to four hours; defied seven different bowlers; scored 80 runs *without giving a chance* until he was stumped, and saw all the odd runs against his county wiped off, as, when he left, the Surrey score was at 223. More brilliant hitting innings may and have been played; but for effective defence, steady but sure hitting, this 80 of Mortlock's is a masterpiece, and most certainly saved Surrey from a one inning's defeat. Mr. E. Dowson played a fine innings of 73, and Mr. Miller a well-timed not-out 20; the score when shut up had reached 294, leaving 74 for the Cambridgeshire men to score to win; four of their wickets fell ere they could do it, Hayward with 25, and Diver 15, taking their bats out, and thus Cambridgeshire won by 6 wickets. The Surrey Eleven then wended their way homeward; and on the following day, Thursday the 19th, commenced on their fine ground at the Oval the match between

The Surrey Eleven and Fifteen Gentlemen of Cambridge University. The extra four men (young, active, and well up in cricket,) in the field, and extraordinary bowling of Mr. Lang (who never bowled faster, and, what is of more consequence, truer) was altogether too much for Surrey, who were defeated in one innings by 43 runs. Caffyn bowled well, and Lockyer kept the sticks in his own inimitable form; but it availed not, for Mr. Lang played a splendid innings of 59, The Hon. T. De Grey a steady 31, and Mr. Bateman 17. The University single innings numbered 204; against this, Surrey scored but 85 and 76, Julius Cæsar scoring two brilliantly-played innings of 30 and 36, and Mortlock one of 22. The Hon. C. G. Lyttelton bowled very finely, and took 4 wickets in Surrey's second innings; but Mr. Lang's bowling was irresistible: his bowling was unusually truthful, the pace tremendous, the light bad, and down fell the wickets one after the other, with most ludicrous rapidity: when Mr. Lang went on bowling Caffyn was just settled, making 3 wickets down and 63 runs scored; Mr. Lang obtained a wicket with his first over; *with his third over he got 3 more wickets*, and in the following over Mr. Lyttelton obtained two more: thus did 7 wickets fall for 4 runs only. Nine more runs were scored, and then the Colt Pooley (a promising cricketer) was settled by a fine ball—a bailer—bowled by Mr. Lyttelton, who bowled in excellent form, and Surrey's Cambridge week was brought to a close. The County's next match was against Kent at Canterbury; but on the day that was commenced, the 23rd, this summary had to be in the hands of the printer of 'Baily,' a terrible gentleman, who brooks no delay, and would no more wait for copy than 'The Deluge;' so Kent and Surrey, and the other matches, must wait for a future number of the green-covered magazine, when we intend giving the county matches a rare innings.

Cricket gossip—and we trust it is nothing else *but* gossip—is whispering about a single wicket match between Carpenter and Hayward, and two Surrey men. We have no liking for or sympathy with 'single wicket matches,' and trust this will fall to the ground; and turn we to gossip about a pleasanter theme, and call the attention of the gentlemen of England to the match played at Lord's Ground on the 24th of July. It is The North *v.* The South, in itself a first-class match, and played for the benefit of one of England's best all-round and worthiest of cricketers, James Grundy, who by his sterling honesty, strict independence, and faithful servitude with the M. C. C., has earned the esteem and respect of all classes of men. Grundy has now been before the public twenty years, twelve of which have been devoted to the faithful and very efficient service of the Marylebone Clubs. As a cricketer, Grundy's merits are acknowledged throughout the length and breadth of cricketing England. As a man he is highly and worthily esteemed; and I trust that his deserved popularity with all classes will bring him well-filled subscription lists, and a crowded ground at Lord's, on the 21st, 22nd, and 23rd of July. Gossip further whispers that the little work entitled, 'Our Trip to Australia,' by one of the voyageurs, is *in* the press, and will shortly be published; and *out* of the press, I am very glad to say, at last is Lillywhite's first volume of 'Cricket Scores and Biographies,' the preface to which—a long, elaborate, and interesting document—is, I am assured, the production of a trio of gentlemen, two of them being the most learned cricket antiquarians in the United Kingdom, and the third the most eloquent writer that ever wielded pen in favour of the national pastime enjoyed in the Cricket Field.

P.S. The University Match.—Honour to Oxford for the plucky, manly,

up-hill cricket fight her Eleven fought in their second innings. Honour to Linton for his finely-played innings of 20. Honour to the great batsman Mitchell for his magnificent hitting in both dark-blue innings. And honour, all honour, to Haygarth for the finest and best exhibition of wicket-keeping seen in the University matches for some years past. But Cambridge: what shall we say of her fine 1862 team? But little *now*. Her Exhibition laurels, like the cover of 'Baily,' will keep green for years; and next month we will do honour to her Eleven, strong at all points but one, contenting ourselves here by stating that, considering the pace of Lang's bowling, the short distance he 'stopped' from the wicket, the clean form he picked up, and quick style returned the ball, we cannot set down Marshall's long stopping as anything short of marvellous. And now for

P.S. No. 2, just for a word of praise to Mr. S. Voules, for his finely-played 'not out' 129, scored at the Oval on June 25, in The Surrey Club v. Marlborough College Match. His driving was superb for one so young: a drive for 6, three drives for 5 each, seven 4's—three of them drives—eleven 3's, ten 2's, and 27 singles he made. Six different bowlers tried (and tried in vain) their hands at him. Well, indeed, did he deserve the honour of the bat presented him by the Honorary Secretary on behalf of The Surrey Club.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.

June and its Jollities.—Epsom Etchings.—Ascot Chronicles.—Stud Sales.—Sporting Gossip.—Pictures of the Month.

JUNE, with its Shows, which embrace all classes of objects, from Highland bullocks to Fulham roses, has been a busy one for the Sybarites, as well as for Sporting men, neither of whom, if they were actively inclined, could have had a spare moment; and, in the language of the mills, 'must have worked full time.' In fact, so long and so varied has been the programme of the month, we hardly know where to take it up, and to which order of our readers to give precedence. We suppose, however, that the Turf will be considered to have the greatest claim upon us, and so we will take a glance at the past racing, and try to reproduce it, as the playbills say, with new scenery, dresses, and decorations. All Epsom weeks almost are alike, but the Exhibition infused a degree of freshness into the last one which will long be remembered. We have read a good deal of the extent of the accommodation afforded by the caravanseries of the East, but we doubt if it has been equalled by the india-rubber extension power of our own hotels, from whence even the fleas themselves were obliged to turn out for want of room. The Manchester and Sheffield Division, as usual, took possession of Evans's, and could not be dislodged. The County Members and Masters of Foxhounds were equally secure in their position at Limmer's. Long's could boast of Cornets enough to supply every regiment in the service, and in the coffee-room of Stevens's, every table was occupied by the Squirearchy of the land. Tattersall's room was choked as full as the yard, and even in their sleep men muttered Marquis and Buckstone. The early morning train to Leatherhead, on the Monday previous to the races, may be said to have set the ball rolling, as it conveyed John Scott's employers to Vale Lodge Farm, where he takes up his quarters for Epsom. Had a foreigner had the contents of that train explained to him, he would have confessed, indeed, we were a horse-loving nation; for among them might be seen 'The Hot-

'spur of Debate,' content to leave his luxurious couch when the lark was singing his matin carol, merely to see the favourite for the Derby gallop. Members of Parliament also, who, one might have imagined, would have been worn out with sitting night after night on the cold benches of the Opposition, and only been too glad to have 'slept the clock round,' might also have been descried. Then there was the 'Great Financier of the West,' upon whose signature so many depended for the settlement of their accounts, if the dreaded outsider, which crossed their dreams like a nightmare, should turn up. Sporting writers and private friends made up the rest of the freight; and had any accident happened to the train, the consequences would have been truly national, and no amount of money could have compensated for them. The reception extended to all was alike cordial, and the answer of The Wizard as to the state of his health, was his favourite one, 'Pretty well, but short of puff.' On that breakfast which they all partook of, we need not dilate, but next to Frank Grant's Melton one, it is the most celebrated of the year, and might form a subject for that great artist, who has of late confined himself too much to portraits. Among the visitors, we may add, was Lord Glasgow, who by his presence showed, although he had removed his horses, he still respected the trainer that had won him so many races, and who now kindly lent him a horse to gallop his Derby lot. To say that The Marquis passed his examination before the Judges who sat, as it were, in 'banco' to see him, is needless, as the pencils, a few hours afterwards, were 'confirming the judgment.' From the professional horsewatchers, as the Jockey Club term them, the reports relative to the Middleham horses were most unsatisfactory, and the markets were consequently affected by them.

The Craven did not give us so fine a race as we generally have had for it, and it looked strange not to see Cantine, who must know the course so well. Recent recollections made Sawcutter the favourite, but recent running caused Buckenham to be the winner. Mr. Parr's colt, about whom the most extraordinary *on dits* had been in circulation the previous night, ran fast for a certain distance, but tired, and The Star became 'a fallen one,' leaving its worshippers in despair. It is not often Mr. George Lambert can get through a race, but a light weight, good jockeyship, and useful protection, enabled him to touch the ring a little with Humphrey, and none grudged him the triumph. For a half-mile Plate to escape Fordham and Miss Julia, is as impossible as for Mr. Hill to find his celebrated Tolurno backer; and the speed with which both mare and rider go for these Plates, might well be imitated at a public dinner. Few, however, cared to look at it, as the scene was so familiar, and Lord Clifden was a much greater object of interest. Certainly the colt is as fine a one as we ever saw stripped, and his trial with Spicebox made him out 'a clinker.' But we are afraid he is on too large a scale to make a three-year old; and when being wound up next year for his great Paris engagement, we should be apprehensive of his 'cracking.' As it was, although coughing, and getting a bad start, he won in a canter; and Lord St. Vincent, knowing by means of Orphan what a tremendous colt he must be, and dying to have a good horse once in his life, entered into negotiations, which a week afterwards were successfully carried out by the transfer of Lord Clifden to him on the exchange of his draft for the trifling sum of five thousand and contingencies; and as Lady Stafford was always engaged with Lord Clifden, we do not know what Lady Clifden would say to this arrangement of his Lordship, had her Ladyship thrown in for a couple of thousand more. Pluck like this has rarely been shown on our Turf: and we doubt if the

first Lord St. Vincent, in the action which gained him his peerage, ever showed more. How Fairwater, who was beaten off in The Chester Cup, could beat Humphrey for The Rous Stakes, puzzled no one more than Tom Oliver, who assured us she had done work enough to kill two horses. The Derby Day was in truth 'a sensation day,' and as chroniclers of its sport, we confess we were proud of it. Every nation on the face of the earth we believe was represented, and even the impassive Japanese felt the influence of the scene, and Epsom, her horses and her jockeys, did that which no other spectacle in the world could produce upon them. Every nook and crevice of the Grand Stand was full, and while we cheerfully give credit to Mr. Dorling for the many improvements he has made of late years in the edifice, and the Covent-Garden appearance he has given to the outside, he must still permit us to enjoy our own opinion relative to the telegraph, which, although slightly altered for the better, is far below his 'form.' The critics, whom he terms fools, he should know, have far more opportunities of judging of the merits of racing telegraphs than himself, for we believe Mr. Dorling confines himself entirely to the home circuit. Whereas, from personal experience, we know every telegraph that has ever been made, from those of Baden and Fontainebleau to those of the Curragh and the Caledonian Hunt. And we can safely say, barring the temporary Duke's Stand one at Newmarket, there is no one so indistinct as that on which the Surrey lessee prides himself, for white upon black does not show itself half as distinct as black upon white. The best test of its efficiency, however, would be to take out a patent for its use, but we fear the royalty would be a poor one. The paddock scene was, as usual, full of interest, and the presence of the cracks could be easily detected by the groups that surrounded them. Caractacus, as a matter of course, was deserted, and beyond the remark of his being a good-looking horse, he was passed over for more attractive metal. The Whitewall lot were naturally the great object of attention; and it being 'a collar day,' 'John' wore his orders. All looked well enough; but truth compels us to state, that beyond The Marquis, the rest might have been just as well at home, for the use they were in the race. And we sighed when we thought how that great master mind, which is now at rest for ever, and whose bones moulder beneath an Indian sun, was wanting here, to assign each their places, and order of running, and show how Derbys were won in days of yore. No horse could look better than the favourite; and when Ashmall jumped on his back, and Markwell led him away, and 'John' proceeded to take his seat in Baron Rothschild's gallery, all seemed to say, 'There goes the winner.' But it was not to be. Neptunus, although in superb condition, created general disappointment, for he bent his neck and knee like a hack, and a cornet in the Blues, they said, could have got an heiress with him in a week, had he ridden him in the Row, between twelve and two. Lord Glasgow's lot were voted coarse, and we thought Dawson would be able to alter them materially before the Leger day. The announcement that Aldcroft had changed to the Brown Bess colt, did not make the Stockwell colt a better favourite, and Sir Joseph's (whose coats were as fine as their jockeys' jackets) 'want time,' was the verbal criticism of some of the best judges as they met us. There being no occasion to hurry Buckstone along, as there had been with Dundee, a better view was afforded of him, and the impression he created was most favourable. Ensign could not keep his place after he had been paraded; and of the rest, Nottingham, for whom Alfred Day had a heavy retainer, looked the best. Of the race, all we can say in addition to what has been written about it, is,

is, that, prejudiced as we were in favour of The Marquis, we conscientiously believe him to have been beaten by a better horse. And, however Ashmall may have been blamed for lying more in front with his horse than he was ordered to do, the circumstances of the case should be taken into consideration, and having nothing to assist him, for every horse in the stable went on his merits; if he had drawn his horse back when he was coming down the hill, as he is not a quick-actioned horse, he might have got entangled, as Fordham was in The Champagne, and been unable to get out again in time to finish with the others. That Caractacus won easily, we can with the greatest truth affirm; for by the kindness of Mr. Todd Heatley, we were placed in the corner of that Stand where wines are served, which, if forwarded to the East, by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, would quickly make the Mahomedan religion a fable, and which are accompanied by viands, to which Lucullus was unfortunately a stranger, and Ude, prior to his death, had failed to comprehend. Being in a line, therefore, exactly with the Judge, we saw the finish most distinctly, and can vouch for Mr. Snewing's horse actually running away with his boy, while The Marquis and Buckstone were doing their best. The excitement was of course earnest and terrific, but what it would have been had Edwards complained in time of the start, and the race had been declared void altogether, we are at a loss to imagine. Neither can we understand what has been laid down as the law of the constituted authorities. However, it is quite clear that the general order which was issued on the start, and directed to be published in the Calendar, like the sentence of a general court-martial read at the head of every regiment, proves that the remarks we made last year on the appointment of Mr. McGeorge were well founded. The winners on the race were of course those who could not help themselves, and the losers the backers of the favourites. The Japanese, we were assured, did nothing on it, and even Steel could not coax them into backing anything for a monkey. Altogether, the day was one of sensations, and neither Mr. Dorling, or any one who was at it, will ever forget it, and in our diary we have entered it as simply the greatest Derby day on record. Thursday was a wretched day, the faces of the followers of Scott showing how keenly they felt their disappointment, while those of the Ring beamed with animation.

The Oaks Day was quiet and sombre as usual, and Scott and Lot again in force. Still the fates continued adverse, and told us we must never go by public running on the Oaks. Imperatrice, who was herself again, was backed at long shots by her party, and Feu-de-Joie, upon whom a few hundreds had been laid out the previous day, went quite out of favour when seen to be a little light mare, more especially as the jockeys who rode in the trial condemned her strongly. Hurricane looked the best of the Whitewall fillies; but their trainer gave out there was little between her and Q. E. D., a circumstance we thought hardly encouraging to the chance of the former. The start showed the vote of censure had been felt, for a better never was seen; and as there was no pace whatever, until they came to go down the hill, the speed of Feu-de-Joie, whom Challoner sent going precisely at the right moment, lasted long enough to enable her to win in a canter, and give Newmarket at last one of the great races. Hurricane, who ran unkind all the way, muddled up third, reversing her position with Imperatrice in the Thousand. Thus, as Godding maintained all along 'The Thousand form was wrong;' and he still thinks if Caterer had not hit his own leg before the Derby, he would have hit all the other 'legs' after it. And so the curtain fell on the Surrey drama; the mighty Caractacus and the fair Feu-de-Joie coming forward to receive the chief honours, and solicit

future favours. The settling was far better than was anticipated; but although betting above a certain sum is not legalized, we believe the amount of stamps consumed in bringing about that happy state of affairs at Tattersall's, was so frightful, that when the revenue returns are made up for the quarter, Mr. Gladstone, we feel certain, will be bound to allude to the increase in flattering terms, and might not grudge an extra Queen's Plate, for Bath and Wolverhampton, which are contending for one. Mr. Snewing's winnings are large; and by his success, the prevalent opinion that a little man's horse cannot carry off a Derby, is almost upset. But the success of Caractacus we attribute entirely to his action, which suited him coming down the hill. To Professor Spooner, also, great credit is due, for by his judicious order to the trainer to ease the horse, he brought him out like a giant refreshed. Parsons, his jockey, if not spoilt, will be a treasure, for he exhibited such coolness at the finish, and after he had weighed out, instead of taking to champagne, and sticking a cigar the size of a skittle in his face, he went quietly home, and did up his horse. Manchester suffered from the prevalent distress; and Mr. Sidebottom having no party, the manufacturing classes were deprived of the sight of those Norman Peers he used to provide for them. The Cup was a magnificent struggle between Ivanhoff and Tim Whiffler, and it was only by a degree of patience worthy of Miss Nightingale, that Aldcroft managed to beat the Chester winner, who walked so lame when brought into the enclosure, that any odds might have been had about him. He recovered, however, when his gallop warmed him up, and finished as good a favourite as ever. Chelmsford is rising fast; and the long-promised New Stand is at last fairly set in motion. The model will be the same as Southampton, and with the experience of Mr. Clarke, we have no fears of it not answering the purposes for which it is required. On the sport we need not dilate, for the 'Register' will supply all the materials, and curiosity about it has long since been abated.

Ascot seems doomed to suffer from Court misfortunes. Last year, she from whom the Sovereign drew her being, caused her absence; and now, he to whom she had devoted her affections kept her away. Sad were the recollections caused by the closed shutters of the Royal Stand, and empty gallery above it; but as 'there is no guilt in the decrees of Providence,' we had but to submit to our loss in silence. As a Meeting, we regard Ascot as a model for the world. The money is distributed as it ought to be; every kind of horse has a chance given him, and the minor arrangements are as complete as experience can make them. No petty larceny charges are to be found in the management, and Mr. Manning, we are bound to add, has gone beyond the expectations of the most ardent reformers in his desire to please the Fourth Estate. Between them, indeed, an alliance, offensive and defensive, has been sealed, and we trust it will be perpetual. To go *de die in diem* through the races, we have not the space, but we must find room for a word of praise in favour of the way in which Bullock outrode Edwards in the Queen's Vase, and how Fordham used his Shillelagh with Argonaut. We all of us know how the late Duke of Grafton once called John Day a thief, and how Honest John winced under the remark, until he was assured by the Duke that it arose from his having 'stolen' the race in which he beat a colt of Mr. Batson's. He then felt the compliment; and Mr. Hodgman might have applied a similar epithet to Fordham, by the way he won for him. The Ascot Stakes was a genuine treat for those who like real jockeyship, and detest to see a parcel of children on horses, kicking and flogging them to death. As usual, weight did not tell over Ascot, or the heavy brigade could never have triumphed. But the race

was entirely confined to them, Rapparee negating all the opinions of John Osborne, by beating Knutsford, whose form the 'old un' thought he had got at Manchester. Carisbrook took neither with the talents or the million, when he won his first race. But after his second exhibition, people began to open their eyes about him, and said, 'This horse will very near win the Leger,'—an opinion in which we are inclined to coincide, if Richard Boyce can only train him as well as he has hitherto done. John Scott was very vexed at having lost him, but he could not help it, and Mr. Valentine still retains a third of his winnings in those engagements for which he named him. Owing to influenza, all John Scott's, as well as the majority of Lord Stamford's two-year olds, were prevented coming out; and Blue Mantle won the great Two-Year Old Race in as clever a way as we have seen for a long time, and 'up' went Mr. Blenkins' Kingston, and as a breeder, Colonel Pearson was a better favourite than ever. We have seen few nicer colts than Blue Mantle, who may be described as having plenty of bone, longish quarters, capital back, and powerful arms—in fact, a regular 'cut and come again gentleman.' Unfortunately, Captain Lane was dead amiss, and could not see him win; but as the July Stakes will be close at home for him, we trust the pleasure is only for a short time deferred.

Wednesday is a day we always relish, as we see the horses and the people we wish, without having our sides stove in, or running the risk of our brains being kicked out by half-broken two-year olds. The Hunt Cup, of course, occupied the general attention, and Canary, who was what Lord George would have called 'another of those Danebury pots,' came and won it, and with it a good stake, we are glad to state, for his owner and friends. Never did a brute run so unkindly, and Alfred, who rode The Roe, as a kind of equerry in waiting, must have been glad to see his chief get home. Considering the allowances he received, the race does not improve Canary an ounce, and none but his owner could have been plucky enough to have kept on training him. The Irish representatives were both placed; and it is strange that for three years this Cup should have gone into Hampshire, viz., with Crater, Buccaneer, and Canary. To those who like weight for age races, the struggle between The Orphan and Bertha for The Fernhill, must have been a rare treat. Both owners were confident, and betted like it, and although the young one lost start, we are inclined to think if Bertha had not cut her foot with a piece of glass, she would just have pulled through. Just before this race, Carisbrook had knocked over a fresh lot of horses in The Triennial, and the hopes of The Leger going to the Stock Exchange were increased tenfold. The Cup Day brought forth its thousands, and, but for the showers that fell at the close of the afternoon, the festival of 'The Upper Ten' would have passed off most agreeably. The Queen's Stand was closed, for the last time, we trust, for many years to come. But royalty was not wholly unrepresented in Lord Bessborough's Stand; and in the paddock, we fell in with all those celebrities who look on the day as a legitimate holiday. The ex-Premier, whose health has been greatly restored by the shampooing of Mahomed, was there in the highest spirits, and forgot for a while the American question. The Commander-in-Chief wisely let the consideration of Irish courts-martial stand over until another day, and learned Queen's Counsel handed over their briefs to their juniors, to bask in the sunshine of beauty. Never was there such an array of drags drawn up before the Stand, and those who occupied them must have been allowed, irrespective of sex, to have composed some of the finest specimens. Interesting to the professionals as some of the other races were, The Cup alone occupied the thoughts of the million as well as the

gentlemen. Sir Joseph, annoyed beyond measure at the defeat of Asteroid in The Vase, yielded to Wells's desire to go along with him, which Sam Rogers maintained was the only way to ride him. Zetland had now got 'that scope of ground' for which John Osborne had prayed, and therefore 'the chocolate men' backed him. 'Investments' were freely made on Mr. Merry's horse of that name, until he was seen, when 'the security' was not liked, as weak-necked animals rarely finish well up hill. Palestro struck us to be lame before starting, and he really ran as if something was the matter with him. The race is very shortly told, for Wells, laying hold of Asteroid's head, made nearly all the running, and steadying him very properly at the Stand, just beat Challoner by a neck. John Osborne thought, of course, Zetland ought to have won; but high as is the opinion he entertains of him, we must say we think the result could not have been altered, as the young Voltigeur wants the slightest turn of speed to finish his races with. In The New Stakes, people thought Woodyeates had got a second Alvediston in Doctor Syntax, who showed good speed, but had no chance with Blue Mantle, who put Thormanby's performance in the shade, by the ease with which he won. In the Queen's Stand Plate, Dusk made Tim Whiffler put his best leg forward, and after he had won The Queen's Plate the following day, Mr. E. Hall made Mr. Parr a liberal offer for him, which was refused. And now, in taking leave of Ascot, let us invoke a wish that its shadow may never grow less. Hampton did not suffer in the least from the counter attractions elsewhere. The show of Traviatas, however, must have astonished the intelligent foreigners, and have awakened reflections the reverse of complimentary to our moral and social system, while the racing is hardly worth printing a second time.

The Saturday after the great Meetings were, as usual, devoted to Richard Tattersall and his yearlings; and Hampton Court and Blackheath, as well as Richmond and Greenwich, sensibly felt the influence of both sales, it having become now the fashion to adjourn to the great hotels of the respective neighbourhoods, and discuss the merits of 'the young things' over the good things which the proprietors know so well how to serve up. Her Majesty was not so fortunate in her day as Mr. Blenkiron; and had it not been for the Editor of 'Bell's Life,' who acted as umbrella-holder for Mr. Tattersall, that gentleman would have been washed into a pulp. The attendance comprised 'the *habitués* of the hammer,' and as the ground was knee deep in mud, the few carriages which were standing near the rostrum had their roofs crowded with 'noddors.' The lots, on the whole, were very level; and the fillies had certainly the call of the colts. In our stroll through the paddocks last month, we stated our preference was in favour of the Ayacanora colt; and our remark that he could only be approached by a very limited circle was confirmed by his fetching 480 guineas, the top price of the colts. John Day sided with us in our idea of the value of the Distaffina colt, by giving 350 guineas for her for one of his employers; and John Scott's commissioner, as we suspected, could not let the Buckstone colt get into other hands. Mr. Merry secured a very clever filly out of Amazon; and it was not to be supposed that half-sister to Imaus, a regular beauty, could be owned by anybody but Lord Stamford, who did not grudge 600 guineas for her. The whole realized 5738 guineas; and although the average, 229*l.*, was not quite as large as last year, the clear gain which they brought, and which may be reckoned at about 129*l.*, proved how admirably the establishment is thriving. Mr. Greville's lot were not as good as usual; and when the venue had to be changed to the Green, through

the absurd system of toadyism introduced a few years back by Colonel Phipps, there was a general rush for the train, and Mr. Tattersall's circle was of the most limited description. The rain came down also like it does in the tropics, but it did not deter Mr. Greville from taking his accustomed place; and no veteran of Napoleon's body guard could have braved the elements more complacently. Of course, we are all of us aware that what is one man's bread is another's poison; and, therefore, intending buyers considered the rain was in their favour, and made up their minds to have plenty of bargains. But Mr. Greville was of another way of thinking, and, after some sharp firing between him and Mr. Hilton, arising from a desire on the former's part to adjourn the sale, Mr. Greville bought in the majority of the yearlings, rather than they should be sacrificed. Against this step there could be no legal objection, as the sale was not an unreserved one; but we fear, on another occasion, the proceeding may have an injurious effect, for few will feel disposed to make that allowance for the old gentleman's age and position as ourselves. Those that were bought in, we have reason to think, will be disposed of in one lot, by private contract; and it would not in the least surprise us to find, ere the year is over, of Mr. Greville's retirement as a breeder.

The Eltham Show was the last and the greatest of the series, and went off with a greater degree of spirit than ever from the Caractacus blood infused into the veins of the company. Would we could see Mr. Blenkiron's arrangements of a ring imitated elsewhere, for by it all had a chance of looking at the yearlings without inconvenience. His list of company may be said to have comprised every buyer of consequence in the kingdom, from the Earl of Stamford and Warrington down to Mr. Flutter. A better lot, we believe, were never got together at Eltham before, and since the famous Grimstone sale of Stockwell, biddings never flew faster. Here, again, we were not far wrong in our estimate of the yearlings, when we stated how struck we were with the half-brother to Commotion, from his immense power and quality, as he fetched the most money, George Oates giving 1250 guineas for him, for a gentleman, but not Colonel Towneley, as was generally represented. The Frolic colt, which we also highly recommended, was so appreciated by John Scott, that he gave the next highest price, viz. 650 guineas, for him, for Mr. Wigram, the owner of Melrose. The colt out of Lady Palmerston we stated we could not pass over without honourable mention, and so strongly did Isaac Woolcott coincide with us, that his head was almost tired of nodding, before Mr. Tattersall was satisfied with his 500 guinea offer. The half-brother to Nugget did not, as we stated, get into four figures, although a strong and useful colt, and we do not imagine Mr. Stephenson will regret his Habena colt purchase, which we think was the cheapest lot sold. The whole realized 7,756*l.*; and as Mr. Blenkiron is pursuing the only sound system of insuring success, viz., by purchasing the best mares that are to be procured, we have no doubt that every year the value of his stock will be increased. Sir Lydston Newman's Gemmas attracted fashionable audiences on the Saturday before their sale, and judging from the remarks that were made upon them, we were fully prepared for the prices they realized; and again we saw our judgment confirmed by that of the public, and we must say, we cannot see what possible foundation there could be for the report that the highest-priced ones were bought in, for surely Woolcott had as much right to bid for his employers, as John Scott and John Day have for theirs, without being compelled to give their names.

Of Sporting Pictures, there have been very few brought out during the

month, but the portrait of General Peel, by Grant, in the exhibition of the Royal Academy, and which was presented to him by his constituents, is one of the finest specimens of that master's art, and we trust will be engraved from. Descending to another grade of the Sporting world, we come to Mr. Newbold's great picture of 'The Battle of Farnborough,' in which all the celebrities of the age, who recognize the utility, and admire 'the noble art of self defence,' are introduced with great skill and effect. As the affair was a national one, and taken up in a national point of view, the picture may be regarded in the same light; and from the style in which it is got up, it contrasts strongly with those old prints in Pierce Egan's day, of the Tennis Court and similar places. And although we are afraid the majority of the heads that figure in the picture would hardly procure a favourable certificate from Lavater, yet, as a correct representation of the event, it will probably be regarded as highly by the class for whom it has been published, as 'The Waterloo Banquet' is by Peninsular veterans, or 'The Melton Breakfast' by the foxhunters of Leicestershire.

Sporting gossip is reduced to a very small compass. The Rawcliffe Company go on again, a plan having been devised by which the differences existing between the shareholders has been got over. Lord Rendlesham is buying yearlings, but the name of his trainer has not yet transpired. Mr. Lort Phillips, the Master of the Pembrokeshire Hounds, is dangerously ill from the pains occasioned by the stump of his broken leg; but hopes are entertained of his recovery. The sudden death of Lord Willoughby de Broke has deprived the Warwickshire of a good Master, as well as the country of a very useful land-lord. Devoted to Sport of all kinds, he may be said to have literally died in harness, as he was driving his team in the Park on the Saturday previously. On Monday he went to a cricket match, and on Tuesday and Wednesday to Epsom; while Thursday, the last day he was permitted to live, he wended his way to Eton to the Rowing Match. His end, although sudden, was peaceful; and we hear nothing can exceed the affliction into which his relict has been thrown by his being so unexpectedly cut off.

The notorious Johnny O'Brien has had his fangs extracted by the Bishop of Bond Street, who had devoted himself to the task with the resolution of a Roman; and Du Chaillu never prided himself more on the capture of his first gorilla than the ecclesiastical gunmaker when he had stalked down his game in Cecil Street. In the prison costume of Newgate, a friend assures us, we should hardly recognize the great O., who, with his velvet-faced surtout, and a shop-full of rings on his fingers, used to swagger so in subscription rooms, and try and toady the aristocracy to associate with him. No man was so fortunate, for a time; and when he brought off the double event of Goodwood Stakes and Cup, with Jonathan Wilde and Grimston, he must have won at least five-and-twenty thousand pounds—every shilling of which, by this time, he has dissipated, as for a long time his mode of living has been most precarious, according to his own version in the witness-box. 'Lord Frederick' was the first that ever tackled him fairly in a public room; and he turned the tables against him in a manner that terribly wounded his vanity: for, on his wishing at Liverpool, during the Steeplechase Meeting, to take 2000 to 50 about Bedlamite, for the Chester Cup, his 'Lordship,' who 'knew something,' shot him in an instant; but the Irishman would not hear of him, and refused his odds. 'Thee cannot do so,' was the rejoinder; and, accompanying the remark with his stick, he added, 'I'll nail thee to it.' 'Then you shall post to-morrow morning,' thundered out the other, furious at being so caught up. 'I'll do so,' said his 'Lordship,' and, throwing down a couple of hundred pound notes on

the table before the subscribers, offered to lay two hundred to one, he posted his own two thousand, against O'Brien's fifty. This ludicrous proposition, accompanied by the manner in which it was given, brought down roars of laughter; and although the latter said he was satisfied in the morning of his lordship's stability, still, as he had been to Manchester to Jones Loyd, with whom he banked, for 'the stuff,' he considered it too good an advertisement to let slip, and the respective amounts were posted, to the great amusement of all who were present at the time. Since then the other has won The Goodwood Stakes with Wallace, has a residence fit for a nobleman to reside in, and is universally respected; while he who tried to crush him is 'like Claude du Val in Newgate thrown,' without the consolation of a friend to sustain him in his confinement. Verily, therefore, the contrast points a moral, and adorns a tale.

Our jockey news is slight; but we are sorry to hear Mr. Gratwicke's kindness in purchasing Harry Bell's discharge, and putting him on his horses, has been repaid with ingratitude, as, from drunkenness and disobedience of orders, he has been obliged to dismiss him. John Osborne, it is rumoured, will wear 'the spots' no longer, for which we are very sorry, as a better jockey or servant never put a jacket on. Mr. Deacon, of Tiverton, it is said, will be the new Master of the H. H., vice Treadcroft, retired, and a better selection, we hear, could not have been made. The Cleveland Agricultural Show has put forth a capital programme, under the direction of Mr. Richard Scarth, of Northallerton, who is the new Secretary, and who, being a good Sporting farmer, will well understand making the proper arrangements for hunters and hounds. In the list of prizes, we perceive Mr. Parrington, with his usual liberality, has given a Silver Cup for Foxhounds, and that the money prizes for that class amount to thirty pounds. The entry, we are glad to see, is limited to three couples, which is much better than the arrangement of last year. For Hunters, the highest prize is twenty pounds, and the minor rewards bring up the whole sum to seventy-five pounds. This is as it should be; and we trust, if we are able to assist at it, to witness as good a show of Hunters, and as numerous an assembly of Sporting farmers as we did last year. The fixture, we should add, has been changed from Yarm to Gisborough.

The Agricultural Show at Battersea is going on swimmingly; but we have only space at our disposal, to thoroughly endorse the award of the first prize, for entire horses, to Ellington, whose triumph could not have come at a more opportune moment for Mr. Phillips, after the cruel persecution to which he has been subjected.

ART AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

LONDON has rarely in its history been more gay, as it has rarely been more crowded with visitors than it has been during the past month. The imaginary land of fun and gaiety, 'Cockayne,' from which, says Hallam, the perversion 'Cockney' is derived, has been restored again, and a perfect carnival of enjoyments and public amusements has been established. The golden age for theatres, hotels, and cabs has revived. The two opera-houses, concerts and musical soirées without number, flower-shows, picture galleries, the Exhibition at Brompton, the Handel Festival, the Agricultural Show, the labours of a host of public entertainers, including the readings of Mr. G. A. Sala and Mr. Dickens, and the entertainments of Mr. Woodin, Miss Egerton, M. Robin, Herr Frikell, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, and Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, have all contributed to swell the list of amusements of the hour, and which it would take a volume to describe.

The metropolis, crowded with foreign visitors and with country cousins bent on amusement, and who are 'out for a holiday,' would, indeed, hardly be recognized as the capital of a country suffering so severely in its provinces from commercial depression, as England just now undoubtedly is. The theatres have been crowded to the extremest limits of possibility, the Hay-market, with its attractive feature of Lord Dundreary, having been really besieged by applicants for seats, and all sorts of stories being in circulation of ruses attempted to secure stalls, and of the disappointments therefrom accruing. Covent Garden has experienced a most favourable circumstance, which, on the score of musical attraction and enterprising management, has been alike well deserved, 'Les Huguenots' and 'Le Prophète' having been put on the stage with the utmost conceivable splendour of stage pomp and display, while the musical attractions have been aided by Mario and Patti—the last certainly the most surprising actress and vocalist of her own, if not of any day, when her years only are considered. Her Majesty's has produced 'Il Trovatore,' 'Don Giovanni,' and 'Robert le Diable,' with the features of Titiens and the Sisters Marchisio, and has imitated the experiment adopted by Covent Garden, of several extra nights, but, till very recently, the success relatively to that of Covent Garden has been of a very qualified kind. M. Thalberg has held several morning concerts—*matinées musicales* is the advertising phrase for this species of entertainment—with great success; and on the whole the concerts, including the extraordinary series of cheap concerts known as the Popular Concerts, and which have included in their *répertoire* of attractions Laub, Davidoff, Sims Reeves, Arabella Goddard, Charles Hallé, Piatti, and the great Joachim, have been exceedingly well attended.

The dramatic intelligence has been of a more than ordinarily exciting and revolutionary kind, the theatrical world having been in a complete state of anarchy and disorganization. There have been wars and rumours of wars, actors and managers and authors having been squabbling and intruding their private grievances on the public gaze in a most extraordinary fashion. Mr. Vining and the present management of the St. James's, which places Miss Herbert at the nominal head of affairs, has been at variance with Mr. Alfred Wigan and the late management. Mr. Harris, the manager of the Princess's, similarly has had a difficulty with M. Fechter, who was for some time the cynosure of attraction of the house, and Mr. and Mrs. C. Kean now reign in his stead, Miss Marie Wilton, the popular star of the Strand, the bright particular star that once graced the constellations of that once popular theatre, having been likewise from some cause exiled. And lastly, Mr. Webster and Mr. Boucicault, the managers of the New Adelphi, having established a difference and breach of the widest possible kind. After an extended and even unparalleled run of popularity in every shape, as drama, opera, and burlesque, 'The Colleen Bawn' made a resuscitated appearance in Chancery; but, fortunately, the Vice-Chancellor refused to adjudicate in the squabbles of managers, and left them to settle the matter out of court, a proceeding which has resulted in the reappearance of the disputed drama, 'The Colleen Bawn,' at Drury Lane and the Adelphi. Mr. Webster is said to have taken the Princess's Theatre on his own account. Mr. Boucicault has entered already on the management of Drury Lane, advertising 'The Colleen Bawn,' with Madame Celeste as *Mrs. Cyregan*; and M. Fechter will, towards the end of the year, take possession of the Lyceum, when, it is rumoured, Mr. Falconer will join Mr. Webster in the cares of management either at the Adelphi or the Princess's. From the Strand the secession of one of its chief attractions, and one of the leading low comedians and burlesque actors of the metropolis, Mr. Rogers, is spoken of as probable, the little Royalty Theatre being about to be opened, in August, by Miss Marie Wilton, Miss M. Oliver, and Mr. Rogers. Mr. Byron has written a new burlesque for the occasion; and there is little doubt, with the combined attractions of this clever author, and the best burlesque company, that this once famous little theatre will rise soon into notice and popularity.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean have returned in an altogether unexpected and rapid manner to the scene of their old triumphs, the Princess's Theatre, whence

M. Fechter was summarily deposed, and, seemingly, ejected. Without any leave-taking, or notice to the public, M. Fechter, who, a month or two before, had been the theatrical lion of London, was suddenly dispossessed, his name taken from the bill, and that of Mr. Charles Kean substituted in its stead. There are revolutions in theatres as in empires. Dramatic potentates are as liable to deposition as kings. Some trifling squabble arising out of M. Fechter's intended lesseeship of the Lyceum, and the partial want of success of the ridiculous play of 'The Golden Daggers,' led, no doubt, to this result. Mr. Kean has been playing in those parts in which his fame has been made of late, 'The Corsican Brothers,' and 'Louis XI.,' adding thereto 'Hamlet,' and some other Shakesperian characters.

A bare chronicle of the doings of the past theatrical month, would, on the score of length, be most difficult as that of novelty. A few lines merely suffices. The chief, if not the only change made in theatrical annals, beyond the resuscitation of old plays and the changes of management indicated, have been the production of a new play by Mr. Watts Phillips, the author of 'The Dead Heart,' at the St. James's, and a new farce, suited to the folly of the hour, called 'A Shilling Day at the Exhibition,' by Messrs. Brough and Halliday. The comedy or melodrama of Mr. Phillips may be described as a qualified success, having several points of interest, but the story being on the whole an old one. The farce, as giving full opportunity for the display of Mr. Toole's drollery, and as being tolerably full of incident of the broadest kind, closely resembling the fun of a comic scene in a pantomime, has been received with approval, and is, in its way, a success.

At the Olympic, the comedy of 'The World of Fashion,' and Mr. F. C. Burnand's burlesque of 'Fair Rosamond,' have remained unchanged in the bills; but Mr. Robson's ill health has compelled the withdrawal of his name, and the substitution of that of a provincial actor, a Mr. Worboys.

The Strand has resuscitated Mr. Byron's burlesque of 'The Lady of Lyons,' the Haymarket, of course, maintaining 'Our American Cousin,' unchanged, with Mr. Sothorn as *Lord Dundreary*, with every prospect of this comedy running till Christmas, when an extravaganza from the practised pen of Mr. Planché will be produced. As an illustration of the peculiar fortunes of dramatic successes, it may be recorded that 'Our American Cousin' was, during its first week, all but withdrawn as a failure. On the third or fourth night it was received so coldly, that serious thoughts were entertained of substituting some piece in its stead. Now a stall seat must be booked a month in advance. Mr. Sothorn is recognized as having the merit of having contributed a new character to the annals of the stage—an entirely new and original type; herald, doubtless, of many imitations to come hereafter, but itself a new creation and prototype.

Among the entertainments which lie on the outer circle of theatrical and dramatic amusements, and which tread dangerously on the domain of the drama, without entering into that profane circle, on which the 'unco guid' will not trespass, Mr. Woodin, Mr. and Mrs. C. Mathews, and Mr. and Mrs. German Reed may alike be favourably noticed. Mr. Mathews has produced a new entertainment written for him by Mr. Byron, which, though of flimsy and transparent materials, is written in Mr. Byron's usual sparkling manner, is full of puns, and is, on the whole, very merry and entertaining. Mr. C. Mathews' first essay with its dreary reminiscences of the grand acquaintances of his youth, when he stayed with a lord or a duke, and when the Blessingtons smiled on him, was not very amusing, except to those unfortunates who looked with awe on a man who had once spoken to a great man. But with the exception of the public, which thus played Mrs. Brag to a sort of Jack Brag's confidences, as set forth in Theodore Hook's clever novel, the entertainment afforded was very slender. The new dialogue is infinitely more amusing; and although Mr. Mathews is somewhat out of his element, and is certainly seen to more advantage as an actor than as an entertainer, he is ably supported by his wife, and the result is a *bonâ fide* success. Mr. Woodin is clever and entertaining as ever, and Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, assisted by Mr. John Parry, most effectively enable one to get through an evening.



Angloocy

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY.

HENRY Marquis of Anglesey is a nobleman who for upwards of thirty years has been known in all circles of society as one of the warmest patrons of the Turf and the Cricket Field, and, from his personal popularity, we are quite certain his friends will like to have his features and a record of his career preserved for them in our pages.

The Marquis of Anglesey, the head of the race of Pagets, is descended from a family who as far back as the period of Henry the Eighth's reign have been employed about the Court, and enjoyed the favour of their successive sovereigns, inasmuch as we find the first Baron Paget was called to the House of Peers for his eminent diplomatic services, and for his mission to France to ascertain from the French lawyers their opinion as to the ability of his royal master to obtain a divorce from Queen Katharine. Since then the Pagets have interwoven themselves by alliances with the chief noble families of England; and neither in the Court, or the Camp, have they lost the *prestige* of their common ancestor.

The present Marquis of Anglesey is the son of the first Marquis, whose exploits in the field, as well as his statesmanship in the cabinet, will never be forgotten by his countrymen, as they reflected honour on the age in which he lived. 'There were giants in the land in those days;' and as the friend and comrade of 'The Duke,' 'The Marquis' will ever be associated. Gifted with the hereditary beauty of his race, a manly figure which for symmetry could not be excelled, and a seat on horseback which we now look for in vain, as he trod the deck of 'The Pearl' in his sailor's jacket, or rode in the Park in his blue morning coat, or attended a review in his Field-Marshal's uniform, his presence invariably provoked a sensation, as well as a buzz of admiration; for it was impossible not to regard him as the *beau-idéal* of a 'Sabreur,' and the first cavalry officer in the world. For the heir of such a hero to adopt any other profession than that of a soldier would be unnatural,

and accordingly we find Lord Paget, who was born on the 6th of July, 1797, after completing his education at Westminster, gazetted to a lieutenancy in the 7th Hussars on the 21st July, 1814. He then accompanied the late Marquis of Londonderry to Vienna, and remained on his staff there until the breaking up of that famous Congress, when he rejoined his father at Brussels, where he was taken after the loss of his leg at the Battle of Waterloo. And here it may not be out of place to give an instance of the noble magnanimity of the late Marquis in refusing the pension of 1,200*l.* per annum which was granted to him for his wound. And as he survived it forty years the saving to his country could not have been less than 45,000*l.*, an act which might have won the approbation of a Hume, Bright, or Williams. In 1821 Lord Uxbridge, as he was then called, and who had obtained his troop in 1817, exchanged into the 1st Life-Guards, and acted as trainbearer to George IV. at his coronation. After serving three years as a captain in this regiment, he obtained his majority, and shortly afterwards was promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy. In 1838 he got his next step as a colonel in the army, and in 1843 he finally retired from the service.

Released from his military duties, the Marquis of Anglesey had sufficient leisure at his disposal to induce him to accept the post of Lord-in-Waiting to her Majesty, and, after holding that office for some years, he was appointed to the still higher position of Lord Chamberlain. In this capacity it devolved upon him to conduct the Queen's marriage with Prince Albert, and he escorted his Royal Highness to St. James's Palace, and afterwards to the Chapel Royal. He likewise had charge of Her Majesty to the same sacred edifice. In the management of this splendid ceremony the Marquis displayed a knowledge of Court etiquette, coupled with a graceful tact, that left nothing to be desired by those with whom he had to deal. And we have reason to believe that the highest personages in the realm were more than satisfied with the way in which he got through the various duties appertaining to his exalted office. On the breaking up of the government of Lord Melbourne the noble Marquis retired with the rest of his friends, and has since devoted himself to the development of the resources of his property at Beaudesert, one of the most magnificent seats in England, and where are treasured up many interesting relics of the late Marquis. For variety of shooting Beaudesert has no equal in any part of the country, the wild nature of the district around furnishing cover for blackcock, grouse, pheasants, and every description of game; so that from the 12th of August until the end of February there is ceaseless employment for gun and dog. And among the pleasantest shooting parties of the season may be reckoned those which are held in the Château of the Pagets.

As a racing man the Marquis of Anglesey commenced his career as a confederate of the late Duke of Richmond and the present Lord Stradbroke at Goodwood, in 1831, when we find him claiming

Sketch-book, the winner of the Members' Plate at the Meeting of that year. With him he did nothing; and his next appearance was the following season with *The Hermit*, with whom, after several attempts, he won *The Wokingham* at Ascot, which was his maiden race. He also beat Lord Jersey's *Fingal* with him in a Match at Goodwood, and carried off *The Runnymede* at Egham. In 1832 he did better, as with the well-known *Baleine* he won three Sweepstakes at Newmarket, besides beating *Pussy*, the subsequent winner of the Oaks, in a Match at Goodwood. Of this mare it is a strange fact, but nevertheless true, that as a two-year old she was so very bad that Lord Stradbroke remarked to Lord Uxbridge, 'that no man was rich enough to train her;' and the latter was consequently much annoyed to find her sent to Newmarket. But Kent replied he thought she went a little better in her work after his Lordship had left, and therefore he brought her with the rest, with what advantage it has been shown. Having broken the ice of ill-luck that had been gathering round him, Lord Uxbridge, like most young racing noblemen, looked out for a Cup horse, and there were only two at the time in the market, viz., *Minster* and *Rubini*. The former was 'in price' to Lord Lichfield, who, after seeing him gallop, bought him, and therefore *Rubini* alone remained. He gave 500 guineas for him, and after beating *The Saddler* in a Match, came and won *The Goodwood Cup*, the great object of his ambition, very cleverly, the odds being 100 to 7 against him; and among those behind him were *Minster*, *Beiram*, *Roadster*, *Galopade*, and one or two others. In 1834 *Baleine* figured to still greater advantage, as she won the great *Three Hundred Sovereign Sweepstakes* over the Beacon Course in a common canter, Lord Jersey, who ran *Lucius* against her, and Lord Chesterfield, who started *Dirce*, refusing Lord Uxbridge's suggestion of reducing the stakes between themselves to a hundred each, as he considered the mare so moderate. But her *Whalebone* blood pulled her through before she had gone half way, to the astonishment of all the members of the Club who witnessed the race. She also won *The Stewards' Cup* at Goodwood, and some other little things.

Shortly after this time Lord Uxbridge, from prudential motives, ceased keeping horses, although his love for the sport was unabated, and it was not until after he had succeeded to the marquissate that the yellow and blue was seen on Newmarket Heath, to the great satisfaction of his friends. His horses then were trained by William Day, and the first of his series of new winners was *Lizzie*, by *Theon*. With *Sultan*, who very much disappointed him in Mr. Sykes' *Cæsarewitch*, in 1855, he, the fortnight afterwards, won *The Cambridgeshire*, but had not the courage to back him, from being so deceived in the other handicap. *The Stewards' Cup* at Goodwood again fell to him with *Termagant*. But, fancying he had got into a bad strain of blood, and tired of a public stable, he got rid of those in training, and placed some yearlings at *Escrett's*, whose stables on Cannock Chase are on his own property, and every justice can be done

to them. As yet Escrett has had but little time to find out, or rather make the most of the fresh stud which has come ; but if he does as well for Lord Anglesey as he did for Mr. Gratwicke, we are satisfied his Lordship will have no cause for complaint, and his friends will be equally pleased. For, unlike some owners we could name, the Marquis of Anglesey likes to see his friends win upon his horses, and makes no secret to them of what they are capable of doing. Consequently the cheering which is heard when his animals do get through a great race can have its origin in no other feeling than that of regard for his public career on the Turf.

Of cricket, the Marquis of Anglesey is, next to the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, perhaps the most munificent patron, and has made on the high ground about Beaudesert one of the best cricket-grounds in England ; and for the manner in which the clubs who use it in the great matches that annually take place at Beaudesert, we have only to refer to The Zingari, who are in raptures with the cordial reception they experienced when they met on it. Both Lord Uxbridge and the Marquis of Anglesey's other sons share his love for the game, and are among the finest players to be found in the ranks of the aristocracy. Possessed of a warm heart, and full of generous impulses, such as might be expected from the chivalry of his ancestors, the Marquis of Anglesey has only to be known to be appreciated. And if it has not been permitted him to earn the same distinction in the field as his father, he will ever be regarded as a nobleman who strove to do good to all who came in contact with him, and whom it was impossible not to like for his social companionship.

BATTERSEA.

BY THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

‘Happy are they that hear their own detractions, and can put them to mending.’—*Much Ado about Nothing*.

It seldom happens in our country, and, *à fortiori*, still more rarely in others, that so many temptations have been held out to the provincials as from about the 23rd of June to the 5th of July to visit this metropolis. Few of them resisted the call ; and I cannot help congratulating the Londoner upon the harvest that has flowed into him, and upon his capacity—shall I say rapacity ?—for taking advantage of the occasion. Prices have become nearly continental. Naples, Paris, Ischel, and Vienna are not much greater adepts at fleecing the lamb than ourselves ; and a Prussian official is almost polite by the side of our international cabman. For a great fortnight, however, it becomes the bucolic mind to bear with equanimity what it cannot possibly help, but may provide against by bringing a blank cheque, and determining to get rid of it like a man. Happy the man who could afford the time as well as the money ! to whom no *contretemps* happened, whom no fit of the gout compelled to

inglorious ease. Happy the parson who found some one willing to do his duty, however unwilling to do his own, and left him an ecclesiastical week to enjoy the wonders of London in the summer of 1862.

As far as the International Exhibition is concerned, I think the Commissioners have shown that it is quite capable of taking care of itself. It has had critics enough, and to spare, who have not even allowed its beauties to rest in peace. The authorized handling of the rivals of Phidias and Praxiteles must have flattered the exhibitors that they would not escape entire notice. I am happy to withdraw from so arduous and unprofitable an exercise of my pen. In like manner South Kensington may rest upon its laurels, as far as I am concerned. Not Lord Dundreary himself shall stir me from my purpose; and I hardly should have noticed the mongrels of Islington, but for one circumstance—the very apposite contention which has arisen on the subject of cropping. Dogs' ears were given them for some good purpose, no doubt; and squaring a horse's tail is a less painful operation than cutting his ears off. But circumstances alter cases; and I believe fox-hounds would suffer more from the not rounding them than from the mere pain of the operation. The gentlemen who talk of fighting dogs seem to think that they defraud them of an actual pleasure when they are debarred from the cockpit, and that it is an act of humanity to cut off their ears, to prevent them from being eaten by an antagonist. I say this, that I regret very much the absence of those remarkable fox-terriers, which are almost lost to us, but which are known by the close-fitting property of their ears, for the exclusion of sand and gravel in burrowing. There was not one of them at the Exhibition whose ears were what they used to be, or ought to be; and it is a rare thing to see them with any hounds.

I started on my road for Battersea, *viâ* Brompton and Kensington, and I find myself at Islington, with the dogs. So much for consistency of purpose.

It is impossible to approach the subject of Battersea without paying a proper compliment to the management of so large an exhibition. Certainly the manner in which the horses were cared for, the accommodation given to the public, and the opportunity for criticism, was, as far as such circumstances admit, perfect. It left nothing to be desired, excepting on the part of such persons as expect to find the comforts of a home in a German watering-place, and a permanent building for a temporary purpose. I am, of course, speaking more particularly of the horses, a subject, on former occasions, of some reasonable complaint. I am given to understand that the same satisfaction has been expressed by the exhibitors of every class of cattle, and that the accommodation of man and beast, from the handsome dairy-maid in attendance on the stock of his Grace of Athol to the grotesque performer of the 'Ranz des Vaches' on his eccentric horn, was quite what it ought to be. I am compelled to leave the subject of short-horns, Avrshires, Highlanders, Sussex,

the Duke of Hamilton's bull, the Leicesters, Cheviots, Dorsets, Lincolns, and Southdowns, the pigs, and foreign cattle, with their bells and their blasts, to more able hands. 'Ne sutor ultra crepidam.' Who breeds fat oxen should himself be fat; and, I presume, to leave to calves the details of a cattle show, will be nothing more than the right thing to do. I know the penalty of handling such edged tools: a penalty the payment of which is not optional. It rests in the hands of the worthy critics to inflict; and I cannot but admit that he who provokes an editorial scourge by an exhibition of ignorance only receives the fair reward of his labours. Be mine the task, therefore, to lead my reader through some suggestions, which the exhibition of horses by the Agricultural Society seems to provoke, and with which my reader, probably, as well as myself, is better capable of dealing.

If it was considered necessary, for the satisfaction of all parties, that the judges of the infernal regions should be heaven-born, if *Œacus*, *Minos*, and *Rhadamanthus* were all sprung from the loins of *Jove*, how essential it is in these days that the judges of the Horse Exhibition should share with huntsmen and demigods the same honours of descent. Lord Tredegar, Colonel Cotton, and Captain White had need be more than mortal men to satisfy the criticisms of all the puisne judges who have canvassed their verdict: but it must be admitted that, with all the difficulties against which they had to contend, it would be hard to know how a new trial would mend the matter. Certainly three of the most able men in England are selected to make a decision. Their capability is undeniable, their honesty unimpeachable. Anything extrajudicial can be received only as matter of opinion. In nine cases out of ten those opinions are formed upon *ex-parte* evidence, upon hasty premises, upon imperfect knowledge; in the other one upon preconceived notions and prejudices, though the individual may be accidentally as competent as the judges themselves. Every man in England pretends to some knowledge of horseflesh; but that superficial acquaintance with an animal which your groom takes to cover, and your wife and daughters caress, is apt to induce a spirit of self-sufficiency, but not calculated to promote a judicial acumen equal to that of Captain White. But, independently of this positive incapability, it must be taken into consideration that these self-constituted critics are ignorant of the cause of exclusion. They are blind to some veterinarian mark against a horse which they conceive to be entitled to priority of place. It is not the office of the official veterinarian to inform the public that Mr. Smith's horse is 'out of the betting' on account of some invisible, but no less existing, infirmity—that incipient spavin, cataract, or any other damnable symptom, debars him from the honour of a first class. But it is the business of the judges to be apprised of this, and to act upon the information. Smith's friend goes home cursing the incapacity of the judges; but it would be doing no friendly act by Smith to set him right. I think that the selection having fallen upon those

gentlemen by the Agricultural Society, and that selection for capacity and honesty being unimpeachable by the exhibitors or the public, we are not only bound to abide by it, but to abide by it without a murmur. Whatever may be said about an umpire at cricket is never said aloud. I may here as well remind the visitors to such an exhibition that the judges can only decide upon the merits of those present. I have no doubt that they saw the demerits of Ellington, and every other horse presented to them, with an eye as clear as that of the penny-a-liners who have found fault with their decisions; but they were compelled to select the best they could find. Men may ask, Why were not Voltigeur, Orlando, Newminster, and half a dozen more here to share the honours of such a day? There is no response to this demand, excepting the very natural one that their owners placed certain circumstances in the scale with the chance of a 100*l.* prize, and found the latter kick the beam.

A new element was introduced this year into the proceedings of the Royal Society—the public adjudication of prizes. It has been lauded by the press, or at least by certain portions of it, as a wonderful advance. To me it appears to be a very empty acquiescence in a very foolish demand. A few reasons have been assigned for it. ‘*A greater sympathy with the judges!*’ Poor fellows! they stood in need of it. I can fancy the accession of courage to do what was right given to Lord Tredegar, Colonel Cotton, and Captain White, by the pressure of 1,200 people, ladies and all, who had paid 1*l.* for the privilege. ‘*The lesson which future breeders may receive from this public demonstration.*’ Half an hour’s private conversation with a good judge, and fifty years’ experience at the back of it, will be more valuable than any lessons received in the show-yard. And the first will no more supersede the second than an elegant translation of a passage of Juvenal, by a competent commentator, will make a scholar without the requisite labour and taste. The man who succeeds any one of these three gentlemen may take a different view of the points of a thorough-bred horse, and upset the theory of his predecessor. The interference with a private adjudication was at least uncalled for. The Society have confidence in their selection. Their capability cannot be increased by a crowd of elbowing commentators and thrusting critics; but their judgment may be much impeded. For the formation of a deliberate opinion on most points a crowded audience is disadvantageous; and, not unfrequently, where the world is content with the decision, it will be very hard to satisfy it as to the process of reasoning by which the decision is arrived at. The necessity for police has been almost admitted; and the deliberations which are formed under the eye of that very valuable and much-calumniated body of men ought to be incontestable, I suppose.

Against one very amusing anomaly, however, I have to make not a negative, but a positive protest. It only amounts to a supposition, nor can it, indeed, ever be more so long as competency is a desideratum. The hypothesis is, that the judge is to be uncognizant of

pedigree. He is selected for his great knowledge of the animal he is to try; but he is to know as little as possible about the most essential point of all. That he should be thus ignorant is of course impossible. Figure to yourself the self-imposed blindness which is to ignore *The Flying Dutchman* and *Lanercost*—a cross which alone gives value to the present decision. Here is a bench which, for all practical purposes, cannot know too much, expected to know nothing at all but what it sees. The judges are chosen for their supposed knowledge of everything connected with horseflesh, but desired to shut their eyes to a fact inseparable from their acquisition of that knowledge. If eyesight, ready apprehension of anatomical structure, evenness of form, and perfect outline, instructed by veterinarian science, be all that is wanted, where is Sir Edwin Landseer? He is presumed to be the great authority on dogs' ears and their excellences, why not on the most valuable of the qualities of the horse? As I understand the business at present, you ask for soundness, form, and action, usually the consequent of the former, but you ignore purity of blood, or, in other words, that very essential which is to transmit from generation to generation the qualities of grandsires and granddams. What is it that makes the thoroughbred horse so valuable, but his blood?—but the fact that, though in himself somewhat defective, he had in his veins the blood of horses remarkable for their stoutness, soundness, and pace? It may happen that the son of a most defective sire and dam may be perfect in form, and exhibit none of the temper, currishness, or disease of his progenitors; but I believe every man who has any knowledge of breeding would consider that horse as a very speculative investment for the propagation of the 'sound and 'stout thoroughbred horse for general stud purposes.' The best-looking horse in England may be the very worst for such a purpose that can possibly be conceived; but if his performances and his pedigree are not to form an item in the scales of justice by which his claims are balanced, the impostor wins, and we lose, in some rejected candidate, the essential qualifications which would make him valuable to the country—the valuable blood which he only can transmit. We do not want moderate-looking horses, or weedy sires, only on account of their pedigree; but even they would be made more available by judicious crosses, for our general purposes, than any horse, however handsome in himself, who was defective in that essential. If this be so, I think my readers would be glad to see Mr. James Weatherby associated, as last year, with these gentlemen as a judge, or, which would be still better, as a referee upon such points as concerned the soundness and quality of the stock from which the winner was descended. Under the present circumstances, it was a matter of delicacy in Mr. James Weatherby to decline his former seat on the bench; but, looking at the thing in the light I do, his services would be extremely valuable from his knowledge of the very point I am urging. A happy accident combines in Ellington, the winner, two of the best strains in the king-

dom : a combination of blood which is as good a cross, perhaps, as anything that could be found. But it may not always be the case. Some such accident as I have pointed out may happen ; and then the ' Daniel come to judgment ' will ignore his own acquaintance with horseflesh, and will act for the benefit of his country in a manner totally the reverse of his practice for his own establishment. I wonder how often Captain White has overlooked some radical fault of shape or make for the sake of this despised pedigree, this useless appendage, which is to be a matter of accident henceforth in the premier of the Agricultural Show.

As we are now on the subject of pedigree, it is scarcely an irrelevant question to ask the meaning of the following *affiche* : ' Hunter stallions, thorough or half-bred.' A 30*l.* prize is very properly offered for a hunter stallion, but how the Society can have overlooked the necessity of his being thoroughbred, I am at a loss to understand. They may reply that they are not bound to find comprehension for me ; but the mistake is so obvious, that a few lines will suffice on this part of the subject. It must be borne in mind that this horse is ' to improve the breed of hunters, &c. &c.' Now it seldom happens that thoroughbred mares are sent to breed hunters ; but if they were the putting them to half-bred horses would scarcely be a means of improving the breed, however good in itself the produce might be. With a half-bred mare, such as is usually sent to throw hunters, the case would be worse ; and the stock would degenerate at every stage. I believe with very good half-bred hack mares, much disappointment ensues from sending them to thoroughbred horses. In many cases they come cross-shaped, and appear to lose the valuable qualities of the good roadster without acquiring the form and quality of the thoroughbred one. A mare of that kind produces something in itself more valuable, by a clever trotting horse ; but the question we are now on is one of breeding for reproduction, and no hunter stallion should be anything but thoroughbred.

The worst part of the business is this, that so few men can be taught to contemplate, under the category of ' thoroughbred,' anything but a quick, leggy, bad-footed, weedy brute, capable of staying seven furlongs, with 8 st. 7 lb. on its back. I mean a horse which it behoves this country to set about acquiring with all convenient speed. Short races, light weights, handicapping, and other matters connected with them, tend to keep him down. But I think the good sense of the country will manage to see the difference between an animal which is intended to win a fifty-pound plate, and one which is to disseminate soundness and stoutness in our hacks and hunters. In the shires we want blood and endurance ; we want length in the right place, not in the legs or teeth. They may cover as much ground as they please, and be as near it as they like. Every man cannot afford to buy them ; but they do exist : and as the demand for them increases, the supply may become greater. It must take time to disseminate the sort ; but as it becomes more common in the

country, every class will approach by degrees the standard, until it become the type of the English horse. The enormous price asked for it proves the difficulty of finding it; and though good horses can never be cheap in this country, the lower-priced horse should be a much better animal than it is now. A man who keeps a horse at all ought to be able to command a fair amount of soundness and strength for something under a curate's stipend.

The exhibition of hunters, *i. e.*, the geldings, was considerably below par. I am not going into the merits of the chestnut horse, by Marsyas; or the winner of the second prize, belonging to Mr. Elwes. The judges had very little to choose from, and though I should have reversed the decision by putting the first prize upon the latter horse, I am content to believe that I may have made a mistake, and that the decision given, from some reason or other, was right. With that eminent authority, 'Bell's Life,' however, I have no delicacy in stating my entire difference of opinion. So far from Mr. Elwes's horse having nothing to recommend him, he appeared to me to possess many very excellent qualities for his profession. Without being symmetrical, he had some excellent points; the longer he was looked at the better he would have been liked. He had great power, being well able to carry 15 stone; good hocks, near the ground; considerable length, and deep ribs; and he has attained a reputation as an admirable performer over a country. The Marsyas horse was flabby and too full of flesh; and it is possible that, in condition, he would have been more after the fashion of a hunter than he is at present. The foreigners mustered in strong numbers; and it would be provoking that they should leave England under the mistaken impression that we have nothing better to exhibit than these two horses as the samples of our great national pastime. Not only will Leicestershire and Northamptonshire furnish a score of more valuable hunters at every cover side, but there must have been, at the very time, some scores of horses in London, any one of which would have shown to advantage by comparison. The judges had an unpleasant task set them to decide upon merits which, however great in some respects, do not come up to their ideas of quite a first-class hunter; and I can easily imagine that it requires a temptation, something greater than any that can be held out at the Agricultural Show, to bring together the very best of the class.

Is the exhibition of these horses intended at all to test the marketable value of the animals? Will it make horseflesh any cheaper, or raise any sort of competition which shall bring a decent pony within reach of a reasonable offer? I think not. It seems rather, as if the owners found commendation so little palatable, that they intended to obtain some more tangible advantage from their success. The Prince of Wales certainly took the pick of the basket, and has bought a very gentlemanly-looking pony at a prince's price. But why a roan, with clever action, somewhat underbred, of remarkably good shape, but deficient in fashion, should have been priced at 200 guineas I cannot conceive. This egregious demand may tend to

raise the 30 and 40 pounders to double that amount; but it is to be hoped that a good wholesome stand will be made by buyers against this exorbitance, or the Gentleman in Black, for one, will have to walk for the rest of his miserable existence. The real value of the roan pony is about fifty pounds: a fancy price might come as far as seventy. But there are only a few two-hundred-guinea ponies in England, and they are in hands that are not likely to part with them at any price.

As should be the case in the Agricultural Society's Exhibition, the agricultural horses were by far the best. No one could see them without wonder at the amazing combination of strength and activity. The Duke of Hamilton's magnificent Clydesdale moved like a kitten. Altogether this was, perhaps, to the foreigner, or to the countryman the most interesting part of the horse department. To the uninitiated a draught horse of this description is supposed to possess every qualification if he have size and weight. Never was so great a mistake. Watch our railway horses; see the active strength they possess, and their quickness and neatness in moving amongst the interminable rails and sleepers of some central railway station. Look at their shoulders, and see what attention has been paid to form. The same may be said of the roadsters. The great desideratum must be quickness and strength; the capability to endure, with activity, which insures safety and ease. As a mere question of revenue, the more horses that can be kept in this country, for one purpose or the other, the better. There will be a readier market for farm produce, and for labour. It will be a bad day for England when horses become so scarce or so worthless as to decrease the number of masters. There is no fear of such a catastrophe at present; for in every county the increase is allowed to be great. Many circumstances have combined to make a necessity of a former luxury. The absence of coach travelling, and the difficulty of transit, excepting along the main lines, is a very natural cause; so that scarcely any one lives above the most ordinary rank of life, who is not compelled in self-defence to make a horse or two part of his establishment.

I may mention, in concluding my remarks upon the Horse Show at Battersea, that averse as we are to believe in any excellence of foreign blood, there is a class of horse in France which in perfection is remarkable for the qualities I have mentioned. I mean the Percheronne. Unfortunately the one exhibited, and distinguished by a prize, was of a very inferior character. He was strong and well shaped, but a bad and slovenly mover, and with a large coarse head. These are not the characteristics of the Percheronne breed; and when crossed with a lighter sort of horse, they are very valuable. The same may be said of other French blood: and no one who remembers the splendid diligence horses between Abbeville and Paris, or between Orleans and Tours, and even more particularly from Tours to Bordeaux, could fail to welcome at future meetings an increased exhibition of such a race. How might our Artillery be

affected by judicious crosses from such stock ; and the heavy draught along our roads be improved ; which is now performed slowly by too heavy horses, or quickly to the detriment of the lighter class which is in use.

Notwithstanding the difficulty of bringing together the best of all classes, it is quite clear that this part of the Society's Exhibition is most valuable ; and that the increase of the premium for the thoroughbred horse would be a move in the right direction.

CHARLIE THORNHILL ;
OR, THE DUNCE OF THE FAMILY.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

‘ Strong reasons make strong actions. ’—*King John*.

CHARLIE, amongst other accomplishments, had learned to fall well. He was seldom seen running after his horse, over a ploughed field, with tearful entreaties to his friends to ‘ tie him up at the next ‘ gate.’ He never let go the reins, as long as they remained unbroken, or was caught ignominiously endeavouring to soothe the cunning steed, who stands mildly grazing after having given his rider a fall that shakes every bone in his body, and leaves him with scattered limbs and senses to deplore his too-confiding reliance on a brute. The consequence was, that almost before he was down, he was up again ; and with one short but heartfelt thanksgiving that *he* was not at this moment disabled, he dropped the reins which by instinct he held, and giving himself one shake, and one moment for reflection, he ran towards the river to a point somewhat below that at which Edith Dacre had just risen to the surface. He saw she was free from her horse, and that it was only a question of how long it would take to saturate her heavy riding habit. As to assistance from the rest, they were at this moment unhasping the gate which had closed again, and were some three hundred yards from the spot. Scarcely thirty yards separated him from the object he loved best on earth, or in the water, and in a second or two he was at the river's brink. In two or three vigorous strokes he was alongside of Edith, and bearing her rapidly towards the angle formed by the fence and the osier bed, where landing seemed easier than elsewhere. By the time he reached the spot, Robinson Brown, Sir Thomas Fallowtop, Mr. Dacre, pale as ashes, but covering his emotion with an assumed calmness, two young farmers, who had been waiting, out of the crowd, with young horses, and about half a dozen labouring men and boys, were ready to give a hand or advice, as the case might be. Charlie accepted the former, and disdained the latter. Edith had already recovered in some sort her consciousness, and was pouring out thanks, with eyes that told too truly how glad she was to be

indebted to her deliverer. She clung to him, as he held her for one moment to his heart, and the next was in the arms of her father. He uttered not one word, but he looked conscious of the narrowness of her escape, and gave one short but sincere pressure of the hand to Charlie, which assured him that his share in the transaction was not forgotten. It is but justice to the field to say, that they were now about a mile from the cover in an opposite direction, the fox having broken at the very moment that Charlie charged the fence. According to received opinion, great men are in the habit of fixing their minds upon the business they are engaged in; and there is no doubt that a whole family might be drowned without exciting much surprise, or turning some men from the object they have in view. It is not therefore wonderful that Charlie should have been permitted the achievement of the present adventure without any interruption from the crowd, or any participator in his pleasure.

I have no doubt that, should the critics do me the honour of noticing me some day or other, in the friendly manner which 'The Times' has so lately employed towards Mr. Palgrave, in his innocent publication of a Catalogue of the Great Exhibition, that they will not fail to point out the fatal escape from drowning which has hitherto attended the Dacre family. What they may be inclined to predict of Mr. Edward Dacre's end, I can hardly say, beyond that he was not born to be drowned: a lady, I presume, will escape comment of that kind; but that an author should venture upon making his hero neither more nor less than a sort of rational Newfoundland, who lays claim to his mistress's gratitude, as much as her love, by his physical capability and his knowledge of swimming, shows a dearth of invention or imagination which ought to have restricted his pen to the narration of facts. But why should not two persons in one family have the misfortune to be nearly drowned? If such a thing were impossible, or even very uncommon, what a charming immunity for the young ladies would it be, that their brother should be the scapegoat; and that the girls should be born to a sort of immortality, because the boys of a family had broken every bone in each individual body. I might have written something infinitely more improbable. I might have followed this author into the most mysterious depths of electro-biology, or that into the superstitions of another world, with the most perfect safety. But that two members of the same family should have escaped drowning by the same instrument or agent, will appear incredible; and be branded, I fear, by the critics, as an absurdity beneath contempt.

But while I have been wandering, Edith Dacre has been left dripping in her wet clothes and wringing locks, now in the arms of her father, and anon recomposing an extemporaneous toilette, which had been deranged by the recent immersion in the Floss. Ridicule is the greatest enemy to love. Nothing is so trying as an absurd position; but Charlie could see nothing to laugh at in so providential an escape, notwithstanding that a water nymph in a riding habit, and neat little Wellington boots, is provocative of some mirth. At

another time, and under other circumstances, he might have found amusement in a contretemps, which had deprived a young woman of her hat, and brought down all her back hair, dripping with water. At present, his object was shelter and warmth for the poor girl, who had nearly fallen a victim to no unfeminine hardihood of her own, but to the unintentional thoughtlessness of her brother. I have seen ladies floating about in the water, self-immolated at the shrine of St. Hubert, but who were desirous of being considered upon all occasions pre-eminently capable of taking care of themselves.

Edith continued to shiver and shake, as well she might ; and it became a question of how to get her home. At this juncture up came a groom of Mr. Dacre's, who had been left behind, at the house, in consequence of the increased number of guests, but who ought to have reached the cover earlier. It was suggested that he should ride Miss Dacre's mare, and that she should ride his horse ; an arrangement easily made and equally agreeable to all parties, in the absence of a carriage, or any road to drive one. The saddles were changed, and more dead than alive she was lifted on to the groom's horse, fortunately a very quiet one. Charlie, as soon as the lady was in her saddle, declaring her capability to proceed, and the utter absence of any ill, but that of fright and wet, made an inconvenient discovery for himself. His horse was lame : he had struck himself violently on the fetlock, in his fall, and the standing still had given the joint time to become very stiff and painful. The next thing, therefore, was to displace the groom, which was done accordingly ; and in spite of Edith's appeals, not to get on the mare, which were not the less tender for their sincerity, Charlie mounted the offender. He had but two regrets, that he had lost the run, and that Robinson Brown was escorting them home. It was a mixed feeling, but the last was by far the stronger of the two.

Gilsland was about two miles from the osier bed ; and as Edith had begun to shake off her faintness, after the sherry which had been forced upon her by the appeals of her father, and by the fortunate provision of Charlie's flask, it was proposed to jog on, as a means of keeping both Edith and Charlie from the effects of their ducking. In this manner they arrived at the Hall, and at once relieved Mrs. Dacre and Alice from any fears which an unprejudiced imagination is apt to attribute to a too early return from hunting, especially when accompanied by such a development of back hair. The young lady was dismissed to her room, where her mother, sister, and two maids insisted upon administering to her comforts, when she would fain—oh ! how fain !—have been alone, with herself and her thoughts. For she had thanks due to one whom neither her father nor Charlie had quite forgotten at the moment, and in her gratitude to the instrument, she could not help reverting to the cause.

Mrs. Dacre's first idea was the true one, that Charlie and Edith had been in the water together ; and she knew that was often a prelude to other misfortunes. She was very fond of Charlie, but she did not like the idea of him for a husband for one of her children.

They might look higher. Then she detected herself making a compromise, and permitting herself and her family the friendship of a detrimental. There was a plausible excuse for that to the world; and Mrs. Dacre's world wanted an apology for an imprudent marriage more than that world where there will be none at all. She found herself thinking more about Charlie's uncle, his fortune, its extent, and his life. These are what she called his prospects: the fact is they were her own. Robinson Brown she could not endure; but she rather thought that it would be her duty to put up with a young man of such immense expectations, and who had certainly attracted the attention of several judicious ladies of even higher ton than herself. Alice had long suspected the state of Charlie's heart; she liked him, for himself, and the debt of gratitude she owed him for a brother and a sister, in all probability would not remain the strongest link that tied them together for any very long time. She was sincerely glad of this; for she foresaw the solution of the Gordian knot of *convenance* cut by the preference he might claim by such unequalled services. Mr. Dacre was an easy person, not given to emotion, excepting in very unexpected circumstances, such as we have detailed. He wrung Charlie's hand, as we have seen; wished he could provide for him (abroad, perhaps!), and determined upon lending him the mare, or one of his own horses, until his own should be sound enough for him to ride. He need not want a general invitation to Gilsland: *cela va sans dire*.

During the day the village Esculapius, Dr. Torrens, called. Nothing could be better than the young lady: 'quiet; something light' for dinner; a little soda water, no wine, and the doctor would call 'again to-morrow.' Doctor! thought Charlie, what in the name of fortune does the doctor want here? surely there's nothing the matter. Then came the curate: he returned to his duties without being introduced. Charlie hoped he was not coming on the morrow too. And then a message from the farm, to hope the young lady was not hurt. The answer was satisfactory enough. At that moment Mr. Robinson Brown, who had also been disappointed of his day's hunting, without, however, the satisfaction which accompanied Charlie's disappointment, lounged into the room. Robinson Brown dabbled in polite literature, as he imagined, so he picked up a magazine, whilst Charlie looked out of the window, struggling to get the better of a rather bad fit of the spleen. Alice was with her sister; and she was his only sedative in the house. The fact is that love, of which he had taken a strong dose, did not agree with Charlie's temper.

'Why, Thornhill, I thought you were gone to Van Diemen's Land, or Heligoland, or some land or other in Africa. I was quite agreeably surprised to see you yesterday at dinner,' said Mr. Brown, with a comfortable kind of patronage in his tone.

'No, not yet. When do you go?' rejoined the other, rather tartly.

'Gwacious! what a fellow you are! Why should I go to those

‘outlandish places? I don’t want to be eaten alive, my dear fellow,’ said the cornet.

‘Oh! nobody ’ll eat you alive.’

‘I don’t know: ’pon my soul I don’t know about that. I’m not so tough as you think for, Thornhill.’ He was soft enough, to do him justice.

‘No; but a man may be very soft, and yet disagree with a fellow,’ rejoined Charlie; and having delivered himself of this sentiment, he turned again to the window. He was not fated to enjoy his repose long, for he was once more interrupted by the Plunger.

‘You’re weeding, eh, Thornhill? weeding, I understand; and that sort of thing?’

‘What? a garden or a stud? I’ve weeded the latter pretty closely.’

‘No, no; not weeding, but weeding,’ said dear Jane: ‘weeding with a coach, you know.’ He made a rather violent struggle to make himself comprehensible.

‘Yes; I am reading for a commission,’ replied Charlie, turning once more to the contemplation of the black clouds, which portended a wet ride home for the sportsmen.

‘Aw—aw—yes—great baw weeding, to some fellows. Now we never had any examination, or that sort of thing, when I went into the service; nothing of the kind,’ persevered Robinson Brown.

‘So I should think,’ said Charlie, who saw it would be polite to say something.

‘Our fellows are aw—aw—so ignowant: not bad fellows, you know, but so infernally ignowant.’

‘So I should have imagined,’ replied Charlie once more, who was watching a figure intently which appeared at the further end of the shrubbery, and which exhibited every appearance of one of the ladies of the house walking briskly to and fro. ‘So I should have imagined.’

‘Oh! you know our fellows, then. Do you ever dine at the mess? Bad cook; and altogether—aw—aw—that sort of thing. Do you know Carnaby?’

‘No; I only know you.’ And just as Robinson Brown was recommencing on some other subject, Charlie, feigning an unexpected reminiscence, rushed out of the room in search of the shawl, which had once more disappeared round the shrubbery. It was Alice Dacre.

Charlie was not a bold man; and there was no one in the house at that time, excepting, perhaps, Lady Elizabeth, to avoid whom he would not have gone a mile round. But as soon as he saw that it was Alice Dacre he testified an invincible desire for news of Edith. What more natural? says the reader. What more proper? say I. And yet, from the moment it occurred to him, it seemed to possess insuperable objections. It took a long time to come to the point; and then it is doubtful whether the attractions of Alice would have

sufficed to draw him out, but for the repulsion of Mr. Robinson Brown.

'What a morning it has been for us, Mr. Thornhill,' began Alice, who exhibited very recent traces of tears, which did not escape the discriminating eyes of Charlie. 'Poor Edith! it has been too much for her: and now that the excitement is over, the reaction is very painful. And what do we not owe you?'

'Don't let that burden you, Miss Dacre.'

'It does not burden us; but ——' And here poor Alice blushed, for she knew one whom it did burden painfully, and another, she guessed at, who hugged her burden closer than was good for her. Alice Dacre was very thoughtful for others. 'Oh! Mr. Thornhill, I could say so much. If you knew how we have lived together, and what a blessing you have restored to us all by your courage;' and here a good large pearl did run over. But she soon brightened again, for she saw that the conversation was painful to Charlie, who was not inclined to magnify his own exploit, though he was not blind to the danger of the girl.

Alice felt a strong inclination to ask after his brother; but as the words rose they stuck; and she only asked him where he was going to spend his winter.

'I scarcely know; I presume at Thornhills. But, you know, I am reading, and must work hard at Scampersdale; for I hope to have a commission before long.' Charlie wondered where he was likely to be quartered.

'Yes, we heard of that; but you did talk of going to Melton.'

'I did; but I have not time. What hunting I do I must do in this neighbourhood. However, I must be a prisoner for a fortnight or more. I lamed my horse.'

'And papa proposes to send over one of his, or the mare Edith rode to-day, if you think her worth riding.'

'I hope we shall see her at dinner,' said Charlie.

'No, not at dinner to-day. To-morrow Dr. Torrens proposes calling early; and I hope she will be much better. But, tell me, when does the steeple-chase between your brother's horse and Mr. Robinson Brown's Reluctance come off? Edith will want all the news.'

'Not immediately: it's postponed. And as I am to ride, I should like to have got through my literary difficulties before I risk your sister's gloves; for I know she has backed the horse. But,' added he encouragingly, 'I think we can manage to win.'

'I hope so; or poor Edith will be ruined in gloves. I heard her backing you to her last penny; so I beg you win.'

'Shall we see her at dinner to-day? You fear not. But is anything the matter? Tell me, tell me, Miss Dacre.' And here, seeing how far his feelings had carried him away, he became suddenly cold, and hoped it was nothing but fatigue. 'Had they much opinion of their doctor?'

'Oh! yes; certainly. He was to see Edith to-morrow; and if

‘ she had a good night she would be better, no doubt.’ And with this Charlie was obliged to be satisfied.

But the next morning Edith was much the same. She was to lie in bed and to keep her room throughout the day. The excitement had been too much for her.

Sickness in a house full of guests is always very depressing. Nobody seems to know what to do. There is a vague listlessness about the visitors, and the most nearly interested have time for nothing. There is a constant energy pervades them all. Breakfast is a scurry; luncheon is not cheerful, and wants the plans and the proposals of a healthy time; as to dinner, you have to sit down with a vacant chair or two. Then one drops in, then another; every one has come from the sick chamber. You feel your insignificance and uselessness. You can do nothing, and are plainly *de trop*. Under these circumstances was the party at Gilsland. So on the Monday morning Charlie returned to work; but he had the happiness of seeing Mr. Robinson Brown depart before him, a woe-begone object of simulated tenderness. He assumed that hand-dog style as a privilege; and Charlie did not know well what to do with himself where, in proportion to the tenderness of his feelings, he was compelled to appear the least interested of any. Robinson Brown, however, once gone, he started for Captain Armstrong’s with allayed temper and relieved mind.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LIFE IN THE SHIRES.

‘ Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.’—*Richard II.*

CHARLIE found himself at Captain Armstrong’s, once more involved in the intricacies of English spelling, French dictation, the square root, and simple equations; and why called simple he had some difficulty in understanding. He had received a note from Alice Dacre three days later, which gave but a very poor account of Edith’s recovery; and when he rode over on Saturday morning to inquire after her, ostensibly to see his young horse, it was impossible to conceal the fact of very severe illness. In truth, she was attacked by low fever, the result of cold and excitement combined; and a summons for a more reliable opinion than that of Dr. Torrens confirmed Charlie’s fears of considerable danger. During three weeks of much suffering, alternating between life and death, he was as little able to pursue any efficient study almost as she would have been; and it was not till the fourth week that his mind was made easy by an assurance, on a repeated visit, that all danger was completely over, and that beef-tea and champagne were doing the work of the doctor in curing, not in killing, as might be supposed. Leaving Edith to get well, and Charlie to recover his lost ground, I take this opportunity for a reflection or two, which the reader can miss, if he likes, but which is as much the necessary ingredient of a novel as pepper of a rabbit-pie. Indeed, a novel which deals in

characters, facts, or fictions, as the case may be, and nothing else, is not unlike one of those excellent Strasbourg patés from which nothing has been omitted but the truffles and the seasoning. And though I have no doubt it would be swallowed, if fashion gave the word, as many a novel is read, without a syllable to give it flavour beyond its details, I cannot imagine that persons of real taste would approve it.

It will have been observed that Edith Dacre was a lively, cheerful, high-spirited girl, with some little vanity and love of display, but many loveable qualities. Her anxiety to ride an unruly mare arose partly from this circumstance and partly from sheer animal spirits. A good ducking would have been sufficient punishment, if any were thought necessary; but a fever which reduced her to a skeleton, frightened her family, nearly killed her lover with anxiety, and deprived her for a time of a valuable head of hair, seems to have been more than adequate. What shall we say of the young ladies of the present day, who are not satisfied with a modest exhibition of themselves at the cover side, but who are either so desirous of display, or so wedded to the charms of manly exercise, as to pride themselves upon the successful negotiation of stiff timber or fourteen feet of water? whose conversation has become a mixture of the stable and the school-room, and whose fantastic dress ranges between the collars and pea-jacket of a Whitechapel gent and the picturesque conventionalities of a rope-dancer? What is the reason of all this? Who or what are the ladies who have introduced this *furore cavalleresco* amongst the most lovely, the most delicate, the most womanlike of the women of this world? Alas! 'how are the 'mighty fallen,' and the insignificant exalted! Who ever heard of them thirty years ago, save at some unholy Bacchanalian festival? Were their names, or abodes, or calling the subject of conversation to our mothers? Who were the men who within the last thirty years kissed the tips of their fingers to mysterious broughams in the presence of mothers, sisters, or the women destined to be their wives? Who are to regenerate the men of this wicked world but the women? And are they to do it by winking at their follies and applauding in public their unrefined inclinations? Is it to be done by jokes, inuendos, and *doubles entendres*, and a levity which takes for its subject the most sacred relation between man and woman, to hold it up to derision, or to deny its sanctity? 'Pretty horse-breakers,' forsooth! Pretty hearth and hope breakers! If men and women agreed to call things by their right names, we *could* hear but little of them from woman's lips. For 'quod fædum est factu, 'idem est turpe dictu.' In the general silence proclamatory of their condemnation they would lose their effrontery; and what asks for toleration secretly would cease to be talked about openly. Now they have excited a curiosity which is neither seemly nor useful: public print-shops are decorated with their portraits; photography hands down their turpitude to a still more vicious generation; their carriages are known, their horses are coveted, their opera boxes are

the objects of *lorgnettes* from every side, and impunity and observation stamp their effrontery with the seal of fashion. That society, which, in the vindication of its rights and virtue, refuses its hand to one who has erred, but who has retrieved her position, as far as may be, by marriage and a life of modest utility, sanctions luxurious youth in the prosecution of vice, and gives to the most immodest declaration of unchastity a charm which is denied to suffering virtue or newly adopted respectability. Yes! reader, you who hate sentimentality may not be averse to decency and truth. Miss it, if you will, and go on with the story: but if you care about the honour and spotless purity of your own women, the women of your own hearth and country, read it, and lay it to your heart.

And what of Tom Thornhill all this time? He was at it, body and soul. A dozen horses at Melton; a house that befitted his ample means; and companions that drank deep of the cup in which he pledged them. There was nothing but pleasure before him, and he revelled in the prospect. And in that prospect was one form which enhanced the beauty of the picture, and stood out part and parcel of a grand and striking foreground. Alice Dacre, with her glossy hair, and soft black eyes, and truthful serenity—not severity. Of that there was none. There was force and character, but without one drawback. Yes, one. Alice was too confident of her own discernment; and when men did not turn out what she, in her own mind, had made them, she was disappointed, and failed to see the good in them, which her unprejudiced opinion might have done. But there she stood in Tom Thornhill's picture of future happiness, bright and glorious, for whom he would have sacrificed himself, but not all; not his passion, his devourer, his god. He could—strange infatuation!—have thrown his thousands into the sea for her sake, and turned on his heel a beggar with Alice by his side; but he could not relinquish the thousands of other people, to bask for ever in the sunshine of her love. Did he know this? did he ask his conscience if it were so? And what answer would it have returned?

The fact is, Tom Thornhill had too much to do to ask his conscience anything; and his conscience was becoming of that hard cut-and-dried character, as to be almost shy of answering anything in its former straightforward manner. It had got a fine polish on it; and instead of the roughness of inherent truth, it gave nothing more than the reflection of him who looked into it. It was very like a looking-glass, and would have answered flatteringly enough. What a comfortable life it was to be sure, and how it tended to give elasticity to the morals, and compression to philanthropy! Breakfast at —; bless me where are the hounds to-morrow? Grilled bones, devilled kidneys, a boar's head, and a very well prepared rechauffé of fish! A gallop or phaeton to Ranksborough, Kirby Gate, Six Hills, or Great Glen! The cheerful greetings on the road, or at the cover side; and the cigar, so pleasant in the still sullen air of a November morning. And then the day's work: the rattling burst of twenty minutes; the cooler hunting over a cold plough, where every hound

has to hold his own, and where the quickly breathing horses that have gone the run may catch their wind, or be handed over to the second horseman, who has waited for the nick. The afternoon fox, so often proving a straight one; when the eagerness of the too impetuous sportsman has had time to cool; when hounds are not pressed by a too willing field; and when the true workman finds the value of his morning's self-denial. All these things Tom was enjoying in their veriest perfection. Who had better horses than Thornhill? Nobody. Who rode them straighter? Nobody. Who had a better cook, a better cellar, a better digestion? Who was a luckier fellow than he? *Halte-là!* Had he satisfied himself with this, who should have said me 'nay?' But there were other pleasures not so cheerful, not so innocent, not so happy in their termination.

A good table is one of the essentials of a gentleman. I do not know that a gentleman enjoys a good dinner more than other people; frequently his own tastes are simple in the extreme. Soup, fish, grouse, and a cabinet pudding, a glass or two of Burgundy, and a bottle of claret, is a dinner for a prince. Some like a haunch of venison, others one slice from a roast leg of mutton; but it does not behove a man of fashion to forget that his friends may have a more discriminating taste than his own. But a few thousands a year go a great way in the pleasures of sense. There is but one thing that no fortune can resist: the gaming-table. Tom loved play, and he loved to play high. Hitherto he had had but few opportunities of indulging his passion to any great extent—in private. He had backed horses, however, with a recklessness that was the result of strong prejudice or ignorance, and had already suffered. At this game he stood no chance of winning, excepting by accident. He was always playing a game, which they with whom he played knew better than himself. He betted as honestly, and paid as readily, and with the same good humour as he did everything. But he did not always get paid; so that, like the zero, *cæteris paribus*, there was an eternal pull against him. He had already been raising money; and it was clear that in a few years he must be in the hands of the Jews. That scattered, but worm-gathering people had their eyes upon him, as one of their daintiest morsels. They had tried Lord Carlingford, and found him unripe for their gathering; the Punter was not worth the trouble. Cressingham paid too regularly; when he wanted money, there were no renewals, no bonds; they saw no fish so ready to take the bait as Tom Thornhill. Already they counted their 60 per cent., and some thing tangible—Thornhills—to fall back upon.

The antecedents of Wilson Graves were not good. We know that in the tragedy of Fred Ludlow he played an ugly part: but he was always well received in society, and the stain rested only on his name, not on his company. Besides, had he not a good prospective property from his uncle, Lord Slangsbury; and what will not that cover? A multitude of his own sins, if none of anybody else's. About this time he arrived in the Quorn country, with a stud of

weight-carrying horses which would have entitled him to some respect, if nothing else would do so. He had never been intimate with the Thornhills. He was not exactly in the same set; but he was not easily passed over in the company of hard riding and hard drinking men, who came together, after a good day's sport, round Thornhill's table.

'Who was that we left swimming about in the Whissendine 'to-day with our second fox?' asked Captain Charteris of Lord Carlingford, as they sat in Thornhill's drawing-room in their hunting things before a roasting fire, with no other light but its ruddy and cheerful blaze. 'He looked to me as if he stood a good chance of 'being drowned.'

'Only Wilson Graves,' said his lordship; 'he went very well up 'to that. But I could see his horse didn't mean to have the water; 'he became exceedingly shifty as soon as he caught sight of it, and I 'heard him go in just as I landed with a desperate scramble; and 'when I looked round, I saw nothing but a hat and one top-boot 'above the water; I presume they belonged to him. I suppose he 'got out?'

'Yes,' said Charteris; 'I pulled up a moment, and he scrambled 'to the bank. The water was not above four feet and a half deep 'there, so he was perfectly safe. Is he the man that broke the bank 'at Homburg the year before last, and got out of window with 'twenty thousand dollars from a Broadway billiard room, whilst the 'indignant Yankee was sharpening his bowie knife at the bottom of 'the stairs?'

'So they say,' rejoined Lord Carlingford; 'he gave Langton five- 'and-twenty pounds to toss him up for five hundred, one night, at 'the door of his own house—by the hall lamp—and won. Langton 'did not want to toss; but he thought the odds justified him in 'accepting the challenge; and when he turned round, there was 'nobody there to hedge.'

'Perhaps he'll make you the same offer to-night,' said Tom Thornhill, who had just come in from the stable; 'he's coming to 'dinner to-day. I've given him a bed, as he hunts on this side to 'morrow; and it saves him a ride back to Leicester. Not a bad 'thing to-day, and that new horse of Joe Anderson's carried me very 'well.'

'He's a thoroughbred one, is he not?'

'Yes, quite; and that's what makes him so good through dirt; if 'they have but limbs there's nothing like them in difficulties.'

'By-the-by, Thornhill, has anything more been done about the 'match between your brown horse and Robinson Brown's mare? It 'ought to be coming off soon.'

'It's postponed by agreement for another month. Charlie thinks 'he shall ride so much *lighter* when his examination is over, and 'Robinson Brown's mare wasn't fit, I believe. So he wanted to 'have it later in the season.'

'I think 12 st. is always 12 st., examination or not; and I

'shouldn't have postponed it. I suppose your horse is fit.' Thus spake Captain Charteris, who no doubt was quite right, and whose sagacity will be applauded by the racing men and betting fraternity in general. In fact, as Wilson Graves that day explained at table, it was very doubtful whether Thornhill had any right to postpone the match, as the brown horse had become the favourite, and might now be considered the property of the British public.

'I haven't seen him, but my trainer writes me word, that he never looked better in his life. I believe they will lay 3 to 1 on him before the day of the race. But I didn't want to rob the poor devil, if his mare wasn't fit to go.' Thus spake Tom Thornhill, with the spirit of a gentleman and a sportsman, but with more of the innocence of the dove than the wiliness of the serpent. It was not long before he got the better of these weaknesses, to a certain extent, though they would cling to him more or less to the end of his life.

'If you fellows are going to dine here to-day, I should advise you to go and dress.' And with that he walked out of the room.

Perhaps the really pleasantest time after hunting is that shadowy, idle, dreaming hour or two in front of the fire, which may be passed before dressing, either as I have endeavoured to describe it, in uninteresting chat, in a happy state of semi-somnolence, or in the pages of the most stirring and eventful novel to be met with. The first two states are preferable, as demanding no attention, levying no tax on the intelligence whatever; whilst the last, too frequently calling for a great stretch of the imagination, or a wonderful amount of credulity, is the most appetizing. I know nothing so comfortable as the nap, for my part; and it has the double advantage of present repose and additional vigour for the evening's campaign.

'Pass the claret-jug here, Graves, if you please: we'll have some more when that's gone. It's not true that old Lexington has bolted with Lady Mary Teasdale, is it? for I heard so to-day.'

'Not a word of truth in it. He's in bed with the gout, and very hard up, so he ordered himself to be denied to everybody. As he was not seen, and she disappeared about the same time, naturally they were supposed to have disappeared together. You know his horses are for sale next Monday fortnight?'

'What! from his attack: is it so severe as that?' said Lord Carlingford, who was a connection of the gouty peer, and had some expectations.

'No, certainly not, Lord Carlingford,' said Wilson Graves; 'his attack is on the chest: they say he had lost forty thousand at the end of last season, and that he dropped fifteen more to a Russian countess at Spa just before the beginning of the winter. Lord Lexington and the count were the best of friends, and everything seemed to be arranged upon the most amicable footing.'

'There was a story current that an Englishman shared in the plunder,' said Charteris, somewhat abruptly.

'Do you believe it?' asked Wilson Graves as abruptly, at the same time with colour heightened by claret or temper.

‘That would depend entirely upon who should deny it.’ The conversation was taking an unpleasant turn, which it would have required a little tact to stop, when the dining-room door was thrown open, and Mr. Robinson Brown, junior, was announced.

Now be it known to the reader that Robinson Brown was not a favourite with Tom Thornhill, nor, indeed, with any of the men who were present. But Tom was hospitality itself, and could no more do an unkind action, or allow any one to think himself aggrieved in his house, than he could fly. So down sat ‘Dear Jane’ with as hearty a welcome as if it had been Charlie himself.

‘Where are you from?’ ‘What horses have you with you?’ ‘Where are you staying?’ ‘Seen any sport?’ were questions poured in upon him as fast as the claret was poured out for him.

‘I’m just come from the Dacres,’ said he, with considerable pride at the announcement of a name which gave him a favourable status in the present company.

‘The Dacres? by Jove!’ said Tom. ‘Any news? Old Dacre pretty well? Capital fellow! ’pon my soul. And the girls?’ added he, after a pause, not liking to appear over anxious. ‘Who had you, there?’

‘Oh! yes, all very well, excepting Miss Dacre: she’s ill of a ‘howwid fever.’ He had no time to finish the sentence, for Tom was on his feet in a moment; and, fortunately for him, down went the claret-jug, which attracted immediate attention, whilst he had time to collect himself. But the effort was a strong one, and left Tom burning hot, with a very uncomfortable degree of fever himself, whilst his informant added, ‘Yaas, the younger one, Edith.’ Charles Thornhill fished her out of the water—fell in near Dacre’s ‘osier bed the end of last week; your bwother lamed his horse. ‘Vewy unfortunate altogether, wasn’t it?’ And he really felt as much as he was capable of feeling: for he had managed to get up what he called a good wholesome passion for the little Dacre. Tom’s colour had subsided, and by the time the butler had brought another bottle of claret the excitement was over, though Tom continued to repeat, ‘Poor girl! ’Pon my soul, sorry to hear that: very. And how’s Charlie?’

‘Your bwother? Oh! he’s vewy well. Wather sweet in that quarter, I should say.’ And here Mr. Robinson Brown lapsed into unusual insipidity. It was getting late, and as no one took any more claret, they adjourned to the drawing-room.

Here Carlingford yawned; Robinson Brown stretched himself on a sofa; Cressingham hummed an air out of a new opera of the last season; Charteris picked up the ‘Racing Calendar;’ Wilson Graves feigned sleep in an arm-chair; and Thornhill himself walked straight to the card-tables. ‘Anybody for a rubber?’ Nobody answered. ‘Graves, have a rubber?’ And a game was made, at which Tom Thornhill won. So far, so good. Then they tried hazard. This was not so good for Tom, who began to lose, and, like a true gambler, backed his bad luck. Brown took his leave after having

succeeded in backing his mare for the match. The day was then fixed for it to come off, and the riders were declared. Mr. Robinson Brown would steer his own mare, and Mr. Charles Thornhill would ride for his brother. Men naturally asked, Why should Mr. Thornhill not ride himself? Because he had a handsome rent-roll, and his brother had none. And so the night wore on. By degrees the men moved off, Carlingford to his rooms, Cressingham to his, and all to give orders about the morrow. And then, instead of going to bed, Tom Thornhill would play. His iron constitution seemed to know no fatigue: his indomitable passion was only roused by losses. Nor was Wilson Graves the man to thwart his purpose. One word might then have checked him: but there was no one to say, 'No, hang it, Thornhill, we've had enough for to-night; let's go to bed.' The devil had taken possession of the room, in the shape of a dice-box, and his prime minister was Wilson Graves. So they went to it again, the one with well-dissembled satisfaction, the other with unfeigned enjoyment, an enjoyment which never appeared to diminish with the loss of hundreds. But at last the game did flag, from a sort of inherent deference to received opinion that men ought to go to bed before three who have to start for the cover side again at half-past nine; so they took up their flat candlesticks, and prepared to go, leaving behind them a curious testimony to the housemaid of their evening's occupation: empty soda-water bottles, the ends of cigars, three or four packs of cards, a back-gammon board, and a dice-box.

'What do you think about the match now, Thornhill? That 'ass Mr. Brown seems to have a tolerable opinion of his chance; he 'laid out another two hundred at evens, when he went away, with 'your friend Captain Charteris.'

'I can lay four to three on myself,' said Thornhill, running his eye down a betting-book which he took from his coat-tail pocket. 'I 'can lay 800*l.* to 600*l.*, if that will suit you.'

'Make it 800*l.* to 500*l.*,' said Wilson Graves: 'it's more than I 'like, but I can get rid of half upon those terms. You know 'nothing but a "dead 'un" can rob you of it.'

'Give me 50*l.*, and I'll do it,' said Tom, booking the bet, and walking straight up stairs some five hundred pounds lighter than when he came down them at seven o'clock.

And so life wagged in Melton under the reign of King Tom.

'That will do, Johnson. Leave that coat and waistcoat out; 'the morning looks stormy,' said Mr. Wilson Graves some days after the above occurrence to his valet; 'I shall not want you any 'more. Send up George.' And the gentleman proceeded to put a finishing touch to his toilet.

'Come in,' said he, a few minutes later, in answer to a knock at the door; 'come in:' and enter George, the most perfect specimen of a confidential groom. He was ready for starting, and clearly imagined that his summons had something to do with preparation, for he held in one hand a neat but useful hunting-whip,

in the other a hat brushed to within an inch of its very existence: not a hair was out of place either on it or on the head to which it belonged. His features were regular, straight, and hard. His eye was expressive of nothing whatever, and his mouth of nothing but discretion. He kept it shut most resolutely. He had a furtive glance, which betokened at all times a suspicion that the door ought to be locked, and, though looking straight before him, it was clear he could see the handle. His ears always appeared to be at cross purposes, one laid back, and the other straight in front, *in utrumque paratus*, ready for either side. He was a first-rate groom, and an admirable second horseman.

‘Who goes on this morning with The Miller?’ demanded the master.

‘Job Shuffles, sir,’ replied the man.

‘And who rides The Mannikin?’

‘I do, sir.’ Here he changed legs, and seeing one hair out of place on his hat gave it an elaborate polish with his right arm.

‘Do you know that brown horse of Mr. Thornhill’s, that he has ‘matched against Reluctance, Mr. Robinson Brown’s mare?’ again said the master, finishing off a neat and successful tie, and looking his man very straight in the face.

‘The big brown os, as Mr. Thornhill rode last year, and hung ‘up the field at Gopsall Park paling? Oh! yes, sir, I know the ‘os well enough. He’s down at Sam Downy’s, in training for this ‘match: leastways, I hear so.’

‘Very likely. Do you know Downy?’ And here Wilson Graves dropped his voice to little above a whisper.

‘His son and me was schoolfellows, and in service together, ‘when I lived first with Lord Ambulance, sir; and I generally go ‘down to the old man’s every year for a day or two, just for a ‘change of air, and a little quiet or so, after the season here, see his ‘osses out, and help him a bit with the stud.’ Here George pulled up his neckcloth, and seemed to imply that he was rather a valuable coadjutor to old Downy.

‘Can you give him some advice about the brown horse, then, ‘George? I know you’re a clever fellow, and can do what you ‘like. That horse musn’t win; in fact, he can’t win: the mare’s ‘the one to back.’ And here Mr. Wilson Graves condescended to look again at his groom in a very peculiar manner, which said, ‘You know which horse the money is on now, so do your possible ‘to bring it off.’

‘They’re uncommon sweet, sir; they love the brown os like ‘themselves: and as to the Squire, they love him amost as well as ‘the os.’

‘And I tell you what they love better than the brown horse, or ‘the Squire, and that’s money.’ Graves judged the world by his own standard: he loved money’s worth, and cared little how he got it.

‘I don’t know, sir; you know best: but it’s a dangerous game

‘among that lot.’ George looked preternaturally solemn, and as innocent as a dove.

‘It’s not the first time we’ve had to deal with danger. The boy’s a certainty, if you bid high enough. Pull the string strong, and they’ll all dance. It’s time to be off; give me my coat, and send round the hack at half-past nine.’

George gave what he intended to be a smile of intelligence, but which was not responded to by his master, and left the room.

BLOOMING CONDITION.

You, if you would be on the Turf a gainer,
 Know where to choose your stable, and your trainer;
 If at the ball ’tis likewise your ambition
 To bring your wife out in first-rate condition,
 There to behold her than the fairest fairer,
 Magnetic rock dew water from Sahara,
 Arabian soap, and liquid alabaster
 Produce a bloom that will for ever last her!
 Such the receipt for youth and beauty—try it—
 Rachel will tell you what it costs to buy it;
 Your favourite trained with such consummate art,
 For beauty’s prize, fond husband, let her start;
 Circassian bloom upon her radiant skin,
 Four times enamelled—she is safe to win.

Locus Altus, July, 1862.

OUR JOCKEYS.

WELLS.

WELLS, with his ‘Double Barrel,’ his Musjid tie, and his Bois de Boulogne hat, so different from those narrow-brimmed ones that we see stuck on the nails of the weighing-rooms on country courses, is very different from the Tiny of other days, who hailed from Hednesford, and travelled with ‘Truth’ Scott to Newmarket. Then he was no bigger than one of those plaster of Paris cherubs we see fastened against the walls of a cathedral in Italy, and now he is tall enough for a soldier. Born on a Christmas Day at Sutton Coldfield, he has been the best Christmas box his parents ever had, for by his liberal provision, he placed them, at an early period of his career, beyond the reach of misfortune. Almost as soon as he could walk alone, the necessities of Wells’s position led to his doing something for himself; and his light weight, and the respectability of his family recommending him to Flintoff at Hednesford, he was duly consigned to him. Although the old man’s discipline was so severe that he might have been imagined to be got by ‘Cain,’ the ‘faithful apprentice’ has since had the good sense to acknowledge its efficacy, and to recommend its adoption in other cases. From his being as tiny as a toy dog, while with Flintoff he always went by the sobriquet of ‘Tiny,’ which he has only grown out of by the development of his frame, which has now become as muscular as that of any of the great

eight stone seven men at Newmarket. Flintoff, like all trainers who understand their business quickly, saw he had got a treasure in 'Tiny,' for he had strength and judgment in riding exercise far beyond his years, but he took care not to let him know it, for fear he should get spoilt and conceited. The first time Wells found his name on a telegraph was at Northampton in 1848, when Mr. Fowler, who trained with Flintoff, put him upon Ribaldry for The Trial. He could only get second, but he rode so steadily that although his mare did not get the stakes, he may be said 'to have won his trial in public,' for offers were made for him, as for an heiress, and all steadily declined. But at Birmingham, close to his birthplace, in the autumn of the same year, on the same mare, our hero enabled the Judge to place him first for The Birmingham Stakes. Next year he had a busy time of it; but The County Stakes at Warwick, and getting third for The Cambridgeshire with his old favourite, is all that is worth recounting of him. In the following season Flintoff had plenty of subscriptions for him, and in every handicap and trial there was a rush to get him, for 'the horse' was all he wanted. But although he won in his turn, the climax of his fortunes cannot be said to have commenced in earnest until he won The Goodwood Stakes on Weathergaze for Mr. Parr, and laid the foundation of that gentleman's fortune, by not only putting several thousands into his pocket, but relieving him from the mill-stone which so long had hung round his neck. And he followed up his luck by getting through the Cæsarewitch for him with the same horse. For The Cambridgeshire he was simply backed for his luck. And when he told his friends he should win that race, he told them 'The Truth,' and found it confirmed. With Candlewick he landed The Epsom Autumn Handicap for 'The Alderman;' and he may be said to have taken 'Excelsior' for his motto. In 1853, he was out of his indentures, and scarce could he move 'but each eye was upon him.' At first he steadily refused all retainers and masters, for he said they kept him off good horses. But by our strong recommendation, and on the promise of old John Day 'that he would be a father to him, and make him a jockey,' he yielded to the persuasive tones of 'The Lyndhurst of the Turf,' and became engaged to him for Mr. Howard. His first mount, which was on Lascelles, for The Craven at Epsom, was a winning one, and it foreshadowed his future victories in the black and orange, which, barring those in Sir Joseph's colours, were the greatest he ever achieved. For the same year he got placed for The Derby for him on Rataplan, and won The Queen's Vase at Ascot, on Oulston; and The Leamington Stakes with Little Harry. Prior to this in the Spring, he had secured The City and Suburban for Tom Stevens, after a dead heat with Pancake; and he had done another good thing for Mr. Parr with Defiance in the Northamptonshire Stakes. His reign in 1854 was a complete 'blaze of triumph,' as the late Alfred Bunn would have termed it; for 'Honest John' prepared Virago for him, and took the 'Turf by storm with her. Rarely did any mare create so great a sen-

sation as she did when brought to Epsom for The City and Suburban, and Metropolitan, and the mystery which long had shrouded her was dispelled. For The Suburban, John Day had a great favourite in Marc Antony; but he got frightened when his father said he had a better mare than Crucifix, and nothing had a chance besides. She won, it will be recollected, in a canter, and the old 'un repeated The Metropolitan was an equally great certainty. It was in vain the old man's great patron, Mr. Greville, came to him, and told him he had tried Muscovite so, that no three-year old alive could beat him. John would not listen to anything he had to say, but simply met all his arguments by '*She is worth your five hundred pounds, sir;*' and away went Mr. G., groaning at the thought of having to meet with such an animal. After Virago had won as easily almost as before, the veteran was in immense force, and used 'the 'umbrella' more forcibly than ever: and Napoleon was never prouder of the Old Guard than he was of his chestnut. 'How did 'you manage to get her in so well, John?' inquired Lord Derby, with a sly twinkle in his eyes,—for no one relished a conversation with Old John more than his Lordship. 'I will tell you how I did 'it, my Lord,' was the reply. 'I ran her "big" at Shrewsbury; 'and told Wells to pull her up directly she was beaten. Capital, 'wasn't it?' And away went Lord Derby, highly amused with his explanation, although he was too prudent to offer any comment upon it. With this flier, Wells made very short work of The Great Northern and The Dutchman's Handicap at York, as well as with 'The Thousand' at Newmarket, and the Goodwood and Doncaster Cups; and the picture portraits of the trio were in every print-shop in the country. In 1854 he won the Chester Cup on Scythian, beating Mortimer by a head, and doing Mr. Parr out of a magnificent estate he had engaged to purchase, had the head been the other way. For Mr. Gully he got Hermit third for The Derby, when the Danebury division had taken long odds: they ran first and second with Andover and Hermit. By this time they had negatived his original sobriquet, and the sweaters could not bring him lower than seven stone. His next great performance worthy of record was in the following year, when he won The St. Leger with Saucebox for Mr. Parr, with any odds against him, for he had been beaten with another jockey upon him at York, and was considered nothing but a plater. We fancy, however, if Rifleman had not been got at by 'the 'cooperer,' that Saucebox would have come off second best. For this mount he received from Mr. Thornhill, the Gracechurch Street baker, a couple of hundred, and from the 'Squire of Wantage' the expression of the satisfaction he experienced to give him such a horse to immortalize himself upon. In 1856 he was always there and thereabouts in every race, and to this hour he believes he won The Derby on Adamas, for his friend, philosopher, and guide, Mr. Mellish; and if he had done so, he would partly have imitated Jem Robinson, who won The Derby the same year he was married. The object of Wells's affection, and the young lady on whom he bestowed his hand, was Miss Taylor, the daughter of the veteran

Tom Taylor, whom he met while at Derby Races, and who came, saw, and conquered. The nuptials were celebrated near Brethby, but the honeymoon was of brief duration, for owing to his numerous engagements, he had but three days to himself, as he rode Fisherman at Warwick on the Tuesday, was married on the Wednesday, galloped Adamas at Epsom on the Friday, and left Mayfair, where he had taken apartments, on the Saturday for some trials for The Northampton horses. Sharp work this, it must be allowed, but the exigencies of the public service will occasionally require sacrifices from those who are engaged in it. In 1857 Wells and Fisherman went a very profitable tour over the country, and wherever there was a Queen's Plate, there they were sure to be found. One day we would read of him at Manchester, and the following one at Weymouth. Every railway porter knew them as well as they did old Clothworker and George Hall, and equally respected them. After this year the relations between Wells and Mr. Parr were of a less friendly character; and although, at the earnest solicitation of Mr. James Smith, he agreed to ride Avalanche for The Oaks, when she got second to Butterfly, he is no longer retained for Wantage. In 1858 he surprised Sir Joseph Hawley not a little by winning The Two Thousand for him with Fitz Roland, on that memorable occasion when Fordham, irritated by some remarks of Lord Ribblesdale, rode Happy Land's head off, and got brought up before the Stewards for it. And he subsequently astonished the lucky Baronet still more by carrying off The Derby with Beadsman for him, having had the choice of him or Fitz Roland. Two Derbys in successive years fall to the lot of few jockeys; and by his Musjid race, he at once placed himself on a level with William Scott, Jem Robinson, Sam Templeman, and Frank Butler. Prior to his riding Musjid for The Derby, we must not forget to make mention of that dreadful fall which he met with in The Dee at Chester, when riding Summerside for Lord Londesborough, and when Rainbow was killed. Never before on any race-course have we seen such a sensation created as the sight of Wells, Ashmall, and Osborne being carried on hurdles to the neighbouring Infirmary, accompanied by their respective employers and trainers. For some few days Wells did not progress so much as was anticipated, and the backers of Musjid put up prayers for his recovery, which, thanks to his temperate life and youthful frame, was at last brought about in time to relieve them of their anxieties, and to put the money in their pockets which they had calculated on winning by him. Still we cannot help thinking he has never been the same man since; and although his riding Musjid was a tremendous performance of itself achieved by the utmost daring—for not one jockey out of fifty who cared a straw for his life, would have dashed through the mob of horses that shut him in, as he did—yet it had been better, perhaps, had he thrown himself up for a year, as there is a degree of excitability about him now we had never seen before: and if in some of his races he may have ridden too jollily, the circumstances of this fall, aided by the sufferings he endured in wasting,

and which must have told upon him, should be taken into consideration, and urged in extenuation. For Sir Joseph Hawley the devotion of Wells almost assumes a religious character, and he has frequently assured us he would pull all the flesh off his back for him, and when we last saw him hanging on to a gig going into Epsom after a walk, to prevent himself falling, we gave full credit to his assertion. As a jockey, Wells is more resolute and determined, than finished and artistic; and if it came to a very fine point, we think two or three others, whom it would be invidious to mention, might be found better to stand upon. But as he has won nearly every race on the Turf, he need care very little for criticism; and his thorough integrity, on which the shade of a shadow has never been cast, must console him for any hostility from such of his comrades as may be jealous of his success in life. By his industry, Wells must by this time have accumulated a pretty fortune, as a few years ago he had invested a round sum in a steel-pen manufactory at Birmingham, which, in his own language, 'gave him fives for it.' He also placed his father in a small brewery at Sutton Coldfield. In private life, Wells has adopted in a great measure the habits of the French, from his spending some portion of each winter at Chantilly with his wife's relations; and although the Newmarket folks can hardly reconcile themselves to his neckcloths, brodequins, and broad-banded hats, yet he is generally liked, and enters into all the sports and diversions of the place. Of the Drama he was in his younger days a great patron, and it was impossible to enter a theatre in a race week, without finding him, Ashmall, and Oliver the occupants of the stage-box, entering as deeply into the mysteries of a romantic melodrama, or enjoying the comicalities of a screaming farce, as the habitués of the omnibus-box at the Opera were wont to deal with the efforts of a Grisi or a Cerito. The other employers of Wells are Count Batthyany, Mr. Craufurd, and Baron Rothschild, by each of whom he is highly respected for all the qualities both of a man and a jockey, and in a great many respects is decidedly worthy of imitation by the juvenile members of his profession.

THE COOPERER :

A CYNICAL BALLAD.

THE Cooperer's calling is fair and free,
With his hammer, and nails, and his stable key ;
Cooper away !

And his opium pills, and his milking pail,—
Oh, the Cooperer's fortunes they seldom fail !
Cooper away !

I twigg'd a *Cove* of the silent sort,
And went up to him straight, for I read his thought ;
Cooper away !

And by the good rule, that whenever we fail
 To have right on our side, we must wrangle and rail;
 He attack'd every soul that declin'd to agree
 With the views of himself, and his prompter Billée!
 Singing, Toor-a-li, &c.

But Billy one morning got up rather muzz'd,
 And being with 'Secrets of State' quite befuzz'd.
 He fired off a brief meant for 'Jacob' the tall,
 That by some misadventure hit 'Jacob' the small.
 Singing, Toor-a-li, &c.

Then down comes Lord Robert—nor could you desire
 To see more Parliamentary fat in the fire.
 He complain'd, and he question'd, and kick'd up a pother;
 And they pass'd a long evening abusing each other.
 Singing, Toor-a-li, &c.

MORAL.

Now, all you young Statesmen, be warn'd by this here!
 And direct your epistles straightforward, and clear;
 Or you'll soon be reduced to declare *on your word*,
 Of two Browns, or two Smiths, you have never yet heard.
 Singing, Toor-a-li, &c.

J. DAVIS.

CRICKET IN JULY.

BUT June, Sir; June! Your 'Cricket in June' is not finished. By Jove! you're right, Mr. Printer. Your inflexible and very proper determination not to receive 'copy' after a certain date completely bowled out of the July 'Baily' any comments on the 28th University Match. Well! better late than never; for finer cricket 'all round' than that evolved on the 23rd and 24th of June at Lord's in the match between

Cambridge and Oxford, was, I should think, never witnessed in a University contest (may the fine old match never die out!). The Oxford men played well, but were evidently inferior to the splendid form of their opponents. In Mr. Haygarth and Mr. Mitchell, Oxford has the finest wicket-keeper and the most brilliant batsman that have played in a University match for years past. What *would* the Dark Blues have done without them? For of the 12 Cambridge wickets that fell in the match 3 only were bowled, but 4 were magnificently had at the wicket; and out of the 204 runs scored from the bat by Oxford, 90 of them were contributed by Mr. Mitchell, whose two superb innings of 37 and 53 against the fine bowling and brilliant fielding of Cambridge was 'rare batting'; he was bamboozled and fairly bowled by a Flowden 'slow' in his first innings, and 'played on' a 'fast' from Lang in his second. But what a leg-hitter Mr. Mitchell is! Nothing finer in that line was ever accomplished than his 5 off Salter in Oxford's second innings. Hit cleanly, powerfully, and well kept down, the ball tore up the hill at a great pace, and bounded from the wall at Knatchbull's Corner with such force that clearly evidenced it would have been a 7 hit had it run out its full

tether; but it was all no use, Linton's fine dashing 20, Garnier's well-got 21, and Inge's carefully played 22 failed to stall off the Dark Blue defeat, and Cambridge won the 1862 University Match by 8 wickets. And it served them right, for a finer Eleven never battled at Lord's for Light Blue honours: their fielding was truly beautiful. What ground was covered and runs saved at long leg by the rare fielding thereat of Messrs. Bury and Daniel! And then the long stopping of Mr. Marshall: that was marvellous and plucky work! Lang never bowled faster than in this match; and the wicket-keeper (to *his* bowling) judiciously retiring to a sharp slip, so the full force of the ball propelled by Lang went to Marshall, who stood it grandly, never flinched a yard (although at times nearly toppled on to his beam end), but picked up and returned the ball with a celerity truly wonderful. This was, without exception, the finest exhibition of long stopping seen this season. The Cambridge bowling was worthy of the Cambridge fielding, and that is saying a great deal in its favour. Salter started in great force, taking 4 wickets in his first 6 overs. Soon after the Hon. C. Lyttelton gave up to Lang, and the havoc among the Oxford wickets was forthwith great. In his third over Lang bowled Reade; in his fourth over a tremendous ball from Lang broke the leg stump of Ridsdale's wicket clean in half; and in his fifth, sixth, and ninth (last) over, Lang bowled a wicket: in all he bowled in Oxford's first innings 34 balls (6 maiden overs) for 4 runs and 5 wickets; his pace was fearful; there really was no looking at him at times. Out of the 20 Oxford wickets down in this match no less than 17 of them were bowled down. Analyzed, the bowling throughout the match gives the following figures:—

THE CAMBRIDGE BOWLING.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wides.	N.B.	Wickets.
Mr. Lang	bowled 33 and 1 ball	15	35	2	0	5
Hon. C. Lyttelton	„ 29	8	54	0	1	2
Mr. Salter	„ 27	14	36	2	0	5
Mr. Plowden (slow)	„ 25	5	48	0	0	3
Mr. Helm (left hand, fast)	„ 13	3	29	3	0	1
Total	122 and 1 ball	45	202	7		

THE OXFORD BOWLING.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wides.	N.B.	Wickets.
Mr. Daubeny	bowled 50	21	76	0	0	4
Mr. R. D. Walker	„ 38 and 2 balls	24	33	0	5	2
Mr. Reade	„ 30	13	47	3	0	5
Mr. Mitchell	„ 17	10	9	1	0	1
Mr. Garnett	„ 10	4	19	0	0	0
Mr. Inge (slow)	„ 9	3	16	0	0	0
Total	154 and 2 balls	75	200	4		

The extras were 23 given by Oxford and 18 by Cambridge. The results of past University matches now stand thus:—1 (1844) not played out; 14 won by Cambridge; and 9 by Oxford, to whose Eleven we heartily wish 'better luck next time.'

THE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND *v.* THE PLAYERS.

'What a player can accomplish, a gentleman can accomplish. Why not?'—*Cricket Notes.*

Why not? indeed. Let him put his fine energies, his rare pluck, gallant heart, and broad shoulders to the work, and what is it, in the way of Sport, that the true gentleman of England *cannot* accomplish? Where was the

'pro' who could ever scull successfully against the lamented Casamajor? or eight of them that could send an 'eight' along against a crew of English gentlemen picked from both Universities? Who is champion racket-player? Why, a gentleman of England. And where is the one professional pedestrian that can successfully pace over the various courses from 100 yards up to 10 miles against the gallant Captain Patten Saunders? I trust the good old match may not be dropped, for The Gentlemen of England, properly selected, will always be able to show a good fight against The Players.—at least so thought the Surrey people, who arranged to continue in 1862 the old match, in its old form, selecting a Lang, a V. E. Walker, an F. P. Miller, and a Lyttelton to bowl; a John Walker to keep; an F. Burbidge to point; an H. M. Marshall (the best in all England) to long stop; an F. Lee, a Daniel, and an E. B. Rowley to out-field; and a Dowson, to complete such an Eleven of hitters as have rarely, if ever, competed against The Players. And what was the result? Why, the largest single innings (276) ever scored by The Gentlemen, the greatest aggregate number of runs (942) ever made, and one of the most evenly played and excitingly contested matches that the history of these truly great cricket fights record: 33 runs wanted to win, and two out of three such wickets as Anderson's, H. H. Stephenson's (both well in), or Lockyer's to go down, who can say the runs could not have been scored, or (with that magnificent fielding of The Gentlemen) that the two wickets could not have been got? No man. It was, then, either Eleven's match. The cricket was grand, the excitement glorious, and the disgust of the four thousand lookers on great, when, at half-past seven on that memorable Saturday evening at the Oval, this fine and rare match was left unfinished, and declared 'A Draw.' Bah! But why unfinished? and why a draw? Simply because 30 minutes were lost on the first day, and 20 minutes on the second day, ere they commenced play—an unfortunate delay, inasmuch as these thrown-away 50 minutes would have been ample time to have obtained The Players' required 33 runs, or use up The Gentlemen's required 2 wickets. But it is no use now howling after our spilt milk; so let us enjoy the cream of the cricket displayed in that wonderful match. Come forth, Mr. John Walker, thou stalwart hero of a hundred cricket fights, and truly noble patron of the fine old game, and let my pen (to the best of my poor ability) chronicle in the pages of 'Baily' your great and brilliant achievement in The Gentlemen and Players' Match of 1862. You have 'lambled' many a large innings, Mr. John, but never played so good a one as this, when you went in with 6 of the Gentlemen's wickets down for 70 runs, and you left (the ninth down) with their score 262; so you ran about 190 times between wickets. You went in at half-past one, and (dinner intervening) out at five minutes past five. You had Hayward—round arm slows—(thrice), Tarrant (twice), Jackson, H. H. Stephenson (twice), and Caffyn bowling to you, and you defied them all. You played as you never played before, and scored an innings such as (I believe) you never scored before, *i. e.*, 98 runs, without giving a chance, and in obtaining which you made a quartette of 4's (one a fine drive from the Australian captain, and the others a leg-tip to the pavilion—rather a neat thing, that—and a brace of square leg hits: all three from Hayward), ten 3's (cuts and drives), a dozen 2's, and 28 singles; and then you got 'a trifle' too much under one from Hayward. Up it went, and down it landed in short leg's hands, whereupon you had your ovation; and as you strode back to the pavilion, the lusty cheers from four thousand throats fitly complimented you on your fine play, and cheered you again to

the very echo when you were honoured by the presentation from the members of the Surrey Club of a prize bat as a memento of their appreciation of your great cricket display. And here, with those hearty cheers ringing in your ears (for so must they ring for years to come), I will leave you, Mr. John, for brief is the space left me to tell how finely Mr. Daniel played. What a magnificent drive for 5 Mr. Lang made from Jackson! What a brace of brilliantly punishing innings were those of 55 and 38 made by Mr. F. P. Miller! and how gloriously the Hon. C. Lyttelton hit in his second innings of 57! What a magnificent cut was that 5 off Griffith made by this young cricketer! The four 4's he made (a drive, a cut, and a brace of leg hits) were each and all brilliants. I know The Players' bowling was on the loose a bit, and their general fielding queer, but their fine play with the willow compensated for all that—and more; for their runs were made against fine bowling and really brilliant fielding. What a masterly exposition of the art of defending your sticks was Hayward's 77, no less than 37 of which were singles! This fact alone (from so punishing and brilliant a hitter) evidences the rare quality of The Gentlemen's bowling and fielding at that phase of the match. But the play all round on Saturday afternoon was grand. The Players at two o'clock wanted 244 runs to win; they lost Mortlock and Jackson for 20 runs. Hayward and Carpenter, by rare cricket, brought the score up to 105. These two, with Griffith, Caesar, and Tarrant, were all used up with the score at 125; seven wickets were then down, the time six P.M., the light bad for batting, but Surrey Stephenson and Caffyn hitting grandly to save the honour of the craft, when lo! a slow thoroughly beat Caffyn, and eight of them were gone for 154 runs. Then—half-past six—that fine old Yorkshire cricketer George Anderson joined Stephenson, and forthwith we had something like 'strategic movements.' They first tried getting the runs, and, in defiance of changes in the bowling, by seven o'clock had brought the score up to 182. The slows had been off and on again. The movements of The Gentlemen to capture a wicket were the very essence of 'strategy.' 194 brought on Mr. Lang again, and, amid a perfect volley of cheers, a bye ran 3 for made The Players' score 200, and the time a quarter-past seven; thus, to win, The Players had but a quarter of an hour left to score 44 runs in. This could not be done, so, to keep up their wickets by the two Players, and to obtain those two wickets by The Gentlemen, was that memorable fifteen minutes devoted; and a rare scientific cricket contest we had. Mr. V. E. Walker coaxed and coached his slows, as he alone can work such bowling; Mr. Lang shot in the 'spherical bit 'of leather' at a fearfully fast pace; Mr. F. Burbidge 'pointed' most daringly at times (waiting on the slows to within a yard of the bat); Mr. Marshall, long stopped, fielded a long slip, and covered a large area of ground in a marvellously effective style; they clustered around the wicket like so many wasps ready and eager to sting: in fact, The Gentlemen's fielding just then was beautiful beyond all precedent, and so was the defence of Heathfield, Stephenson, and George Anderson, who coolly, scientifically, and beautifully put the bowling on one side, tolerably plainly intimating to The Gentlemen by their looks, 'Well, we certainly are "Young men from the country; but "you don't get over us." Nor did The Gentlemen; for when 11 more runs were scored, the long hand on the dial of Kennington Church reached the half-hour, and a loud, hoarse shout from the throats of the thousands of lookers on proclaimed that the renown of The Players of England was saved, and that The Gentlemen of England had (in this memorable match) proved themselves fully able to contend, even-handed, man for man, against

The Players. 1,928 balls were bowled in this match, and 942 runs scored for the loss of 38 wickets, averaging nearly 25 runs per wicket, and nearly 2 runs for every ball bowled, the scores being

The Gentlemen, 1st innings, 276; 2nd innings, 211. Total, 487.

The Players, 1st innings, 244; 2nd innings (with 8 down), 211. Total, 455.

The following are the bowling figures in this great match:—

THE GENTLEMEN'S BOWLING.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wides.	Wickets.
Mr. Lang	bowled 89	31	136	8	3
Hon. C. Lyttelton	82	27	124	3	5
Mr. V. E. Walker (slow)	75	19	117	0	7
Mr. F. P. Miller	20	3	43	0	1
Total	266	80	420	11	

THE PLAYERS' BOWLING.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wides.	N.B.	Wickets.
T. Hayward (slow) bowled	67	16	151	0	0	7
Tarrant	38	9	83	0	0	2
Jackson	32	14	57	0	0	2
Griffith	31	12	51	1	0	6
Caffyn	31	10	64	0	0	2
H. H. Stephenson	17	2	49	1	1	0
Total	216	63	455	2		

The Gentlemen gave 35 extras, and The Players 32.

So did the Greybeards acquit themselves in the good old-fashioned match of 1862; and how did the Young Ones play in the new match up at Old Lord's? *i. e.*,

The Gentlemen of England *v.* The Players (all under 30 years of age). Well—they played well at all points, but, somehow or other, one could not feel any great interest in the match, it did not appear the thing at all. Good cricket there was in plenty; it could not be otherwise in a match wherein such cricketers as composed The Two Elevens played. The Players made 110 in their first go, Tarrant's dashing 27 being the top score; and Mr. C. D. Marsham had 6 out of the 10 wickets, bowling 36 overs (18 of them maidens) for 40 runs. The Gentlemen in their first innings made running at a great pace: Mr. E. M. Grace (a gentleman from the west countrie) opened the Players' eyes by his confident, free, and punishing hitting; a on-drive from Jackson for 5, and a 5 to square leg from Hayward, were both fine hits; his 25 was well got; and a model of careful play against Jackson's, Hayward's, Wootton's, and Tarrant's bowling, was Mr. R. Masham's 24; Mr. Benthall's 33 were obtained in his very best form (and no gentleman, young or old, can bat better than that); he never gave a chance until he was easily stumped. Mr. Mitchell was bowled by the first ball he received, and Tarrant speedily smashed up the remainder of the wickets; Mr. Benthall was fourth down for 89 runs; and the 10 were all down for 130, or 20 on: Tarrant in this innings bowled 17 overs (10 maidens) for 17 runs and 7 wickets; 5 wickets fell in his last 5 overs, and three times he had 2 wickets in 1 over. The Gentlemen let The Players run away from them in the latter's second innings; Roger Iddison played a first-class innings of 62, going in No. 1, and out No. 4, with the score at 125; and Hayward put on 50, a well-played innings; Tarrant dashed off another brilliant hitting-score of 39; Young Fillery (from

Sussex) played a promising 27, as so did Biddulph a not-out 20; altogether The Players knocked up a score of 246, leaving The Gentlemen under thirty 227 runs to win; but the two Cambridge men, Messrs. Daniel (with 18) and Mr. Lang (with 10) were the only double scorers, as Young James Lillywhite (Sussex again) put on to bowl for the first time in the match, in 29 overs took 8 of their wickets, Tarrant the other two, and the innings closed for 69 runs, The Gentlemen losing the first 'under 30' match by 157 runs; three such cricketers as Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Marshall, and Hayward were in their first innings each bowled by the first ball they received; 1,231 balls were bowled in this match, and 555 runs scored for 40 wickets, averaging within 5 runs of 14 runs per wicket. The bowling figures are as under—

THE GENTLEMEN'S BOWLING.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wides.	Wickets.
Mr. C. D. Marsham bowled	64	31	97	0	11
Mr. Lang	58	17	98	3	3
Mr. Grace	27	7	63	1	1
Mr. Arkwright (slow)	24	4	59	0	4
Hon. C. Lyttelton	7	3	15	2	0
Total	180	62	332	6	

THE PLAYERS' BOWLING.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	N.B.	Wickets.
Tarrant bowled	45	23	47	1	9
Lillywhite, jun. (left hand)	28 and 3 balls	14	29	1	8
Jackson	18	9	29	0	0
Wootton (left hand)	18	10	23	0	1
Iddison (slow lobs)	11	0	38	0	1
Hayward	7	4	14	0	0
Total	127 and 3 balls	60	180	2	

The Gentlemen gave 24 extras, and The Players 19.

The Gentlemen of The North and South of England have played a brace of matches: The Northerners won both with ease. The Oval Match they won by 147 runs, and that at Lord's by 8 wickets. There is generally some hard 'cracking' in these matches; and so there was this year. At Lord's, Mr. St. Fabian made an innings of exactly 100 runs, and Mr. W. Nicholson a not-out 63; the more noticeable as he went in No. 1. In the Oval Match, Mr. E. B. Rowley (a young cricketer of rare promise) gained The Leger with two innings of 61 and 70, and the leading Southern scorer in that match was Mr. Daniel, with 33 and 20.

Surrey and Kent have had their two annual cricket fights, and Surrey have squared up their brace of 1861 defeats by winning both 1862 matches. The match at Canterbury Surrey won by 8 wickets, and that on the Oval by 5 wickets. The former victory is mainly attributable to the fine bowling of Caffyn, who, in Kent's second innings, trundled 24 overs, 20 of them maidens for 7 runs and 7 wickets. Marvellous bowling this; Lockyer, it is said, 'lobbed 'out' 6 wickets and won the match on the Oval. I was unable to witness either match, but if Mr. Tom's lobs were anything like the 4 overs he favoured us with at Lord's in The North and South Match, then one can scarcely credit the fact of 6 county wickets being obtained by that style of thing.

The Public School Matches have now been played, and a gallant fight it was between Eton and Winchester, won by Eton with 1 wicket to spare. There was great hitting and good fielding shown by both sides in this match.

The leading Eton batsmen were Mr. Cleasby (Captain) with a score of 89; Mr. Lubbock with 58 and 34; Mr. Garnett with 40 and 6; and Mr. Tuck with 35 and 6. Wykehamists have a bat of singular excellence in Mr. Young, whose steady but fine hitting in this match was pronounced magnificent by John Wisden, and whose fine defence evoked the applause of all good judges of cricket on the ground, and a new bat from Jemmy Dean: now the honest commendations of these two fine old Sussex cricketers are compliments of a high character to the cricket skill of Mr. Young, who scored 51 and 76, Mr. Stewart 24 and 26, Mr. Foster 32, and Mr. Streatfield 27; but their pluckily, finely played, and great second innings, could not ward off the Eton victory, as the result was,—

Eton, 1st innings, 270; 2nd innings (with 9 down), 97. Total, 367.
 Winchester, 1st innings, 151; 2nd innings, 213. Total, 364.

Marlborough and Rugby, on the 27th and 28th of June, played their annual match at Lord's, and Marlborough won in one innings. The Marlbourians were a fine Eleven; strong at all points, and fit to cope with any school team, public or private. The scores attained in this match are—

Marlborough, 1st innings, 210.
 Rugby, 1st innings, 135; 2nd innings, 58. Total 193.

This brings me to that other Public School Match—

Eton against Harrow, and those two glorious days, when (as we read in Fred Lillywhite's newly-published large book of scores)—

' Urged by their chiefs, the cricketers prepare,
 And joyous in the seated lists appear;
 The day arrived, to view the charming scene
 Exulting thousands crowd the levelled green.'

Ay! it was a charming scene, that Old Lord's Ground, on Friday the 11th of July. The old turf appeared greener and fresher than ever; the matronly and maidenly beauties of Old England were there in greater numbers and more overpowering beauty than ever; the Upper Ten Thousand mustered in stronger force than ever; the time-honoured old pavilion was more crowded than ever; that glorious ring round the old sward was more dense, more compactly crowded, and more excited than ever; the array of carriages, freighted with their unmatched (and unmatchable) beves of English loveliness, choked up the space behind the ring more densely than ever; the small boys under large hats from Eton and Harrow assembled in greater crowds than ever; their ironical cheers and counter cheers were more frequent and pointed than ever; old Etonians and old Harrovians entered into the fine old party spirit of the match with more zeal than ever; Lillywhite's 'k'rect' cards were sold in greater numbers than ever; the consumption of bitter beer and sandwiches was more 'awful' than ever; the weather was, on the Friday, finer than ever; the cricket (some of it) was better than ever, and the excitement at the finish of the match more extraordinary than ever; in fact, everything connected with the two days' match was better than ever; everybody on the ground appeared more delighted than ever; and so long as these fine old public school matches are played in the same fine old spirit, Cricket, the true national pastime of Old England, will annually become more popular than ever;—and now about the play. Eton's 1st innings ended for 97 runs, of which number, by good play, Mr. Prideaux made 23, Burnett took 4 wickets, Saunders 3, and Buller 2. Harrow (to the utter astonishment of all who knew their cricket) were then got out for 56, Buller, with 20, being the only

double scorer: Teape took 5 wickets, Frederick 3, and Sutherland 2. Eton's 2nd innings was a finely-played one, Tuck contributing a good 43, Frederick 33, and Prideaux (not out) 15; the total was 155, leaving Harrow 197 to score to win; and 'to it,' with the pluck of true English gentlemen, the Harrovians went. Hornby (the little, short fellow, with an immense long, forward reach) was the first to go; and then Maitland appeared, and gave us one of the finest-played innings ever witnessed in the public school matches: the Harrow score was at 11 when he went in No. 3; and when he blocked one backed to the bowler (Teape), and his wicket (the 9th) thus fell: the score was at 142; of this number Maitland contributed 73 by a brace of 5's (fine hits both, one a square legger off Teape, the other a drive from Frederick for 6, but they ran one short), five 4's (four drives and a very fine cut down to the entrance gate), six 3's, three 2's, and 19 singles. It was a great innings this. I. D. Walker made (I think) the finest hit in the match, a magnificent on drive from Frederick for 5. Mr. Walker was unfortunate in being superbly caught out at long leg, very deep, from a very fine hit. Mr. Grimston (honoured cricket name!) kept up his wicket with Maitland in good style, and hit to the leg very promisingly. The last two changes in the Eton bowling were wonderfully efficacious: Sutherland, on going on again at the lower wicket, bowled 10 maiden overs in succession and took a wicket; and Teape, on being put on again at the top wicket, took two wickets (Maitland's and Saunders's) with the only three balls he bowled. This used up the Harrow innings for 142; and the very finest (all round) Eleven that Eton ever sent up to Lord's won the 1862 match with Harrow by 54 runs; and thereupon a little army of delighted Light Blues rushed to the pavilion, hoisted on their stalwart shoulders the Eton captain, Mr. Cleasby, and in mad triumph carried him down to the woodstacks and back; and back they scarcely were when Maitland, amid a hurricane of dark blue cheers, was lifted high on Harrow shoulders and carried over the same ground. Then Etonians ran off with Teape, and Harrovians with Buller; Lubbock, Tuck, Grimston, and (once more) Maitland were all chaired and cheered to the very echo. Old Etonians felt twenty years off their heads, waved their hats, shook hands with everyone near them, and cheered everybody else; hats were shied up, and crushed to a novel shape when they came down. Such a scene of one hour's wild enthusiasm was never before enacted on a cricket ground as that on the memorable Saturday, the 12th of July, at Lord's ground, when Eton (for the first time since 1850) beat Harrow. As the Public School Elevens have this year shown better cricket than usual, it is but fair to state that their cricket Mentors were Fred Bell for Eton, John Lillywhite for Harrow, Old Jimmy Dean for Winchester, Brampton for Marlborough, and Diver for Rugby.

The North *v.* The South was played at Lord's on the 21st and 22nd ult. for Grundy's benefit. The popular Jemmy had rare good luck in the weather, and two good gate days; so if the subscription lists do but fill up as they ought Grundy will be fitly rewarded for his twenty years of hardest work ever gone through by professional cricketer. The match, owing to the grand display of batting by Richard Daft, and the great bowling of Tarrant, did not run into a third day, and, so far, was a loss of a stiff sum to J. G. I have said the batting of Daft was grand; so it was. Such an exhibition of cool, easy, and effective defence, of graceful style, and of brilliant cutting and driving has never been surpassed by Richard Daft or any other batsman. Daft went in, first man, at ten minutes past twelve, and was sixth down at a quarter past five: he had eight different bowlers pounding away at him,

scored 118 runs, and was at last out by a fluke, thus: a ball from Willsher rose (they *do* rise), hit his hand hard, bounded up, and (somehow or other), dropped on his wicket, dislodging the balls. His 118 was a brilliant display, comprising four 5's (drives—two from Willsher and two from Griffith), four 4's (drives and a cut), six 3's (cuts all, and beauties each), twelve 2's, and forty singles. Daft's fine cricket fully merited and received the high (because rare at Lord's) honour of a call up to the pavilion, and the M. C. C.'s reward of merit, 'A Prize Bat.' Would I had space to do justice to Mr. F. Wright's 50; it was a fine innings from so very young a cricketer. H. H. Stephenson, by downright plucky, fine hitting knocked off the terror, Tarrant, mastered the Northern bowling, nearly saved the Southerners their one innings thrashing, and retired, cheered and unconquered, for a dashing, plucky, and brilliantly played score of 55, for which, however, H. H. S. may partly thank Mr. W. Nicholson, whose fine, cool, scientific, and successful defence took the sharp edge off the Northern bowling, and left 'it easier going for his successors. Out of his truly finely obtained score of 40, Mr. Nicholson obtained 24 off Tarrant, whose bowling broke about so that in The South's first innings he took 8 wickets in 23 overs. Wootton also bowled in fine form; and, in fact, on this occasion The North won 'all round' in a canter.

The M. C. C. and Ground v. South Wales Club is noticed, merely to register in the undying 'Baily' the great innings of Mr. E. M. Grace (the aforesaid West Country gentleman) who made 118 off the bowling of Grundy, Wootton, &c. Wootton eventually bowled him.

Surrey and Cambridgeshire have fought out their return fight for 1862, and Surrey won in one innings by 60 runs. Mr. F. P. Miller could not play (hand injured), otherwise Surrey played their full strength; not so Cambridge, who were without Mr. Marshall or Mr. J. Perkins, and, virtually, without a wicket-keeper. The wicket played on was magnificently true, and there was rare hitting by some of the Surrey men. H. H. Stephenson led off with *another* brilliant innings of 62, Caffyn one of his old dashing scores of 50, Mortlock (after a lift or two) hit terrifically for 41, Tom Humphrey 38, Mr. Dowson 30, and Lockyer 29. Jupp (a Surrey colt of great promise) fielding for an absent Cambridge man, brought Julius Cæsar to sorrow by a marvellously fine catch at long field on—he ran at least thirty yards, and caught the ball low down—while running at the top of his speed: it was 'a rare catch' this. As for the Cambridge men, they had a full measure of ill luck, wanted a wicket-keeper sadly, and, notwithstanding Hayward played a magnificent innings of 84 (the highest in the match), Surrey won all through. The totals are—Surrey, first innings, 277; Cambridgeshire 48 and 169.

THE BURRUP TESTIMONIAL.—The Committee formed to perfect this very laudable design have decided *not* to close the subscription lists until the 25th of August, thus enabling members of The Surrey Club and others to assist in honouring a gentleman who, in his capacity as Hon. Secretary to the S. C. C., has done more for the popularization of cricket throughout the country than any living man.

THE TURF MARKET.

Nothing has been stirring but stagnation in the turf market during the past month. Bookmakers have been very much in the position of patient anglers when fish are 'off their feed.' Backers have refused to bite, though they have over and over again risen to the surface, or perhaps even gone so far as to nibble, but without taking the baits, however tempting. Carrying the comparison further, we may say that the 'float' in the current of speculation, though it has frequently bobbed up and down, has indicated no important results. It is generally admitted on all hands that a duller period in the leading turf markets has not been known for years, and the reporters have experienced immense difficulty in compiling reliable returns of the odds. The causes of this state of things are, we fancy, not difficult to account for, inasmuch as 'the gentlemen' have of late suffered so much from making premature investments, that they seem at last to comprehend the philosophy of the axiom, to the effect that discretion is the better part of valour. Certain owners of horses have one excuse always on hand for any 'milking' operations, the cant expression being that they have been 'forestalled.' This expression covers a multitude of stable sins; but there is no question that owners, when they have animals well and highly tried, experience great difficulty in getting on their money advantageously. Lord Glasgow upon one occasion, when his commissioner told him that 'the public' had forestalled him, and taken all the 20's to 1 obtainable, is said to have replied, 'Well, take me 10 to 1;' but it requires a very placid temper indeed, and a long pocket, to put up as mildly as this with 'forestalling.' It occurs to us that owners are frequently most injudicious in their selections of members of the ring when a large commission has to be thrown into the market. Several gentlemen at 'the Club' or 'Tattersall's' are watched and dogged by pettifoggers and 'little men,' who, as they term it, follow suit immediately the commissioners are seen to invest, and the consequence is that the London market is not only spoiled, but 'the office' is at once wired to the provincial marts of speculation, and these sources also closed. It is a well-known fact that some men can 'put on' hundreds of pounds without moving a horse a single point in the market; but let any noted commissioner lay out 'a pony,' and the animal which is the object of investment will perhaps make an immediate and marked advance. Of our own knowledge, horses have been brought to one half their price in the course of an afternoon from comparatively small outlays, the prestige of the backer, and not the amount of money, being the whole and sole cause of the decreased price in the quotations. A great number of the *habitués* of the turf market live wholly upon the influential commissioners who are recognized mediums for laying out the stable money. If you own a horse 'good enough,' and intend to put 'a monkey' on, you may rest assured that the book spies and carwiggers will spoil the market before half the commission has been completed. Thus it seems plain that owners, when they have any very large sums to invest, should discriminate carefully in choosing their commissioner. There is an outer world of the turf market, which until lately had no historian of its price-current or its transactions. Latterly, the 'Evening Star' has taken to reporting what is termed 'London betting,' and those conversant with the recognized markets must often have been surprised at the strange quotations, so at variance with the true tone of speculation. This betting is not betting at the Club, neither is it betting at Tattersall's, or even in the Park, where Mr. Russell encamps under the pleasant trees on the banks of the Serpentine. It is betting among the Arabs, on 'the ruins' in Victoria

Street, Holborn Bridge, 'the Ruins of Carthage,' as the dirty, dingy, wretched spot has been satirically designated. The suppression of that awful nuisance, Bride Lane gambling, drove the Arabs to their wits' ends; but on 'the Ruins' the police do not molest them. The turf market among these men is a microcosm of the greater world of betting. These *al fresco* speculators have their 'dead 'uns,' and carry 'milking pails,' like their more civilized brethren privileged with the entree to the Clubs and the Corner. They are surrounded on summer mornings by seedy groups who represent the backers, and they have sure methods of operation quite as ingenious as those resorted to by the makers of thousand-pound books. Thus the layers of odds at the commencement of the day entrust certain confederates with 'a tenner' each, and when business is at its height they have instructions to 'do a rush,' that is, to back a 'safe 'un,' for the purpose of inducing the lookers on to follow, and enable the bookmaker to 'perform!' This is only another system of 'flash betting,' or bonneting, not by any means unfrequently had recourse to among the largest practitioners in the legitimate turf market. Town practice, or bookmaking in the streets, has been found to be very remunerative, and at some portions of the metropolis a deal of money is laid out in this manner. Near Tottenham-court Road, at the back of Meux's brewery, two really large books are made by Messrs. Mather and John Gideon, the last-mentioned gentleman having almost totally abandoned travelling from meeting to meeting, because he finds he has a more remunerative and safer game amid the stimulating odour of malt and hops. Such bookmakers as these are of course to be distinguished from the Arabs on 'the Ruins;' but this street-wagering, and the curious phases of the outer turf market, are worth noting in this article. Having no further excuse for digression, we may refer to some topics which have prevailed in connexion with the state of the odds during the month. The publication of the handicap for the Goodwood Stakes was, as usual, eagerly anticipated by those anxious to open a book thereon. The issue of the weights, and subsequently the acceptances, however, gave no fillip to speculation; and the reason assigned was, the imaginary partiality shown to the stables of William Day and Mr. Ten Broeck. 'Sensation' writers to the sporting press at once fell foul of the handicapper, and for some weeks they evidently believed they had a capital butt for their shafts. Woodyeates, with its Rather High colt, its Dalesman, or Schism; 'the American,' with his Rubicon, Umpire, or Myrtle, were vowed to have the race entirely to themselves, and the only difficult question propounded was, 'Which is the one?' Public opinion backed up the turf critics, and first one then the other of Mr. Ten Broeck's were backed, and became alternately favourites. At the moment these remarks are placed upon paper, the state of affairs and the tone of the market places the hostile critics in a ridiculous light. Umpire is scratched, Rubicon is not in the quotations, Myrtle is declining to 'any odds;' and it is said confidently that Mr. Ten Broeck's lot, for whom, O wisecracs, the handicap was 'made,' will not have one representative in the race! With William Day's team the story is the same: the Rather High colt has had the pen put through his name, and Dalesman cannot find a friend at 50 to 1. Lord Portsmouth, the framer of the handicap, has a 'clinging' argument for those who took exception to his production, the more particularly as the two 'top weights,' Rapparee and Audrey, are first favourites for money. As the Goodwood *r  union* will have commenced before 'Baily' gets into circulation, it would be useless to trace the course of speculation throughout the month, on the Stakes or Cup more especially, as the first-mentioned event will be decided before the Magazine is due.

The St. Leger fulfils its promise of becoming a great betting race ; and we cannot remember when so many horses found their way into the quotations at a date so long prior to the struggle on the Doncaster town moor. Nothing has been able to shake The Marquis from his position as first favourite ; and at the beginning of the month upwards of a 'monkey' was thrown into the market in his favour during the course of one afternoon. About the same period Caractacus gave his friends some uneasy sensations, as he receded a point or two ominously in the market, which was accounted for by the fact that he had been coughing slightly. He seems to have recovered entirely from that cause of opposition, and the reports from his training quarters are of a most satisfactory nature. Carisbrook, on the strength of his successes at Ascot, was elevated to a conspicuous position in the quotations ; and his second to Fairwater for the Liverpool Cup was considered quite good enough to prevent any of the layers from 'taking a liberty,' and at all events he was merely one point worse favourite for his beating. His future position will be materially influenced by the issue of the Goodwood Cup ; and should Fairwater win, we may expect the representative of the 'Stock Exchange Satirist' to make still further progress in the estimation of backers. Caterer, who has just begun good work again, has also been introduced during the month, having been very freely supported indeed ; and if Godding could make him only a trifle better than on the Two Thousand day, the horse would be bound to be 'among them' on the Leger. Buckstone, who had been almost unmentioned and unthought of until the commencement of the month, came with a rush one afternoon at the Corner, and there was evidently a 'stiffish' commission out in his favour, as upwards of 400*l.* were invested within an hour. Old Calabar, who some people cling to with singular pertinacity, because they are under the impression that he is a great horse foully used, has been backed for large sums, though reports from Newmarket state that Butler has been frightened to do more than walking exercise with him up to the present moment. Argonaut promised to be among the most prominent favourites at one moment ; but the manner in which Old Thunderbolt cantered away from him at Newmarket in the Stamford Plate has almost silenced his friends, though if all be true Sir Joseph will make his horse a good favourite before the Leger morning. Johnny Armstrong, who, if he does well up to September, will strip one of the best-looking horses in England, has been steadily supported at his latest quotation ; and the three Oaks mares, Hurricane, Sappho, and Bonny Breast Knot, bring up the extreme rear division of outsiders. Backers of horses, who have a lively recollection of John Scott's surprises, will doubtless throw away a fiver upon his second string, Hurricane, who will never beat The Marquis when well, and as a matter of course the remembrance of Caller Ou's great coup will induce not a few to take long shots about William l'Anson's mare. During August some more important movements will doubtless be made upon the Doncaster race. Exchequer's double defeat of Montebello at Worcester has brought his name among the lower ranks, and, according to those two performances, giving the Northumberland Plate winner 5*lb.* each time. Lord Coventry's colt has the best credentials as a good rough outsider. Our task will not then be so bald, and, perhaps as our readers may find it, lame or dull ; but at all events the foregoing comments will keep our country cousins well posted in the transactions—such as they have been—during the rainy month just closed.

July 28, 1862.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.

July and its Jollities.—Racing of the Month.—The Acclimatization Society's Dinner.—The Dog Show gone to the Dogs.—The Horse Show. The Turkish Baths.—The Billiard Matches.—International Saddles.—Racing Gossip.—'The Queen' and her Dog Sooty.—The Goodwood Cup, and Turf Changes.

THE July Meetings have been very numerous, and not confined to Newmarket, or to racing, as they have embraced every description of sport, and extended from the Fields of Battersea, the Wood of St. John, and the purlieus of Islington, to Boulogne and the Channel Islands, leaving us a diversity of subjects to dilate upon. We have heard much of the solstice of July, but, until within the last day or two, we were inclined to treat it either as a remnant of antiquity that had gone out of fashion, or the idle chimera of some philosopher's brain, for greatcoats and umbrellas have been in as much request as in November, and sporting tailors groaned as loud as fashionable milliners. However, all things must come to an end, and so must our preface to the sayings and doings of the month. Since the Sailor Monarch's manly declaration of the Turf being the first of our National Sports, we have always subscribed to the doctrine, and given it precedence over other sylvan pursuits and pastimes. The Hampshire week set the racing ball of the month rolling at Odiham, heretofore sacred to the memory of many an old Plater in the days of the Tubbs, the Bacons, and the Hopkineses; when heats were held in veneration, Ben Land creeping into notice, and Mr. Parr's ambition stirred by the thought he was fitted for better things. Now matters have been transformed, as if by magic. Stewards of the Jockey Club have not minded becoming Stewards themselves. Two-year old Stakes have been introduced and filled well. The gentlemen brought horses, and the horses brought the legs, and all at once the legitimacy of the Meeting has been established and registered at Weatherby's. Of course as Rome was not built in a day, Odiham cannot be rendered an Ascot all at once; and we shall really regret when the carriages of the upper classes sweep away the taxed carts of the farmers, and when the stiff notions of etiquette prevent their sweethearts and wives dancing with their friends in the booths to the village Paganini at a penny per head. Of the sport it is sufficient to state that it pleased the million, satisfied the betting men, and gave promise of better things next year. To Danebury was the next move; and could there have been a pleasanter one? for where, except at Newmarket, can we enjoy racing so well, or tread turf so sacred? The weather on the Bibury day was as fine as if it had been made to order, and around that seat on the lawn, shaded by the well-known laburnum, were ranged the leaders of the Jockey Club, waiting for the annual tour of inspection, like the Lords of the Admiralty going through a dockyard. In doors the good things of this life were served up in abundance, from Canary champagne to ginger wine, which latter came into great favour before the close of the Meeting, from the aristocratic support afforded by a noble poet, who knows full well what to eat, drink, and avoid. Bouquets were, as usual, provided for 'the first favourites' by the fair *bouquetière*, who is as well known and as much appreciated by the friends of the stable as Miss Ransom at Hampton Court. And every picture on the walls of the dining-room, in which we have partaken of ducal venison, washed down by an earl's champagne, recalled some

anecdote of a great winner, or a wondrous piece of jockeyship. For some years the luck of the Danebury stable has been perfectly frightful; and yet, strange to say, it lost not a single supporter, for they were all kept together by 'The Duke,' who was experienced enough as a Sportsman to be aware that no trainer can change bad horses into good ones. The good time, however, for which they have been so long praying seems at last to have arrived, shadowed forth by The Roe, and culminated by The Canary. And what will John Day have and Alfred ride will now be asked as frequently as it was in days of yore, when the vans used to bring Two Thousand winners to Newmarket, and Honest John ride there side by side with Lord George Bentinck from Danebury in a post-chaise and four.

A move from the stables full of promising yearlings to the course which adjoins it brought us to the enclosure with Captain Little ready for General Hess for 'The Bibury,' which he won after a fine struggle with Fordham, whose Wild Duck, added to 'the steak,' would have been a nice little luncheon for Mr. Craven, if the General and his 'little aide-de-camp' had not spoiled it. The number of years the Captain has won this race is perfectly incredible; and we know many backers of horses that annually look forward to getting back their Epsom and Ascot losses by him in this way. Cachucha's dead heat with Tom Fool for the Biennial was the feature of the afternoon; and two finer races were never seen on the course. When it was known before starting the sum Lord Portsmouth stood on his filly, there was a perfect furore to back her, as a pony would be 'a perfect stoater' for him; and his commission, it was understood, considerably exceeded that sum. However, his mare, which is a wonderfully clever made one, had to go twice before the judge would consent to her having the money. So there could have been very little 'jam' about it. Still Hurstbourne was triumphant, and the 'coach' won their money. Of the progress of the Club we were very glad to hear, for there is no more manly exercise or elegant accomplishment than race riding, or one which more necessitates a temperate mode of life. The great parties, however, which are held at the seats in the neighbourhood must have an injurious effect on the Club dinners, for on the first day the only two 'left in' were the worthy Secretary and a well-known baronet. On the second, however, the field was considerably increased; and we envied their digestions when we partook, prior to our departure from Stockbridge, of a portion of their commiseriat. We have witnessed many a race for the Stewards' Plate, but we never recollect one, respecting which such a diversity of opinion prevailed. In fact, The Wizard has caused more disputes, and led to more changes of jockeys than any horse we could mention. Aldcroft had been taken off him, because he had lain too far away with him in The Doncaster Leger, and Johnny Osborne for doing the same thing with him on The Doncaster Cup. In The Great Northern Handicap, Ashmall could not hold him at the last moment. So now a retainer was forwarded to Sam Rogers for him, and accepted immediately. And without reflecting for an instant on either of the above jockeys, we must say we do not think Mr. Nicholl could have made a better selection. Sam, when he went down, seemed fully impressed with what was expected of him, and he acted up to it afterwards; and holding The Wizard as it were in a vice, he prevented him coming upon Asteroid before his time, which the horse would have done had any other jockey been upon him, and he sent him past the post as Lillywhite would have done a cricket-ball; but his Goodwood Cup friends did not like the performance, and as he was up to his old tricks again with Fordham at Winchester, their prejudices were increased. Alfred

Day followed his friend Sam up by another fine display of jockeyship on Gemse, but the rush for the carriages at the moment was so great that only the upper ten thousand saw and appreciated it to its fullest extent. Contrary to general expectation, The Newmarket July was slower than usual, but it was worth coming all the distance to see Aldcroft finish on Saccharometer for The Chesterfield. In The July he had made the most of him when he slipped and choked Fordham on Blue Mantle; but in The Chesterfield he outdid himself, and some of the oldest members of the Jockey Club who know what riding is, who recollect Chifney, Jem Robinson, and George Edwards, openly expressed their belief they had not seen a piece of riding like it for many a year, for Edwards on Lady Augusta ought clearly to have won. Fordham did all that man could do for Breechloader; but still the difficulties under which he laboured were not near so great as those which Aldcroft had to encounter and master. Well might Lord Strathmore have been excited, and vow Saccharometer should not run again until the spring.

Wednesday, the middle day of the meeting, was enlivened by the great cricket match between Jackson, upon whom has been bestowed the sobriquet of The Northern Leviathan, and Diver, the professional, the former using his bat against the latter's stick. Appointed to come off directly after the races, the move was from one side of the Heath to the other, directly opposite Lord Stamford's stables, where the jockey boys play after stable hours. The ground was quickly cleared, and 'Jock,' as the 'Squire of Oran' permits his friends to call him, was very soon armed for the fray, wearing a striped cap, and a belt with a figure head of The All England Eleven. Having had some balls in the morning, he told Steel to put him on a thousand, and the greater portion of the commission was executed. In the mean time the chaff was first rate, and bandied from side to side, but all of the most good-natured character. Donald acted as clerk to the batsman, and scored his bets, but little was it imagined the match would terminate with only a single run; and when Jackson got his man out in the fifth ball, the cheering was very great, and he openly exclaimed, 'Do you think I did not know something?' He then took the bat himself; but hardly expected the teaser he had in his first ball, 'the like of which he never saw for its curling.' The second was very little better, and the third brought a noise in the timber yard to the intense delight of the 'stickers,' who got breathing time. They were, however, not long left in the enjoyment of their triumph, for 'Oran' caught Diver in the third round, which made the batsman again the favourite, which he justified by getting a run to the next ball of Diver's, and thus winning 'the brass' for himself and friends, and finding no one to disagree with him in his belief that he was the first cricketer in England. And so terminated a match which afforded a great deal of amusement, with far heavier betting than could have been contemplated under the circumstances.

From Newmarket the noble Lords and the Ring stretched across the country to Worcester, where Lord Coventry's Exchequer was considerably increased, and where he showed his friends some first-rate sport, and received their thanks for it. Liverpool is in the ascendant, but feels the influence of Goodwood looming in the distance, and the strings of horses that were wont to be trained in the olden time in Lancashire and Cheshire. The Cup was nothing but a Sporting Match between Carisbrook and Fairwater; and although the young one ran as straight as a gun-barrel, the mare could have overhauled him at any moment; and her friends have maintained ever since The Goodwood Cup to be over. Abingdon and Hungerford kept the Ilsley

horses galloping for their keep, instead of doing the same thing at home for nothing, and Nottingham was as crowded as Stamford was select. Still the cards were thin if the sport was fair, and the flower of the flocks seemed reserved for the campaign in Sussex—of which next month.

The Acclimatization Society, the most valuable that has been instituted in this country for many a year, is, we are glad to learn, being gradually appreciated as its merits deserve. Generally speaking, we have no great admiration for companies, which are usually got up for the purpose of pushing the Secretary into snug apartments in Pall Mall, without any of the concomitant annoyances of rent and taxes. But this institution being one of a totally different nature, and framed with the intention of making still more useful application of the beasts of the field, the birds in the air, and the fishes of the sea, we could not resist giving it what humble support lay in our power, in the hope of enlisting further recruits. We have all seen the pleasure that our emigrants derived by the transport to Australia of those singing birds whose notes reminded them of their native country. And so an exchange of the animal productions of the Old and New World cannot but be productive of the best results. And in a few years we anticipate Chinese sheep being as common as Southdowns, and our being able to entertain a friend who may drop in upon us from Melbourne with many of the dishes he has left behind him. As no Society is looked upon as being 'completely registered' until its first public dinner has taken place, so, in accordance with this idea, the Society had their dinner at Willis's Rooms on the 12th ult.; and, as we assisted at it, we fancy a short account may not be out of place. Premising, then, that we are far from indifferent to the good things of this world, and that it has never been said of us, as of Parnell's Hermit—

'Our food was fruit, our drink the crystal well,'

we looked forward with considerable anxiety to discover any new dishes for our Sporting friends in the provinces who would like to vary their usual stereotyped bills of fare. Approaching our task with the most unbiassed feelings, we are fain to confess our own 'favourites' are not likely to be knocked out by the new outsiders attempted to be brought into the market. At least our own cooks must have greater opportunities afforded them of studying their nature than were then given. And if a committee of taste was formed for the purpose of devising fresh auxiliaries to them in the shape of sauces and other dressings, we feel satisfied much good might be derived from it. Tired with the perpetual recurrence of Spring and other soups, the Birds' Nest Soup came upon us like a pleasing rarity, for we believe it had never been served in this country since that famous dinner which was given to Lord Chesterfield at 'The Clarendon' on his retirement from the Mastership of the Buckhounds, when Count D'Orsay designed the bill of fare, and Ude carried it into execution. Long and anxious had been the negotiations for the transport of this soup to England, but at last it was carried into effect, and received the welcome to which it was entitled. Happily the state of our present relations with China, and the increased facility of transit afforded by the overland route, rendered the supply for the Company less difficult of attainment. And scarcely had a blessing been asked upon the viands, than the really useful and enthusiastic Secretary, Mr. Lowe, who, unlike most of his class, preferred feeding others to himself, made his appearance with a small teacup and saucer containing this exclusive potage, which he handed round to each guest, for, on account of their number, they were obliged to be treated on the homœopathic system. In appearance it is not

unlike Spring Soup, but it gives one the notion of a gravy soup well sugared, and flavoured with a St. Ives pilchard. To say it was disagreeable would not be right, and we have no doubt in time it might become popular; but still we do not wish any of our friends to incur the risk and trouble of sending to Hong-Kong for any of it for our use. Against the Sea Slug Soup we are, in the language of Tattersall's, 'quite full.' And if the proprietor of the rooms, Mr. Willis, who said he considered it almost equivalent to turtle, had polled the visitors, from all we could gather on the subject, the minority would have been an awful one. Neither can we say anything in favour of 'The Kangaroo Steamer,' which was strong and salt enough to bring about scurvy, and required quite a vintage of champagne to do away with the taste it left behind. A Pepper Pot, which was a mixed stew, went down well, and there was quite a run upon it; but a Kangaroo Ham and the Canadian Curassow were quickly shunted. A roast Syrian pig was so liked, that it shared the fate of the New Zealand Missionary, by being 'eaten up.' We can also award an honorary certificate of merit to the Yams, which are very easily cultivated, as well as to the Honduras Geese and the Pintail Ducks of Mr. Grantley Berkeley. Of the *bors d'œuvres*, the Digby Herring salad was decidedly first favourite; and the Botargo, or roe of red mullet, stood next. Of the wines of the new world, we give decidedly the preference to the Australian Burgundy, which, if kept for a year or two, would be sure to take its position among the red wines which we import. And of the liqueurs, the great run was upon the 'Nectar de Garibaldi,' from Algiers, which an old racing man expressively observed to us, with a roll of the tongue, was 'good for trousers.' The meaning of the compliment we hardly understand, but we have no doubt it was the highest in his power to bestow. On the whole, the dinner, which might have been improved by the shortening of some of the speeches, was a most agreeable one, the company all appearing thoroughly to enter into the spirit of the scene, and to have but one cause for regret, viz., that Messrs. Buckland and Lowe, to whom they were so much indebted for the success of the entertainment, should, by their desire to give effect to it, have been obliged to regard it as little better than a stage dinner. Of the spread of the Society there can be no doubt, for its aims are of so useful a character that they cannot fail to be appreciated by the publicity given to them, and the exertions of the Noblemen and Gentlemen who are at its head. And we trust at the next anniversary dinner to be surrounded by as agreeable and intellectual a party of savans as we were now associated with.

The Dog Show at Islington, which, to all appearances, was one of the greatest successes of the season, has turned out to be a failure, if not something worse; and Mr. Appleby, its originator, who was stated to be as enterprising as even E. T. Smith himself, has literally gone to the dogs, while the prizes have gone back to the place from whence they came. Indignation meetings have been held by the sufferers, and strong resolutions passed and carried. Bill George, the worthy proprietor of canine cattle, giving expression to his feelings, which, if warm, and interlarded with phrases to which Lord Granville or Lord Shaftesbury might take exception, might be excused by the fact of the establishment being a rival one to his own at Kensall Green. Whether the composition offered by Mr. Appleby will be accepted remains to be seen; but we should recommend its adoption, for if he once takes refuge in the Bankruptcy Court of Leeds, the dividend will fritter away to nothing, for lawyers, as Tom Oliver says, tear a man to pieces worse than brambles. Of course we all know how to shut the gate when the horse is stolen; but the next attempt to form a Dog Show in London must have some more substantial

entrepreneur than a Leeds cheesemonger. The alarm was first sounded by the clever leader writer of 'The Field,' who having visited the Show, saw at a glance all that was going on, at the risk of being considered captious and officious. The extension of the Show for a week was also a great mistake, as the dogs, from being tied up so long at such a season of the year, became so excited as to make it dangerous to go near to them; and the Duke of Beaufort very properly would not permit his hounds to remain in the yard more than three days. On the Horse Show at Battersea we must say a few words, although our able collaborateur has treated of it in a separate paper. But we shall confine ourselves exclusively to the stallions, with which class we are more immediately connected. And if the truth be told, the exhibition of sires, 'best calculated to improve and perpetuate the breed of sound and stout 'thoroughbred horses for general stud purposes,' was not such as we could be proud of, and little calculated to impress foreigners with the idea of our boasted superiority in horseflesh over the whole world. For beyond Ellington and Marionette, what was there for the judges to choose from? Strange to think, the former had won a Derby, and the latter had run second for another. We can hardly suppose that fact would have any weight with the judges, for before now The Derby has been won by horses who, when at the stud, have been unable to get even a decent plater. Of Ellington we may fairly say that he is greatly improved, inasmuch as when General Peel and Mr. Greville went to see him at Willesden, they did not know him again, but were so struck with him, that each of them instantly took a subscription. He has a good fair length, and his hind legs are well set on; and he has immense power in his thighs and hocks. He droops a little in his back, and the opposition contended he had no middle at all, which would make his limbs seem larger than they were in reality. Be that as it may, when doctors differ who shall decide? And as it is too delicate a point for us to decide relative to a horse of such a reputation as Ellington, we must leave the parties most interested in the matter to settle it among themselves. To see our old friend Marionette described by a contemporary as being 'neat and small,' when he measures in his shoes 15 hands $3\frac{7}{8}$ inches high, and girths 6 feet 4 inches, did indeed surprise us; but being very level and extremely short on the leg, he deceives all but the most experienced judges. And he has completely verified what we said of him in these pages in February, last year, viz., that he had the neck, withers, back, loins, and hind quarters of a dray horse. And from his having grown up an inch and a half since he was a three-year old, his oblique shoulders would lose their then appearance of coarseness at the point. But it was contended, on the other hand, that he was very light below the knee, small round the arm, and to have round pastern joints. That he had some of 'Touchstone's faults, we saw at once; but to compensate for them, the old horse had left him his fine qualities, amazing propelling power and gentle temper. His owner, when told of his smallness of bone, immediately replied to his critics by telling them to measure him, and try to span his limbs themselves, which they did not seem to care about doing. As a race-horse, it should be recollected he ran second to Musjid for The Derby of 1859; but straining his suspensory ligament on the hard ground of that dry year, his work was obliged to be stopped before the Leger. And Mr. Johnstone, seeing it was cruel as well as useless to attempt to train so big a horse, put him out of training the following year, and gave him time to grow. Sir John Barleycorn had so wasted away, we should have passed him by, had not a friend called our attention to him. But John Scott will no longer look upon him as an idol. Horror has not improved since he has been out of training, and we can

hardly fancy Mainstone becoming popular. Young Touchstone is very probably an average farmer's horse, and must be tolerably hard and sound, running as he does occasionally in a gig. And of the others, the less said the better. But although Marionette could only get second, we hope Mr. Johnstone will be game enough to show again next year, for we think his laudable ambition is pretty certain to be gratified, and his horse occupy the position which so many good judges in the yard even now thought he should occupy. And while we are upon this point, it may not be out of place for us to record that Lord Derby found means, with all the calls upon his time, to write to the editor of 'The Era,' and state that in his Answers to Correspondents he had made a mistake about the dam of Saccharometer, and that he bred her himself. This single fact speaks volumes for the interest taken by the Noble Lord in racing and breeding, and shows 'The Era' has taken quite as high a sporting character as it has a dramatic one, or Lord Derby would not have wasted his time and paper over it.

The New Turkish Baths which are just opened in Jermyn Street, with all Oriental appliances in their strictest integrity, even to the minutest matters of detail, bid fair, when got into working order, to be a perfect success, and to realize all the ideas of the bath which authors and travellers have led us to entertain of them. Until the other day we had no experience of a Turkish Bath, save one to which we were treated by a distinguished 'Mahomedan,' a Knight of the Bath himself, but who had not at his command that range of apartments to enable him to give it in all its purity. Consequently, we were shut up like a Strasbourg goose, and our sufferings were better to be imagined than described, and we quitted it with a headache which lasted for a month. Not wishing, however, to be considered bigoted against a system so strongly recommended by parties qualified to judge of it, we tried it at the first great rehearsal, and are bound to pronounce most decidedly in its favour. From the height of the vaulted roof, adorned with stars of plate-glass windows which has a charming effect, the bather reclines on a mattress in company with his friend, escapes entirely the suffocating heat he has to undergo in other establishments with low ceilings, and feels, while the perspiration is pouring off him, a delicious languor stealing over his senses. And with coffee and pipes supplied to him in the true Eastern style, it requires but a very slight stretch of the imagination to feel oneself in the City of the Sultan, and a Pasha with Three Tails. In fact, the Directors, to whom we wish every success, seem determined to carry out their plans in the most liberal manner. And to such of our readers, who, after a hard week's racing at Newmarket, Goodwood, and Doncaster, wish to get set up again in the shortest space of time, we cordially recommend these Baths, which, in fact, have brought one of the greatest features of Constantinople to within a few yards of St. James's Street.

New inventions as regards Sporting subjects in the International Exhibition are not so numerous as might be anticipated, and we have not yet had time sufficient at our disposal for thoroughly examining them; but in our next we purpose doing so. In the mean time, we are glad to find Mr. Samuel Merry, of St. James's Street, getting the chief prize for Saddlery, the words of the Commissioners and Jurors being, 'For its general excellence, and its quality.' And certainly nothing can be more elegant than the clothing of the Emperor of the French, and Lord Westmoreland, as well as a set of phaeton harness for the Countess of Stamford. A new Bit, made by Mr. Hawkins, of Lisle Street, Leicester Square, and Walsall, has lately made its appearance, which for its efficacy in subduing violent and vicious horses, is said to surpass any bit that has ever yet come into use, and for breaking young colts they are perfectly

marvellous. For they have the straight, stout, smooth mouth that slides and revolves very freely, so that the colt is prevented from fastening it, and being moveable, is just what he requires to play with.

Exhibitions and amusements do not come into our Invoice generally, but that of Messrs. Berger and Roberts, the great billiard-players of Saville House, may fairly claim exemption from our rule. Of billiards we do not profess to speak critically, for it requires a life to understand the game; and how few adepts there are in it. But we are old enough to recollect Jonathan in his zenith, and to have had explained to us many of his wonderful strokes, and to have seen many of his best games. He now belongs to a past generation, and must be feeling, as we all do, the increasing effects of Anno Domini. Still we fancy, in his best form he could never come up to Berger in his cannon game, and that Roberts would have teased him very much in the other department of the game. Nightly, during the past month, has Saville House been crowded with the Knights of the Cue, who, we are glad to see, are capable of appreciating the merits of the artists who are playing for their entertainment as well as instruction.

'The Field' still continues its devotion to subjects of natural history; and the magnificent pair of Deer Horns, of Lord Powerscourt, which are placed in the window, attract crowds as large as Mr. Grantley Berkeley's Buffaloes. 'The Queen,' a ladies' paper, recently purchased and started by the same proprietary, bids fair to be a complete success. And there was such a run on it the other week for the portrait of 'Sooty,' the Queen's Pet Dog, and which was exquisitely engraved, that two editions were speedily exhausted, and, to satisfy the demand, the picture has been published separately. Racing gossip is very diluted; but we may mention that Grimshaw has left the French confederacy for flogging Baliverne so severely at Newmarket after she had won her race, as to draw down the censure of several Noblemen who saw it. Mr. Gratwicke has sold his yearlings in a lump to Lord Westmoreland for a thousand guineas. Messrs. Loudon and Ryder's Goodwood is pronounced the most elegant and useful piece of plate that has ever been offered for a racing prize, and only the precursor, we hope, of many similar ones. Mr. Johns, one of the chevaliers d'industrie of the Turf, died a short time back, like most of his class, in extreme poverty; and Lord Sefton, they say, will keep horses.

ART AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

THE fable of 'The Boys and Frogs' would illustrate aptly the last months dramatic history. The 'golden age' for managers has been vouchsafed to them; but the public, alas! has only suffered by their prosperity. The equilibrium of enjoyment has been disturbed with the usual penalties, and the managerial feast has proved the public's fast. Novelty is as much dead as treason. The world of country cousins which has poured into London to feast its fill of pleasure, has arrived with so keen an appetite, such robust tastes, and is altogether so little fastidious, that the point has been rather to dull the edge of its appetite than to whet it. The very dreariest of dimly defunct dramas, the oldest stock pieces, and the most threadbare of meagre comedies have consequently sufficed to satisfy pleasure-seekers, and fill the theatres to overflowing. The inextinguishable 'Colleen Bawn' has even been resuscitated at Drury Lane, and is to be followed, it is said, by an equal novelty in the shape of the last Christmas pantomime. Nothing has been, in truth, too old, nothing too heavy, too prosy, or too tedious, to disenchant the Epicureans, who have so resolutely bent themselves to the task of exhausting London, and of revenging themselves for long abstinence in the country from wicked theatrical enjoyments by much dissipation in them in London.

Short of 'Jane Shore,' 'William Corder,' and 'George Barnwell,' there has been nothing new produced. 'The Dead Heart' 'The Colleen Bawn,' 'The Peep o' Day,' are all running as gaily as if they were not of last season's fashions, and, to all intents and purposes, worse than a hundred years old. Mr. Sothorn's *Lord Dundreary* is running still with a popularity, that play-bill parlance might for once truthfully call 'unprecedented.' If rumour is to be depended on, this now much lauded comedy was so little of a success during its first month's career that the management were on the point of withdrawing it altogether. The accident which prevented such a consummation must have been freighted, like a poet's argosy, with treasure, for it has proved an enormous fortune to the management. Mr. Sothorn is the dramatic lion of London, and nothing probably in 'the strange and eventful 'history' of the stage can be shown more curious than (or even to parallel) the enthusiasm and excitement which have been created by his performance. Dundreary is a household word—horses, dogs, whips, and shirt collars, yachts which go down and diving bells which won't, have been named after him, and 'Dundrearyism' has become a language as well known as 'Euphuism' in the days of Elizabeth. The world, in fact, has been going 'Dundreary' mad, and some idea of the insanity can alone be estimated by the circumstance, that there were persons, found at the Dramatic College fête imbecile enough to pay half a crown for the actor's bare autograph, and wicked enough to despise the charms and attractions of some of the prettiest actresses in London, to mob the stall at which Mr. Sothorn sat for a sight of him. Even Mr. Arthur Roebuck's pet peasant, who had never heard of the Duke of Wellington, is, doubtless, before this, familiar with Lord Dundreary, and is as well versed in his biography as a young lady in her first season, or the most practised newspaper critic of the modern Babylon.

The operas have shared in the general theatrical millennium, and have been crowded nightly, though the cast of 'Roberto il Diavolo' at Covent Garden was even weak and imperfect, and the choruses generally, but especially in 'Les Huguenots,' might have been much better, while the public themselves have complained bitterly of promises broken by managers, especially by Mr. Mapleson, in selling tickets for seats to more persons than the resources of the house could accommodate. At Her Majesty's, Mdle. Titiens has been the guiding and leading star, and has proved herself a very 'Hesperus among 'the lesser lights' to the fortunes of the house, charming everybody alike by her artistic qualifications and superb vocalization. Miss Pyne, the most brilliant of English executants, has made her appearance as *Zerlina* in 'Don Giovanni,' and as *Susanna* in 'Le Nozze di Figaro,' Santley appearing as the *Count*, Mdle. Titiens as the *Countess*, Gassier as *Figaro*, Trebelli, Zucchini, and Bellini filling up the cast. In each of these operas, our Miss Pyne gained the warmest sympathies of the public, though her acting, of course, as *Zerlina*, compares but ill with that of the inimitable Patti.

At Covent Garden Patti has appeared as *Norina* in 'Don Pasquale,' the only new part she has added to her already extended repertoire, but she is announced for *Maria* in 'La Figlia' and for 'Dinorah.' In music, as in the drama, nothing new has been produced, if we except a cantata by Balfe, to the story of 'Mazeppa,' from Byron, produced by Mr. Sims Reeves at his benefit concert at Exeter Hall, some passages in which have gained the warmest praise, and earned the well-deserved commendation of the press. The cast of 'Roberto' at Covent Garden has been altered from its first production, Mesdames Penco and Carvalho having been replaced by Mdles. Fricci and Battu as *Alice* and *Isabella* respectively; and this, with a small tribute of respect for the extreme effectiveness and splendour of the orchestral results, and of the scenic effects and arrangements at Covent Garden, especially in 'Les Huguenots,' which have been each as splendid and admirable in their way as in 'Le Prophète,' and the circumstance that 'Masaniello' is announced, are all the circumstances deserving note in this brief summary.

Mr. Kean has been playing *Cardinal Wolsey* in 'Henry VIII.,' and the public appreciation of the marvellous rhetorical merits of the poetry of this play, for unluckily it has no very striking dramatic qualifications, as well as

of Shakespeare's insight into the mysteries of the loftiest phases of human character, may be estimated by the fact that the play is successful.

Anything more ludicrously unlike the author, anything more positively inconsistent with the text—with history—with humanity, than Mr. Kean's *Cardinal Wolsey* it would be impossible to conceive. As *Cardinal Wolsey*, it is simply ludicrous. As a comedy resembling 'Louis XI.' in which an eccentric elderly gentleman in clerical costume takes an active part, it may be esteemed, perhaps, a success; but in any other respect it is a mere farce to associate it with the honoured name of Shakespeare. This is written in sober seriousness, and with the very highest respect, both for Mr. Kean's undoubted merits as an actor, and admiration of his talent as a manager; but also with the consciousness that something is due to the sanctity of history, and the predilections and creations of a national poet. Mr. Robson has again appeared in 'The Porter's Knot' at the Olympic, and although on two occasions we have observed a slight falling off in the care with which he has rendered the charming character of *Sampson Burr*, and some disposition to act rather than, as of old, to feel the part, it is still, with Mr. Robson, a comedy to be seen again. Miss Amy Sedgwick deserves—not of our gallantry, but of our tardy and even crabbed cynicism—a warm tribute of praise for her impersonation of *The Dowager*, which is honestly one of the most legitimate performances of genuine comedy still left lingering on a stage all but absolutely deserted by legitimate comedy and tragedy. Mr. Henry J. Byron's burlesque of the 'Lady of Lyons' has been resuscitated at the Strand, and Miss Sanders' clever acting, and Mr. Clarke's thoroughly artistic appreciation of his character, have again combined with the genuine humorous merits of the dialogue, to gain back some portion of popularity once so freely accorded to the pleasant little Strand. 'Is it the King?' being excepted, as bringing too prominently forward the qualifications of Miss Swanborough, a clever (but imperfectly-educated actress, the bill at this theatre is a good one, and likely to prove attractive. At the Adelphi, Mr. Webster plays in 'The Dead Heart,' a decidedly successful Adelphi melodrama, for those who relish that species of entertainment. At the Lyceum the fare is still 'The Peep o' Day.' At the St. James's, 'Friends or Foes;' a comedy we have previously noticed.

In concluding, we cannot forbear our passing tribute of recognition to the great success of the Dramatic College Fête this year. It was the merriest, most diverting, and enjoyable fancy fair we ever witnessed, and hope sincerely it will be repeated every year, till further notice. It forms an agreeable holiday for a hard-worked class of public servants, and gives the world, generally, an opportunity, not of rudely staring at, but of honestly admiring, and of seeing face to face, some of the brightest and most gifted actors and actresses of the day. This year everything passed off without a shadow. The brilliant costumes, the tasteful decorations, the merry excitement of the various shows, the genuine fun and diversion, as well as the tasteful and elegant dresses, and generally fascinating attractions of the lovely and accomplished stall-keepers, combined to render it the most delightful picnic and fête of the season. Long may it be sustained with equal esprit and decorum! We had almost dropped our pen without a reference and without our accustomed recognition of the Monday Popular Concerts, the scheme of which every genuine lover of music, and every honest admirer of legitimate art in any profession would wish to say a good word for. These concerts, which reflect so high a credit on the management, have been brought to a close with a bumper concert to the manager, Mr. Arthur Chappell. If the very highest and most intelligent claims to public gratitude should attain success, he deserved and received it. More than a thousand persons were said to have been turned away, and in deference to the wishes of that thousand it may be presumed two extra concerts have been added and are to be given. These concerts have done more for the popularizing of good music than any other scheme ever propounded, and we trust next year's campaign will be as successful as the last.



Thaffore

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

AMONG the members of the Jockey Club, who, although not at present running horses, still take an active interest in all that relates to the Turf, is the Earl of Strafford, who, to a large class of our readers, might be better described as late Lord Enfield, late Captain G. S. Byng, for it was under those names he has figured in the Calendar.

The Earl of Strafford, like the subject of our last memoir, is the son of a field-marshal; and as he and the present Marquis of Anglesey stand in the relationship of brother-in-law, their sequence in our collection of portraits is the more natural. The Earl of Strafford was born in 1806, and was educated at Richmond, in Yorkshire, under the care of Dr. Tate, the late Dean of St. Paul's, who trained as many winners for the prizes of Cambridge as his near neighbours, Peirse of Belle Isle and Croft, did for the honours of Knavesmire or Doncaster Moor. The son of so distinguished a soldier as Sir John Byng was naturally dedicated to the profession of arms, and as soon as his age permitted he left Richmond for the Military College at Sandhurst; and on passing his examination there he received a commission in the Rifle Brigade, then, as now, one of the most distinguished corps in the army. In this regiment he remained until after he had obtained his company, and acted for some time on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland. Belonging to a family noted for the strength of its political feelings, Mr. Byng was not long in finding an opening for the display of those abilities which may be said to have been hereditary in his race, and in 1830, as member for Milborne Port, he entered Parliament, in which he sat until 1852. During this period, if his name is not identified with any great political measure of the age, his administrative qualities rendered him a very useful public servant: for he filled the office of a Lord of the Treasury under Earl Grey's Government, and on the formation of Lord John Russell's administration he received the appointment of Under-Secretary to the Board of Con-

trol, which he held until 1852, when his elevation to the Upper House took place, by being called there, under his father's Barony of Strafford. Between the intervals of these posts he likewise fulfilled the duties of Comptroller of the Household to William IV. and her Majesty, the due discharge of which, as might be imagined, required extreme aptitude for finance, as well as judicious economy, for the country had not yet forgotten or forgiven the shameful extravagance which characterized the Civil Lists of George IV.

But it is with his racing career we have most to deal ; and although, as Mr. Byng, he never had many horses in training, still by his management of them, and the skill he showed in putting them together with those of other people, he always stood well at the end of each season, and acquired a leading position at Newmarket at a period which might be termed without exaggeration its Augustan age.

Bred up in a family that was always distinguished for its attachment to field sports, and to racing in particular, Mr. Byng was not likely to escape the contagion, and in 1831 we find him credited as the owner of Miss Craven, Ciudad Rodrigo, and Dryad, which he placed under Richard Boyce at Newmarket, and which won as many races for him as a young beginner might reasonably anticipate. Ciudad Rodrigo, when running in the Duke of Richmond's name at Newmarket, was the cause of an amusing and expensive error to one of the old school of legs, who could scarcely read his own card, and as we have not seen it in print for some years its revival may be well received. In the heat of the betting in the Ring on the heath, four parties went consecutively to the person in question and got him to lay them separately the odds against the Grey (he was a grey horse), and also against the Duke of Richmond's, Ciudad, Rodrigo, which he did most willingly ; and when he saw the Duke of Richmond's colours in front he congratulated himself on what a good book he had got, as he fancied, in his innocence of heart, that Ciudad Rodrigo and the Grey were all different animals ; and his horror, when he discovered they were one and the same, may be easily imagined. With Boyce Captain Byng remained until he entered in his confederacy with General Peel, and his horses were removed to William Cooper's. The junction of so much ability, aided by the riding of Nat, who was then in the full swing of his career, led to the most prosperous results, and Cooper's stable began to be regarded as the most dangerous at Newmarket. On the merits of Colonel Peel's fliers of that period we have already dilated, so there is no occasion to refer to them a second time, and shall only deal with the introduction of Captain Byng into the stable. The chief of these was the celebrated Garry Owen, one of the speediest two-year-old course horses that Newmarket ever saw, and whose frequent encounters with Oakley, Celia, and Ralph, are still the subject of conversation in the bow windows of St. James's Street, as well as in the smokies of the metropolis of the Turf. This beautiful little horse—for he was under fifteen hands high—was purchased as a yearling by

Mr. Byng, from the late Mr. Thornhill of Riddlesworth, and continued in training until he was nine years old, when he was sold to M. Achille Fould, the illustrious financier of France. In the course of his career he won or received forfeit in thirty-two races, of which twenty-seven were matches.

In 1850 the subject of our sketch, who had become Lord Enfield, entered upon the third epoch of his turf career, as he returned to the Goodwood, with which he had been for a short time associated, prior to his starting by himself, with Boyce. And here the same success attended him as before : as we find Beehunter and Hernandez doing a good business—the latter having in 1851 won the Riddlesworth of 800*l.*, the 2,000 Guinea Stakes of 1850, the Gratwicke Stakes of 1850, and another stake at Goodwood of 300*l.*, and The Triennial of 636*l.* at Newmarket. Besides this he ran third for the Derby. Beehunter also will for a long time be remembered from his great match with Clinker, on which young England betted with a freedom that recalled to mind the age of Fox and Lord George Cavendish ; and it was fortunate perhaps for all parties the encounter should have ended in a dead heat. At present Lord Strafford, to which title he came in 1860, has no horses in training ; but he has preserved from his stud the brood mare Teetotum, the dam of Asteroid, who bids fair, from what we have seen of her produce, to become a profitable annuity to him. Lord Strafford, we should add, was a joint steward of the Jockey Club with General Anson and the late Duke of Bedford during that stormy period in the annals of the turf when the Qui Tam actions called forth all the energy and hostility of Lord George Bentinck. This circumstance was so far fortunate ; for to a calmer or more sagacious tribunal the consideration of the important matters thereby involved could not have been confided ; and the measures they adopted to nip the conspiracy in the bud were quite sufficient to meet the exigencies of the case.

In summing up the career of the Earl of Strafford, we may with great truth observe, that while he has inherited in no small degree the talents of his celebrated maternal ancestor, who desired to become ‘The Richelieu of England,’ but fell in the attempt, he has never yet been distinguished ‘as the great apostate from the cause of ‘the people.’ As a politician he has always been the consistent advocate of civil and religious liberty, and to have won the confidence of such Premiers as Lord Grey, Lord Melbourne, and Lord John Russell, is as high a compliment to him in that sense as being associated in the Stewardship of the Jockey Club with such colleagues as the Duke of Bedford and General Anson must be a source of satisfaction to him in another. Accessible to all classes of society, and constantly animated by a desire to do good to those who have to look to him for support, the future Lingard or Macaulay will have to deal with the present Earl of Strafford in a very different strain to that they indulged in towards the other Earl, who filled such a conspicuous place in the annals of the unfortunate Monarch who consigned him to that block to which he so soon

followed himself. And, in conclusion, it is only right the world should know that the subject of our sketch, in all the relations of life, has maintained that character and reputation which an English nobleman should enjoy if he would desire the order to which he belongs to be respected.

CHARLIE THORNHILL ;
OR, THE DUNCE OF THE FAMILY.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN OFFER.

‘ Marriage is honourable in all.’

‘ SET a thief to catch a thief!’ I think not. The two would be just as likely to combine to rob you, and you would meet with the amount of sympathy you deserve. I cannot understand the principle upon which the greatest poacher in the county makes the best game-keeper. Surely there are plenty of honest men, with the same amount of knowledge in the destruction of vermin and the preservation of game ; and if so, no gentleman is justified in preferring successful roguery to honourable industry. I am not anxious to see our county police chosen from amongst our ticket-of-leave men, and should certainly mistrust the inspector from Portland Island or the *bagnes*. Not so Wilson Graves. His retainers were not selected for honourable antecedents ; and as their work was sometimes dirty, the instruments were to be not over-scrupulous. Men who live by their wits in a small way, work for themselves, and their operations are on a par with their expectations. Men who must have thousands out of nothing are the great villains of society ; who keep in pay a host of artisans, agents of evil devices, the diggers and delvers after the philosopher’s stone.

Graves cared very little whom his people robbed, as long as they let him go scot free. To say truth, his own rascalities were so numerous, that he gave them very little time to idle. George Ritsom, his groom, was his prime minister ; he selected him because he was clever, unscrupulous, and walked about with a rope round his neck, and his master knew it. He was therefore his very humble servant, and understood a hint, as well as most men whose apprehensions are quickened by the fear of a halter. It was not quite so bad as that however ; still men have been hung for the same and for less. He had once poisoned a horse ; and the proofs were in the hands of Wilson Graves. Good heavens ! what a life to lead. I do not speak of either as an absolute pleasure, but better far would it be to be hanged at once, honestly and like a gentleman, than to go through the world the slave of such a man as he. However, there was nothing between servitude to the devil and utter ruin, so George set about his task with a will, and not without hopes, by corruption of an honest lad, of a successful termination.

Both master and man acted upon a dictum of Sir Robert Walpole's, that 'every man had his price;' by which this world was reduced to the condition of a huge slave market, in which it was supposed that every man must be possessed of some demon, which rules him with a rod of iron under the semblance of a golden thread. I need hardly say, for the credit of human nature, that the dogma is as false as it is dangerous.

Whilst Tom Thornhill was enjoying himself, hunting, losing his money, making good resolutions, and breaking them, and Wilson Graves was profiting by his lengthened visit in Melton, Charlie had three things on his mind which caused him considerable anxiety. The first was his examination, which, as it approached, presented its difficulties in gigantic proportions; the second was Edith Dacre, about whom and whose love he felt as most modest men in his position would have felt; for like many a brave, true-hearted fellow he had but small reliance upon his own powers of pleasing. He knew what a prize she was, and his love, as it magnified her value, magnified the temptation it held out to other men. He had difficulty in believing that she could be seen without being admired, or that the fruit could hang long enough on the tree to abide his gathering. Charlie had a great deal of true chivalry in his nature. He was rough, shy, almost awkward in women's society, but with a feeling for their weakness, which is rare indeed amongst your lady-killers. He was not blind to the fact of his claims upon her gratitude; and since her recovery, he had been made to understand, by constant kindness, how thoroughly her family appreciated his services. But this was to him an additional bar to his advancement; and he was further than ever from making her understand his feelings towards her, if such an idea had ever entered his mind. Charlie was one of those men who could no more have told a woman he loved her, premeditatedly, than he could have committed sacrilege with his eyes open. In the present case he looked upon the two things as very much alike. So he made himself uncomfortable, to his full satisfaction; which he need not have done had he known all I knew. The third care was not a heavy one, for his confidence here was as great as in the other matters it was small. This was the steeple-chase between the brown horse, which went commonly by the name of *Œdipus*—from a certain fullness about one of his fetlocks, but which was simply a callous swelling from a blow when a yearling—and the mare Reluctance, the property of his mortal enemy, Robinson Brown. He was very jealous of that young man—not without cause. For when we take into consideration a fashionable lisp, or whatever his peculiarity of pronunciation might be called, a quantity of first-class jewellery, the whitest of hands, and neatest of feet, a tall, delicate figure, Mr. Poole's very best attentions, and the enormous fortune to which he was heir, what young woman could resist him? Yet Edith Dacre managed to do so in a very decided manner. And whilst Charlie was fretting, under a whole suit of flannel and three top-coats every morning, at the fancied success of

that individual in his pursuit, and which added immensely to the effect of the aforesaid flannels, in getting him down to the requisite 12 st. 4 lb. with the saddle and bridle, John Robinson Brown, the heir apparent, was smarting not from rejected love but injured vanity. Charlie Thornhill's slashing performance, and consequent rescue of Edith Dacre, with the very warm feeling which was exhibited towards him by every member of the Dacre family, had so roused the dormant energies of the Plunger, that he was determined upon closing the account at once. An opportunity soon presented itself.

No sooner was Miss Edith's health perfectly re-established, which it was in a few weeks from the excellence of her constitution and the invincibility of her spirits, than she determined upon riding again. She began with the old pony, and prudently confined herself at first to the road. It was not long, however, before a lovely morning, such as we have only occasionally in the winter, tempted her to the cover-side. Her father and Mr. John Robinson Brown were her escort. The latter of the two rode one of his very best-looking horses, and was altogether such a pattern of perfection as no one but the best of tailors and the most skilful of valets ever sent out. Edith's charms at the breakfast table, her lovely figure, the glow of renewed health, and the simple beauty of her unaffected toilette, had completely upset her lover. Mr. Dacre was joined on his way to the meet, but a short distance off, by one of his turnip-growing friends, who had got him fast upon the subject of swedes and parsnips making admirable soup, and the relative proportions of saccharine matter in the one or the other. The horses were at a foot's pace, as the gentlemen rode their hunters, and accommodated themselves to their fair companion's humour. She and the millionaire were about a hundred yards behind, and their conversation had taken a turn on general affairs, and affairs of the heart in particular. Never was such a chance, thought the knight; such a thing never can be going to happen, the lady would have thought, had she thought about it. She was just then wondering who the friend was whom he was describing as 'weally vewy much—aw—' aw—positively quite unable—aw—aw, one of the most wretched, 'or the most fortunate—aw—of beings, sufferwings, and that sort of 'thing quite widiculous, mawwiage, and so forth, difficult to express 'his feelings,'—when leaning gently forward, he ventured to place his own ungloved hand upon the lady's pummel of the saddle, occupied already by the tightly-gloved one of Edith Dacre. At that moment a cheerful little bird in the hedgerow (a 'wobin in fact,' as he afterwards described it), who had heard every word, and understood it—which is more than I or you could have done—flew out with a twitter right in front of Robinson Brown's horse. Captain Bobadil, who was fresher than usual (and he had an awkward way of putting up his back sometimes), gave one lurch to the off-side, as the gallant cornet was leaning down a little too tenderly, shot out his hind legs with a peculiar twist of the back, and sent his master right into

the mud at the pony's feet. Having done this, he trotted on in magnificent form to join the turnip-crushers in front, who were thus made aware of the little accident behind. If Robinson Brown wanted an answer to his remarkable proposal, he found it in an uncontrollable fit of laughter, which the poor girl nearly strangled herself in her endeavour to stifle. The only result to him was the kind inquiries of his friends at the cover-side whether he had been larking on the way to the meet: and some sapient remarks, that when he was older he'd know better. The robin evidently knew all about it; for he saved Edith Dacre, what is always a painful performance to a good-hearted girl, the necessity of refusing a great ass, like a lady. How she would have got through it she has not the slightest idea of this day. He never began again.

Of course the thing was not mentioned by the two parties concerned. We can scarcely conceive Mr. Robinson Brown publishing his own defeat. I can answer for Edith Dacre's silence. In the beginning of December, however, there was a four days' frost, and men came up to town.

'By Jove, Lurcher, how d'ye do?' said our old acquaintance, Tuftenham, of the Foreign Office, walking into the Reform one morning, and tapping his friend on the shoulder, 'What sport?'

'Fair; not very first-rate,' replied the other. 'We've killed 'about twenty brace of foxes. Payne has had some capital sport 'in the Pytchley country. Any news in town?'

'Not much,' said the Government clerk. 'You know Robinson 'Brown, the man in the 103rd Dragoon Guards?'

'The woman, you mean,' interposed Lurcher.

'He proposed to Edith Dacre, out riding. You know the 'Dacre, Teddy's sister? and she knocked him off his horse.'

'I beg your pardon, Tuftenham,' said young Balderdash of the 'Blues. 'I had it from a man who saw it. They were going to 'cover when it happened; and Charlie Thornhill, who thought he 'had insulted her in some way, pulled him off his horse. The 'thing was hushed up, because of the girl. By-the-way,' added he, lowering his tone confidentially, 'don't mention it, for it was told 'me as a great secret, and it might create a row if it got wind— 'fellows are so deuced particular about that sort of thing.'

'Certainly not,' said Tuftenham; and off he went to the 'Tag 'and Squeamish' to retail this pretty piece of gossip. Of course it did not come round to Charlie in this form, as it underwent many more additions, modifications, and perversions before it reached him; but he ascertained pretty surely that the gentleman had received his *coup de grace*, and he was happier for the intelligence. The robin and the frost were to blame.

Most things went on quietly and consistently at Brain Lees Manor House, the sacred grove in which Captain Armstrong instructed British youth in the mysteries of military science. He continued pertinaciously his grog and rubber; the Cantab regaled himself with a short pipe and Burton beer when the day's cramming

was over ; and the young disciples of the establishment were as consistent in their habits of idleness, duck-hunting, badger-baiting, and rat-catching, as *the Duke* could possibly have desired. They showed a wonderful energy in these matters. *Energy*, we are all assured, on the word of an eminent schoolmaster, is far above learning : but a very keen-sighted friend of mine declares in favour of *luck*.

One morning, however, on Charlie's return from a visit at Gilsland, he found the house and family in a terrible state of excitement. Craven was missing. Had he gone by himself the loss might have been remedied ; but he had taken no less than Matilda, in her best bonnet, with him. By the time the captain was awake to the fact, Miss Armstrong had become Mrs. Craven, and was already on her third sheet of repentance, unmixed at present with any regret. Of course he was furious ; all dram-drinkers are ill-tempered and excitable, and old Armstrong was no exception to the rule. He cursed his servants and his gods, his profession, his pupils, and his wife, whom he accused as the cause of his misfortunes, and then appealed to Charlie, and burst into tears. The lady was less affected. On a general review of the whole case, she drew a lively picture of a reconciled daughter-in-law, a reluctant but undoubted recognition of her claims by the aristocrats of the family, and an occasional entrance on to the threshold of good society through 'My daughter, Mrs. Craven ;' whose son might possibly become Lord Doolittell, by not more than half a dozen unexpected deaths.

'Dear me, Captain Armstrong,' said she, 'don't make such a fool of yourself—she's old enough to know her own mind ; and he might have done worse. Drat his uncle ; who's he, that he should give himself airs, I should like to know ?'

And so she carried her complaints about among her neighbours, but applauded herself at home.

Hypercriticism may ask what this has to do with the business. I admit, nothing whatever. Perhaps nothing more may be heard of Mr. or Mrs. Craven during these volumes : but it was a startling episode in the life of Charlie's tutor, and could scarcely be omitted. Besides, it has its moral, to parents, tutors, and pupils.

We may as well make short work of them all. Craven became an ensign, and took his wife to India ; for the uncle and the aristocratic family were inexorable. He died after three years' service, as others have done before him ; and his widow, the Widow Craven, who never forgot her uncle, Lord Doolittell, though she reviled him prettily during her husband's life, became Mrs. Major O'Toole, of the Mounted Flybysnights, and led a miserable life, somewhat between that of a vivandiere and a camp-follower. Old Armstrong had the pleasure of instructing several young O'Tooles in after years ; and Mrs. Armstrong mended the little breeches of these brave little warriors, with many a sigh that they were not Cravens.

CHAPTER XXX.

STRONG OF THE STABLE.

‘An honest man is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not.’—2 *Henry IV.*

CHARLIE THORNHILL had just finished what in racing language is politely called his last sweat, and was lying in his room preparatory to another attack upon those eternal logarithms, when a knock at the door summoned him.

‘Man below wants to see Mr. Thornhill,’ said the servant.

‘What’s he like?’ said Charlie, through the door.

‘Looks like an Irishman. I think he is one, sir.’

‘Why so?’ again demanded our hero.

‘Talks like it, sir; and says he’s so thirsty.’

‘Where does he come from; and what does he want? Not a gentleman, is he?’

‘Oh! no, sir. Won’t give no name; and says he can’t leave the house till he’s seen Mr. Thornhill.’

‘Well, then, take care of the hats and coats, and I’ll be down in five or ten minutes. I dare say he wants money.’

‘Most on ’em do, sir. I’ll tell him to wait in the hall.’

Charlie rose, completed a rapid toilette, and descended. There was no one in the study, and thither he conducted his client. ‘I think you want to speak to me; my name’s Thornhill.’

The man did not answer immediately, and Charlie had time to run him over. He was evidently from the Sister Isle: it did not require him to talk to recognize that fact. He had a quantity of shaggy brown hair, a thick beard, with which his eyes and the general colour of his face was at variance. High cheek-bones and ferret-looking eyes gave a character of cunning to him. His dress was peculiar. He twisted a low-crowned hat in his hand. His clothes were well made, but very shabby. A shepherd’s plaid shooting-coat and waistcoat; a scarlet woollen neckcloth, with the ends hanging down; and a pair of brown trousers, very tight, and terminating in three buttons over the rough and thick highlows he wore, completed the suit. What was he? A helper; a wandering conjuror; a pedestrian attendant on a pack of hounds; or a Newmarket tout out of season? The bird of Jove is said to be rapid of flight; but before he could have swooped the depth of a moderate house Charlie’s mind had taken in thus much.

‘Now then, what is it, my man? Where do you come from?’

‘I come to-day from Mr. Downy’s.’ Oh! oh! thought Charlie, something wrong about *Œdipus*. Now I suppose he wants to see my brother.

‘Are you engaged in the stable?’

‘No, sir; not exactly.’ One of those rascally touts, thought Charlie. It’s about time honest men cut the turf. And indeed the gentleman was right.

‘Well, then, you know something about our horses. Now, out

‘with it like a man. Let’s hear what the information’s worth, and you shall have it.’

‘Faix, then, your honour’s right: it is about the horses.’

‘Which of them?’ said Charlie.

‘Well, it’s not Kathleen, nor the two-year old; them’s all right: and I seen Jonathan Wild the day before yesterday. Och! he’s the picture;’ during which speech the man continued to turn and twist the rim of his hat, which might have been better, to have stood the wear and tear. ‘But there’s a big brown horse, your honour knows, as isn’t quite clane-bred; and—and—he’s more of a steeple-racer, or whatever your honour calls ’em.’

‘Ædipus, you mean; the horse that’s engaged in a match?’

‘Well, Captain, I wouldn’t engage for the name,’ said the Irishman. ‘I don’t well know about them foreigners, but that’s the horse that I mane.’

‘Is there anything amiss with him?’ said Charlie, rather nervously, for he knew how heavily Tom had backed him. ‘The horse was all right a week ago.’ Here Charlie looked closely at the man, and a sudden idea that he was not unknown to him set him thinking where he could have seen him.

‘He’s right enough now, and will be so, maybe, this week or two, or whenever the match is; but he won’t be right the day before, nor the day itself. But I see your honour don’t belave me.’

‘If what you tell me is true, you’ve some object in telling me,’ said Charlie, who was still endeavouring to recall the place in which he had seen his companion.

‘’Deed, I have, then. It’s to save yer money, and, maybe, yer horse; but I’ll be murther’d if it’s known that I tould yer honour anything about it.’

‘You haven’t told me anything about it yet. What is it you fear?’

‘What is it I fear? I fear I’ll be murther’d,’ said Pat, taking thought for himself.

‘No, no; I mean for the horse,’ said Charlie, not so particular about an Irishman more or less in the world.

‘For the horse? Sure it’s poison.’

‘What makes you think there’s any danger of that? Do you know the trainer, Sam Downy?’

‘Do I know Sam Downy?’ Deed do I. He’s done a queer thing or two, but he won’t do that: he’s right enough. It’s the boys.’

‘Then why didn’t you go to him at once?’

‘He’s a good man, is Sam Downy; but he’s not a raal gentleman, Misther Thornhill: he hasn’t the blood in him. Wouldn’t he think I’d be lying to him; with his own boys, and all? But it’s true as gospel; and ye’ll belave it, if ye lave the poor beast there till ye see.’ This seemed a very conclusive condition, but Charlie was too English to enter into it. So he said again—

‘This may be true; but I can’t test it. How do you know this?’

‘Faith, I do know it. I heard it.’

‘Men hear more lies than truth in this world.’

‘Your honour’s right this time. So your honour will send for the horse away?’

But Charlie was too stanch to his point to be shaken off like this, so he said again—

‘Not unless you give me your authority. I won’t move a hand or foot in it unless you do. Take your news to Mr. Downy.’

‘You won’t? Then, sir, by Jakers, it’s just George is my authority; divil a soul else.’ This was said with a sort of obstinate energy, which impressed Charlie somewhat with its truth.

‘And what did George, as you call him, tell you?’

‘Just nothing at all. What for would he tell me? Faith it was the lad as looks after the horse, as he told it to. Says he, “Tim,” says he, “it must be done. Look at that. That’s your own.” And he brings out a beautiful English note, and spreads it out. “And you’ll have a handsome trifle put on for ye besides, now the party knows which way it’s to be.” And the boy said something about the squire, maning your brother, and how he loved the horse. And then the blackguard promised that he wouldn’t hurt him, only make him safe. And he’s to have a key the night before the race; and if the money given for it is anything, it’ll be a golden key that unlocks the stable door.’

‘And where were you when you heard all this?’ said Charlie.

‘Wasn’t I asleep in an outhouse, and they two was talking to one another all the time about Mr. Thornhill’s horse.’

‘And what George is this, that you seem to know so much about?’

‘He’s George Ritsom; I knew him when I first see him: for we were together, maybe, fourteen or fifteen years ago. He was always a bad ’un, was George. They do say as he’s groom to a gentleman—Misther Graves, they call him, a great sporting gentleman.’ This threw a new light on the subject, and made Charlie pause before he rejected such doubtful evidence. He knew Wilson Graves; he knew his character; and he knew that, for some inexplicable reason, he had been laying against the horse, by commission, up to the very day.

‘And your object is to serve me?’

‘It is.’

‘And how have I deserved that at your hands?’ said Charlie, who, being one of those men who acted upon some sort of principle himself, expected others to do the same.

The Irishman looked down, with a foolish look, as though not understanding the question. At length he raised his head, and ignoring the previous question, he said, ‘Then ye’ll look afther your brother’s horse, sir; I’ll go bail he’ll pay ye for the throuble: I never saw a finer beast. He’s a grand horse altogether.’

‘Listen to me, and never mind about the horse. I want to know what I ever did to or for you that you should be anxious

‘to serve me.’ You must have a reason. As Charlie spoke he rose from his chair, and placed his back, apparently with no purpose, against the door. The movement was not lost on the Irishman, who looked nervous, and again resorted to a vacant stare, whilst he appeared to con the last question.

‘What ye ever did to me? Sorrow a thing ye ever did to me. Maybe ye’ll mind the puppy ye lost——’

‘And got back again. My good man, I’m not likely to forget it in a hurry. Did you hold my horse at Tattersall’s that morning?’

‘Well then, your honour, I won’t decave you. You’re too quick for the likes o’ me, anyhow. How’ll the dog be? I heard that ye had her back.’

‘She’s upstairs at this minute, and well. But why did you come here to me to-day?’

‘Would I make a scandal and a talking in a gentleman’s stable? and, maybe, he know it all the while, and ——’

‘What’s that, you scoundrel?’ said Charlie, interrupting him; ‘you dare to insinuate that my brother knows of such a thing, or ever heard of such a thing, for one minute, and connived at it. It’s a lucky thing for you he didn’t hear you say it. I believe he’d have wrung your neck on the spot. He’s quicker tempered than I.’ And here Charlie smiled grimly; for he knew the laxity of stable morality to take too seriously what the Irishman might have considered part of the business of turf-management.

‘Och, yer honour, is it him ye calls the young squire? Would I mane such a thing of a gentleman like that? It’s Misther Downy, sure, I was thinking of. Ye see, your honour, I’ve been a bit in the horse line myself, and though I’m a bit out of luck, I know a trifle about them sort. They’re not the same as a gentleman-born.’ And Mike, for it was he, began to feel quite comfortable at having put Charlie off the scent as to the motives of his information. He was wise enough to hold his tongue, a thing few people can do just in the right place; there’s many a good cause spoilt by over-talking. At length Charles Thornhill looked at him steadily and said, ‘Supposing this information to be true—and I shall take care to see whether it is or no—what is the price? You haven’t travelled with it here for nothing. What do you want?’ And Charlie resumed his seat by the fire.

Mike stared for a moment, and then drawing up with a certain dignity, which assorted badly with his tight, brown trousers and highlows, said, ‘Faith, it’s no fault of your honour’s that ye can’t understand me. I was better off once, and I’d a good name to the back of me; but it’s a long time ago. I haven’t a rag on me now that wasn’t given to me; and it’s not proud that I’d be, under the circumstances, of the name I’d get if I’d my deserts. But I’d rather walk barefooted to the next jail, or what’s harder fare, to the parish workhouse, than I’d rob one of your name for doing an honest action.’ Mike burst into tears, the first he had shed for many a long year; and before Charlie had recovered from his

astonishment, he was out of the garden-door, and into the road, on his way back again.

No sooner was he gone, which Charlie ascertained beyond all doubt, by looking after him out of the gate, than he began pondering on the strange occurrence. It was not odd that a man should wish to tamper with a horse in training: such things had happened before. But it was odd that the man who did so had no more sense of shame or obligation than appeared to be the case with Wilson Graves. What, too, brought Mike there to tell him? He looked like a scoundrel; doubtless he was one (for appearances are not always deceitful); and yet the man takes a journey and refuses money, two things that none but a madman would be guilty of, instead of participating in the robbery as he might have done. All that struck Charlie as singular, to say the least of it. He liked getting to the bottom of a thing. He knew there was a motive for every action, and he had that sort of determination, which likes to test it. Now, he was as far off as ever. However, here was a fact—the man had been to him, and had asserted such and such things, leaving him to deal with them.

Charlie's doubts resolved themselves finally into three distinct propositions. When once that happens with a man of his character we may look for a speedy solution of difficulties. For if not over sharp, he was exceedingly honest; and a sort of useful common sense assisted a conscientious view of right and wrong. His first impulse was to take the matter in hand himself; but a moment's reflection showed him that that had its objections, the simplest of which was that he had no sort of authority whatever to do so. The horse was not his; the stables were not his; the money was not his. He possessed nothing but the information. Should he go at once to Tom? After all he was the person most concerned. But prudence told him, that if it could be disproved, he might as well spare Tom some very uncomfortable sensations, the impulses of that gentleman rather tending to jump to conclusions and act upon them with a very liberal allowance of energy. Charlie was loth to believe that Wilson Graves was concerned in such a nefarious business; still, appearances were against him. Should he see Mr. Samuel Downy? The only real objection to this was the recollection that he had not secured the co-operation, nor even the address, of his informant, and the injustice he might be doing an innocent boy. Still it was eminently Downy's business to know it, and to fathom it; and if he knew it already, as the Irishman had hinted, the sooner his employers knew it the better for the interests of the turf. There was the journey down, which took up time, a very valuable part of Charlie's capital: strange to say, he spared it grudgingly. One cigar, and a turn in the garden, settled his deliberations in favour of the last course. He put it into practice at once.

Mr. Samuel Downy was one of the stars of his profession; and, as he had risen to its heights from its lowest depths, through all the gradations, he fully comprehended its details. He had that grand

virtue, that whilst he was in dignity of carriage, and redness of face, the superintendent of his establishment, he was not above descending to the minutiae of his own stable-boys. It was the making of him, as it has been of the great duke and some other remarkable persons. Sensual indulgence unhappily produced gout, and gout infirmity; otherwise Mr. Downy would have been an active man; as it was, he was a very clever one. He was placed in a situation of much temptation, which he resisted so successfully as never to have been found out. He might have had a brother-in-law who laid against the favourite in Sam Downy's stable, whilst his owner continued to back him, and his trainer to prognosticate certain victory; but he took very good care that it was not known if such were the case. The public took him by the hand, and put him on a pedestal, from which a fall would have shaken him sorely.

'Now, my dear Downy, take another piece of buttered toast, and 'don't vex yourself about the Captain's horse; he'll be all right in 'the morning, I dessay,' said Mrs. Downy, one evening, as she poured out the master's cup of tea with one hand and stroked the flaxen curls of a young Downy with the other. But the master's soul was not to be subdued by buttered toast on this occasion, for the second favourite for the next year's two thousand guineas had hit his leg in his gallop, and was decidedly lame.

'Oh! yes; I know he'll be all right again,' replied Downy, a little mollified by the attention; 'but lor! how they will knock him 'about if the touts get sight of him; and there's lots of 'em about, 'Sally; so I tell ye. Why, he'll be knocked clean out of the 'betting.'

'Well then, you go and knock him clean in again. Now then, 'Jim Turner, what do you want lurking about here after the stables 'is done up? If you're come after Bessy Knowles, she's gone 'home to her friends, so you may go after her.' You see Mrs. Downy had not yet risen to the high social position she afterwards occupied. She married Sam, when he was a poor man, several years back; and she had not yet accomplished those company manners which belong to the wives of our topping trainers. Indeed, she never did quite reach that pinnacle of perfection which some have attained; but she was a good honest woman, a great favourite with the gentlemen, and wore a cap which resembled a triple crown in a harlequin jacket.

'I don't want none o' your Bessy Knowleses,' said the boy, laughing. 'I wants the master.'

'Well, out with it then: what have you got to say to the master? 'here he is.'

'No, no, Mrs. Downy, thank ye; I'll see Jim after tea in my 'room; you go and wait for me in the kitchen, Jim. My dear, 'send little Sally there to fetch my slippers: blest if I don't think I 'got a little touch o' my old friend coming.' Saying which, Mr. Downy nursed his leg, and Jim Turner retired to the kitchen to make love to Bessy Knowles's substitute.

It was about nine o'clock at night: the low, snug room which Mr. Downy called his own, and in which he smoked his evening pipe, and drank his evening glass, was warm and well lighted. Both Mr. and Mrs. Downy were well satisfied with its comforts. It presented to their eyes something brighter than wit, and warmer than friendship. Downy smoked in silence, and Mrs. Downy did the talking at intervals. But her lord and master was more than usually mysterious. Jim Turner had long been dismissed; and the new cook had washed up, and was reposing in front of the kitchen fire, when they were startled by the bayings and barkings of all the dogs, and a loudish ring at the bell. There is much character in that single action. The present tintemara seemed to say, 'I'm coming 'in whether you like it or no;' so Mrs. Downy put a cheerful countenance upon it, and after wondering whether it was some half-dozen people, who were not likely to come, attended to a second appeal, by snatching up a candle, with 'Lor love the man, he's in a 'hurry, whoever he is,' and going to the door.

'How do, Mrs. Downy?' said Charlie, as soon as he got inside; 'how's Mr. Downy. I hope I haven't disturbed you; but it's 'rather late to come down without writing. However, I want to 'have five minutes' conversation with Downy, if he's up;' and here, having been subjected to Mrs. Downy's scrutiny, she recognized the speaker.

Of the two brothers, Downy perhaps rather preferred the younger. Tom hurried him; was oo impetuous altogether; would back his own prejudices; and contradicted him unmercifully. Charlie spoke little to him; was monosyllabic in his remarks; and kept up accidentally that feeling of mysticism so grateful to the heart of a trainer, or a turfite. He was greatly relieved to see Charles Thornhill in illustration of Mrs. Downy's remark as she opened the door: 'Bless 'me, my dear, if here ain't Mr. Thornhill; who'd a' thought it at 'this time o' night?'

She took an early opportunity of setting the tower of Babel in the harlequin jacket aright, and then proceeded at once to ring for another glass, more hot water, and what Irishmen know as the 'materials.' Charlie was not averse to the arrangement; mixed himself a tumbler of whiskey and water, and accepted a cigar, which had been a present from his brother to Sam Downy.

In the mouth of an orator language is very uncertain in its mode of operation. It takes a long time to make a man understand anything. But Charlie was no orator; so that he was not long in making Sam Downy understand the exact state of his suspicions as regarded *Œdipus*. As Charles Thornhill progressed with his story, he might naturally have expected some remark, some affirmative or negative grunt. Not a sound relieved or assisted him. Slowly and methodically Sam Downy puffed away at his pipe; and as the relater approached the crisis, nothing but a little more prolonged expulsion of smoke betrayed an increased interest in the story. He finished; and Sam puffed away and looked steadily into vacancy. At length,

stopping his pipe with his little finger, and taking a gulp at his whiskey and water, he turned slowly round to Charlie, and said—

‘ Oh ! that’s the game is it ? Do you believe it ? ’

‘ I can scarcely say that I do. I haven’t told my brother, but I thought it right to come here.’ Charlie had been so reassured by the trainer’s coolness, that he really now very much doubted the truth of the story, whatever he might have done. After another half minute, collecting himself by an effort, he replied to the question—

‘ No ! I do not believe it.’

‘ I do ! ’ said Sam, emitting a cloud of smoke which spoke volumes.

‘ Any reason ? ’

‘ Half a dozen.’ Here Charlie waited for one of these half-dozen reasons ; but he was doomed to disappointment, for Downy continued to smoke in silence, and then ‘ he drank and smoked, and smoked and drank, and smoked again.’ Charlie was too prudent to interrupt his meditations with rash inquiries. After, however, a considerable pause in the conversation he ventured to ask—

‘ What sort of a boy is it that looks after the horse ? ’

‘ Very good boy ; good as most, better than most.’

‘ Do you suspect him then ? ’

‘ Yes.’

‘ Why ? ’

‘ Because he’s a liar and a coward. They go together.’

‘ Then is that your idea of a good boy, better than common, Downy ? What an experience of youth yours is ! ’

‘ There’s only one out of ten that wouldn’t be too bad for the Old Bailey if you could know half the truth. The boy’s been lying to me lately about a key, and his being out at night. I’ve had an eye on him ; the horse is all right, and you’ll say to-morrow it’s all over but shouting.’

‘ If we can circumvent this rascal George, whoever he may be.’ Charlie turned his cigar in his mouth, looked at it attentively without seeing it, and went on—‘ But how to do that ? ’

‘ Leave it to me. I shall write to Mr. Thornhill to-morrow, sir ; and if he’ll put me on sixty pounds to forty, I shall be much obliged to him. I’ll guarantee him all he’s laid upon the horse against anything wrong now.’

‘ Well, then, good night, Downy. I’ll be with you to-morrow about nine.’ And Charlie walked off to the Stapleford Arms.

‘ Now, Sally, let’s have that rasher in directly. I begin to feel a bit peckish.’ Mr. Downy still dined early.

The next morning dark clouds lowered ominously above ; and there had evidently fallen much rain in the night. Charlie was punctual to his appointment.

‘ That’s a nice colt the one we’ve passed,’ said Charlie ; ‘ good useful legs and feet, and big thighs and hocks.’

‘ Orlando and Durandarté,’ replied Mr. Downy ; ‘ great turn o’ speed.’ This was said almost in a whisper.

‘Strip that Oaks filly, Ned.’ And the boy slipped off the clothing. ‘That’s a nice filly, Mr. Thornhill;’ and he ran his hand approvingly over the mare’s quarters. ‘Quiet!’ added he, as she lashed out with one leg; ‘quiet, can’t ye? This way, sir.’

Charlie turned from his inspection into a dark doorway, and Mr. Downy putting a key into the lock, turned it, and they were in the presence of *Œdipus*. ‘Now, where’s Jim Turner?’

‘Here, sir,’ said a good-humoured looking youngster about eighteen or nineteen; not very strong-minded to all appearance, and mischievous, but not malicious.

‘How’s the horse?’

‘All right, sir.’ Jim stripped him in a minute, and wiped him down with an old piece of silk handkerchief. The trio stood and surveyed him. He was a good-looking horse; and his appearance told no falsehood. His coat had been singed down closely, but looked glossy and well. He was a long, low horse, able to carry about 13 st.; and though, as Mike had said, he was not a ‘clane-bred’un,’ still he looked it all over. He had a fine, intelligent head, not too small; well set on to a rather muscular neck, which required no steadying from adventitious aids. His shoulders were beautifully laid, but a little thick and weight-carrying to a fastidious eye. Good legs and arms in the proper place; and hardy of feel and appearance. Behind the saddle he was beautiful; and his length from the hips was very great. His hocks were well let down, and under him; and with the exception of the blemish from which he took his name, he appeared to be almost faultless. His performance over a country was as perfect as his symmetry; and he required nothing but skilful steering to render victory pretty certain.

‘Is William ready with old Saucebox to lead?’

‘Yes, sir,’ said Jim.

‘Then on with the cloths directly; you shall see him gallop, sir.’ And Charlie saw the horse walk and gallop; and he never saw him look or go better. So he wrote a letter to his brother as soon as he reached Armstrong’s, telling him of his journey, its object, and satisfactory termination; and he trusted to old Downy’s sagacity to defeat any plots, if any existed, fully confident that the man was as honest as it was possible to be, living in an atmosphere of so much temptation.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MERCANTILE.

‘Faber quisque fortunæ suæ.’

I HAVE given the lovers of horseflesh a good turn lately: I should like to go back to commercial life. *Toujours perdrix* is not so well. Besides, I shall be suspected of a *penchant* for sporting novel writing, of all things to be avoided. Guide then, O Muse! my pen from the heroic strains of Pythian or Olympic games, and from the seductive charms of stable eloquence, to the less stable designs of commercial

life. Let me repose a while from the exciting themes of love, intrigue, and robbery, on the eider-down pillow of mercantile respectability. Nor think shame of me, fashionable reader, if I am about to plunge my hero in scenes unknown to his progenitors, since the originator of that honoured name, the goldsmith and money-lender of Lombard Street, retired from the debts and disasters of the Merry Monarch and his swindling mates, to found a family at Thornhills. Who are the merchant princes, who are the millionaire stock-jobbers of merrie England? They occupy the places of honour in great men's houses. A Plantagenet still has honour, too, when the twigs of the broom he bears are from the gardens of the Hesperides, tipped with gold.

For some days after his interview with Henry Thornhill, Roger Palmer was thoughtful, almost depressed even for him. But the funds went up, and he got better. That unfortunate allusion to his family affairs, and the bluntness of the banker, had set him thinking in the right direction. But a few weeks served to obliterate much of the impression. He had two unconquerable allies, which he called in to his assistance. His long-cherished resentment, which being the stronger feeling time strengthened instead of weakening; and his sense of gratitude, which had better be called his love of money. The dead and almost forgotten Geoffrey Thornhill was ever alive to him as the benefactor of the house of Mint, Chalkstone, Palmer, and Co.; and of himself particularly. Norah, still alive, was dead to him; or remembered as one who would have lavished his beloved gold, even to the last farthing, on a gambler and a roué. And had she not preferred an empty-headed stranger, weak and unstable, without a principle or a shilling, to a brother and a man, strong, and consistent, with intellect, reputation, and wealth? Norah was paying dearly for her whistle.

He had made up his mind to do the greatest amount of good to the Thornhill family at the least present sacrifice of his own feelings. An obvious mode of relieving any man's pecuniary necessities, or of conferring substantial benefit upon him is simple. Pay into his bankers a draft for 50,000*l*. This is supposing you have double the money and wish to share it with him. This, however, requires one or two conditions to make it feasible. The man must be a needy, dependent, shameless kind of person, to whom you would give it; unless some strong chain of relationship or personal service bind him to its acceptance. Roger Palmer never contemplated parting with such a comfort, any more than Charlie Thornhill would have accepted it. Roger Palmer did not regard 50,000*l*. in hard cash as 2,500*l* per annum; but as a sacred idol, which could only be parted with to the man who should stand in his shoes. The income derivable from it might be given up. It hardly assumed the appearance of a hand, a finger, or a nose of the idol. It was an essence derivable from that tutelary influence which seemed to be thrown off for the advantage of one worshipper, it is true; but the sacred figure remained intact to its possessor. But would Charlie

Thornhill reject the essence? There was a difficulty in making the proposal, it is true. Roger Palmer was deficient neither in tact nor discernment; and though he knew little of the man, he knew enough of his character to doubt.

Banking, that is, prosperous banking, is a very pleasant amusement. The senior partner is usually a dignitary, a baronet (if not of James I.'s creation), an M.P., and a most influential authority on all matters, in and out of the house, connected with finance. So it was with the firm of Mint, Chalkstone, and Palmer. Sir Julep Mint was a very great man. If he had not been a West-end banker he would have been Lord Mayor. He had the seeds of greatness in him. He was married to a lady in her own right, and was called Lord Soapstone from the name of his place and the dignity of his manners. In a word, he was a pompous ass and a very low churchman. Chalkstone was a much better fellow all over. He was a good hard liver; ate a dinner every day of his life, and if he ever had the gout, had earned it. He drove off his enemy by horse exercise. Was not a bad man over a country, and kept half a dozen first-class weight-carriers in the roothings of Essex; certainly the best provincial country in England, and not far short of the shires. He was an easy man to deal with. For though he said it in a blunt manner, he usually said what he meant.

In a large, comfortably furnished room, at the back of the *comptoir*, and connected with it by large and handsome glass folding-doors, one morning in December sat the three partners, active partners, of the respectable firm above alluded to. They had under consideration the feasibility of taking into partnership some younger man, who would put a certain capital into the business, and work gratuitously for a certain number of years, until the seed he had sown should produce an abundant harvest. There were plenty of such young men to be found; but there were not so many thirty thousand pound notes to be met with, and somehow or other, banking was not in its zenith. There had been a tremendous smash or two, especially among the low-church party, and it required time to give the public confidence. Again, Sir Julep had lots of daughters but no son, not even a son-in-law. Those who were high enough to aspire to that happiness were too worldly, the rest were nowhere. Chalkstone was without children, and had a Caligula-like fancy for making his bay horse a partner. He often declared that he was the only one of his acquaintance that he could trust. I wonder whether Caius Cæsar or old Boots had an equally sufficient reason for appointing to the consulship! Be that as it may, the two seniors being failures, the appointment fell to Roger Palmer. Much to the astonishment of his colleagues, he accepted the onus, guaranteeing the money, and only asking two or three days for some necessary correspondence. So reasonable a request could not be gainsaid. Due respect was had for the superior age and intelligence of the junior partner of the firm. Whilst he lived it was founded upon a rock; might his successor be like him?

‘You propose to send him abroad to conduct the foreign business first, Mr. Palmer ; it’s a great responsibility.’

‘Rather, Sir Julep, as a representative of our house ; he must be a gentleman, if possible, of some position.’

‘Most undoubtedly, most undoubtedly ; we are in your hands, my good sir, and it must be evident to our foreign correspondents that we can send out no counterfeit, no counterfeit, in any sense. It behoves the aristocracy, in times of danger, like the present—’

Here Chalkstone, in anticipation of a speech, interrupted the worthy baronet : ‘Let’s have a good fellow, Palmer, into the kennels, into the bank, I mean. Fresh blood, sir, is a grand thing in a pack of hounds—body of directors I should say ; and I hardly know any kennel we could fall back upon, with any better chance of success than our friend Palmer. A good, steady, true, old-fashioned, line-hunting, that is, an honest, intelligent, gentlemanly, young man, possessing the requisite amount of industry and pluck, and—and—’

‘Money,’ added Roger Palmer, with a little sigh, for he couldn’t help feeling it, though he had made up his mind with the heroism of a Spartan.

‘Are you going my way ?’ said Sir Julep, with one of his most polished and condescending bows ; ‘my brougham is at the bottom of the street ; I’m on my way to the lying-in hospital ; it’s the anniversary of the Dorcas Society, and the little help that Lady Elfrida can afford we are only too happy to bestow : I can put you down, and go on for her.’

‘Or come with me, Palmer, my cab’s at the door, and I should like you to see my new brown horse. I know you like a horse, although you pretend not to ;’ and Chalkstone almost pushed him out of the room before him.

‘No, Sir Julep, thank you ; no, no, Chalkstone ; I can’t afford to have my neck broken before this business is settled, you know. Let me walk home. It is but a step. I shall let you know, in a day or two, all about my nominee. The money’s right enough ; the money’s right ; and that’s the great consideration ;’ and away went the little miser, as quickly, and as jauntily, as if he had been a treasury clerk of five-and-twenty, with four hundred a year. He knew that walking by yourself was cheaper than riding with other men.

The result of this conversation was a letter to Charles Thornhill. It reached him at a time when circumstances made it more acceptable than usual. Charlie’s military ardour had never been great. He had never been attacked with scarlet fever, or at so early an age that it left no traces behind it. It was the turning-point of his life. All men have the turn ; but few know it, and many neglect it. Verily, industry is a great thing, learning is a great thing, energy is a great thing, but *luck* is the greatest.

THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.

BY THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

THIS is an ambitious title : whether it be misapplied to the subject-matter of my monthly contribution remains to be seen. Of course every man has his own peculiar notion as to what may be considered that all-absorbing topic. How a man dallies with a letter before he ascertains either the name of the writer or its purport ! He inspects the seal, then the postmark, then the form of the *t*'s and the *e*'s, and at last he breaks it open, and acquires the information which he might have obtained five minutes earlier. Let it be so with this article. Skip the first page ; rush at once *in medias res* ; satisfy your curiosity, if you will ; but do not debar me from the pleasure of approaching the subject in approved fashion. Let me open my parallels at the proper distance, and lay siege to my reader in due form. Nothing so vulgar as haste ; nothing so unseemly as blurting out unwelcome truths, and literally robbing some innocent readers of their preconceptions before their time. How indelicate it is to win your race from end to end, starting with a lead and keeping it ; how much more *comme il faut* to flatter your opponent by racing side by side, and to steal his self-esteem by steady perseverance, or to convince him by a rush, which gives him no time to retrieve his fortune or to contest the point.

Come then, reader, let us try a gentle gallop together before we get within the cords, and wonder what this question of the day can be by knowing what it is not.

It's not cotton. Let the two Americas fight, and the Manchester school take care of itself. If the mountain will not go to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain. The straw is gone, yet the Israelites must make up the tale of bricks as heretofore. Let them try India. Well ! it is a great question, but not the question I mean. The International Exhibition perhaps ? No, nor International Law. The last we leave to Brother Jonathan, Messrs. Slidell and Mason, and Captain Wilkes. It is not the peaceable policy and inflammatory language of Messrs. Cobden or Bright, or the incapability of Lord Palmerston to manage his followers, and our affairs, that bids us take pen in hand. The Yelverton Marriage, the *γάμος ἄγαμος*, as Sophocles hath it, has no claims upon 'Baily's' attention. The warm-hearted administration of Irish injustice, and the cold-blooded annunciation of a right that was wrong, in a Scotch court, does not urge my goose-quill. I am not in the position of the bard of Teos, who could sing of nothing but love.

‘Θέλω λέγειν Ἀτρείδης
Θέλω δὲ Καῶμον ᾄδειν
Ἄ βάρβιτος δὲ χορδαῖς
Ἐρωτα μῶνον ἤχει.’

It is not the harvest, nor the weather, though the latter must have attracted universal attention. It might be the income-tax, but for

my fear of hurting the feelings of those fortunate persons who are exempt from its operations by insufficiency of means, or the lunatics who daily appear in the public papers as conscience-stricken debtors to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Whenever such a perpetration of folly has occurred to me, I have always particularly requested that it might not be acknowledged. The volunteers do not require my assistance; they have Lords Elcho, Ranelagh, and Bury to fall back upon. Brighton and Ascot have raised their reputation: and he who would settle their claims or sing their achievements would indeed strike the stars with his crown. Mr. MacGeorge can have but one opinion upon this subject, if he does me the favour of reading my lucubrations, and Captain Garnham another. The one, undoubtedly, conceives the great question of the day to belong to the insubordination of the jockeys, and the legislation of the Jockey Club; the other to the great umbrella case, and the tyrannical imposition of the Exhibition Commissioners of a penny in the pound. Whether the impounded umbrella will ever be set free, I cannot tell. That's a question for him rather than for his country. I fancy he will prove to have been penny wise and pound foolish when the little difference has been amicably settled. Cabby and the National Dog-show come nearer the mark. The former of these I take to be an ill-used individual, wanting sympathy and money, and getting neither; the latter, a noble institution, which wants nothing but existence and support to make it valuable. But it seems as if the English country gentleman shared the terrors of the Roman sailor on the subject, giving it no share of his confidence:—

‘ Nil . . . timidus navita *puj-pibus*,
Fidit.’

Of these two it may be said in the words of Porson, when the candle went out, and the whisky was gone, οὐδέ τίδεις, οὐδέ τίς ἄλλο.

Whenever there's a knotty point to be settled, it is always safe to indulge in the dead languages. I fear I may have trespassed too far this time; but must apologize, as nothing English came at the moment to my hand. My transgression has been unintentional: I have a keen horror of those terrible books, whose language is of the most mongrel description, now one thing, now the other, and in which English gentlewomen are commonly supposed to carry on their ordinary conversation in bad French.

But question, question: what is the question? It is the Poaching Bill. I cannot believe that this can be uninteresting to the readers of sporting literature, or to the lovers of the country pursuits of the English gentleman. My friends have too much philanthropy to throw behind them, with the budget and other troublesome claims, the demoralization of a rural population, and the unavenged murders of a much-enduring class of servants. Let us see what there is to be said on either side.

Legislation, for several years, has lain dormant on this subject. It either regarded game and poaching as too difficult to deal with, or

as not worth the attention which it required to put it right. In its political aspect it was sure to divide the country artificially; not into high and low, or Whig and Tory, but into the country gentleman or sportsman and the men who refused sympathy with such pursuits. The most liberal member of the House of Commons, if a large preserver, would regard all game and all poaching in a different light from the most rigid Conservative, who passed his life exclusively among the town mice. In its moral aspect it was much the same. It required a local and peculiar knowledge of the rural population and their pursuits, and of the worst classes of some of the manufacturing towns. In the country, men fell into the temptation from circumstances we may notice by-and-by; in the towns they walked into it from bad motives or from mistaken notions of right and wrong.

The reader will not feel interested in a dissertation on the *Charta di Foresta*, nor am I in a position to write one. Considerable difference in views upon the sanctity of '*feræ naturæ*' may be supposed to have taken place since the king was the feudal sovereign of all land; and all domains in the kingdom, in addition to those owned by the monasteries, were divided among two or three orders of men. To come nearer to our own times, however, it is well to remember that the qualification to kill game, either personal or pecuniary, is not of very ancient date. That right was classed among the privileges of gentlemen; and there was a time, not very distant, when there was 'fifty times the property required to enable a man to kill a 'partridge as to vote for a knight of the shire.' Like the twelve-shilling tax upon dogs, it made a very moderate bird an exceedingly valuable addition to the table.

As civilization, which certain persons persuade us is identical with the liberty of the subject, increased, it was found that this state of things could not continue; so, by an Act of George III.'s reign, certificates to kill game gave a qualification. The authority to appoint keepers was more limited than it is now; and it was not until the reign of William IV. that any person was allowed to sell game. In fact, legally speaking, the main distinction between a gentleman and the unprivileged classes might have been their acquaintance with bread sauce; and it must have been a comfort to reflect that if the Honourable Tom Noddie knew nothing else, at all events he knew a grouse from a bustard, and a pheasant from a barn-door fowl. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* Now every vulgar dog, who can afford three shillings and sixpence, can give his wife and children an aristocratic dyspepsia, and substitute eight pounds of hare for so much butcher's meat, at about fivepence per pound.

To consider the question more seriously, we must go back to a phase of sport which is most interesting to me, and which has been hauled in neck and crop to supply arguments to those who want them, for or against the better preservation of life, law, and game. What is the present method of shooting? What has become of the fine, wholesome, generous sport, which we remember so well, over

the stubbles, or turnips, thirty years ago? Where are the fine-flew'd, high-ranging brace of setters, which stood like marble on the side of the hill, whilst the sportsman transferred his old Joe Manton, or Samuel Nock, from the hollow of his left arm to the support of his left hand, whilst the fingers of his right closed on the lock, and the ominous click foreshadowed the death of one or a brace of the couchant covey? They are gone. I love that old-fashioned method of game-destroying. I prefer percussion to flint. I can use a breech-loader with intense satisfaction. I have no objection to quickness and ingenuity brought to bear upon such a science as shooting; but I cannot substitute a retriever and half a dozen beaters for a pointer or setter. Far be it from me to say that there is no enjoyment in a wild walk over a country, shooting everything that rises, and leaving somebody to pick up the dead, while you resume your excursion: there is great enjoyment, great exertion, great excitement; but there must be much game. The practice of high art is just as pleasurable in the one case as the other. The satisfaction with which you see an unexpected right and left present themselves only to fall, is perhaps greater than when under more deliberate circumstances. But the love of animal instinct is lost; and one of the finest essays of animal nature, one of the finest exhibitions of high training and blood, is thrown away. The true old-fashioned sportsman was a practical naturalist; the modern sportsman is a fine gunner.

A great many circumstances have conduced to this state of things. The rapidity with which men make money and spend it. When men in large cities work hard and make money, they want an outlet for their exuberance of spirit. They cannot all hunt, though the Pytchley fields bear witness to their numbers; so they shoot. Again, there must be more game. The man who expects to let his manor to these holiday birds must be prepared to show four times the game that sufficed of old. Then a rivalry is begotten. His neighbour takes the field against him, raises two thousand pheasants where he raised but one thousand, and successfully competes by letting his shooting for double the rent. Then the men become jealous themselves. They have heard of Tomkins, who killed two thousand head: shall not they do the same? Lord Dundreary and his brother Sam (who has just come over from America) shot three thousand head in one day: if Bug, the eldest son of Norfolk Howard, of Capel Court, can afford to pay for it, shall he not do the same? And so the thing grew and grew, and has become by slow degrees the overwhelming institution it now is. Another cause is the indolence of the rising generation. Custom has changed all hours connected with social life. Our fathers rose at five A.M. to brush the dewdrops from the grass, and spend hours in the sports of the field which are now divided amongst sleep or the luxuries of the toilette and table, or enervating pursuits. I do not blame them; they cannot help it. They have lived in a different age. No man need ride from Newmarket to London to see a trial; and take or

lay the odds at Tattersall's in the identical leather breeches which have stood the journey. Few men now-a-days would care to walk wild districts, cheered only by the prospect of eight or ten shots in the day, and pretty certain that if he missed those, he would be likely to have no second chance at the same bird. Then the temptation of a double rent urges the needy landlord to let his shooting to some chance comer, who is not satisfied to keep up an ordinary head of game upon the estate, but must overstock it during his certain tenancy, and finish it off so closely in his last season that it takes years to recover. These cases are the result, in a great measure, of the increased liberty of the subject; of the more general diffusion of wealth; of the approximation of the middle to the upper classes; of an increased tendency to luxury, in which game has only followed the general law.

But if I am asked whether the old system acted as a preventive to poaching, I am compelled to answer in the negative. Persons who have the statistical information at hand might answer the question glibly enough. It seems that in 1833 there were no less than 41 inquests on murdered gamekeepers, 26 of which produced conviction; and in 1843, no less than 4529 persons were convicted of offences against the Game Laws. I do not know what may be the proportion now borne to this number; but it can hardly be much greater, when the increased facility of communication, either for conspiring, or for the sale of the booty, be taken into consideration.

The battue system of course has not escaped without affording a mark for many shots, as connected with this subject. It might well be expected that it would offer a broadish target when any question of poaching is concerned. But the *onus probandi* is with the accusers, and they would have difficulty to substantiate their charge. It seems to me that it is a question only for the preserver. If it be lawful to raise a hundred head of pheasants or game, it certainly is so to raise a thousand head. To talk of increased temptation is to deny a man the right to increase his plate, and to leave it on his table when about to entertain; or to refuse a right to a jeweller to exhibit beyond a certain amount of jewellery in his shop window. It is quite true that if there were no game, there could be no poaching. But it does not seem to enter the head of the most sturdy fanatic, that there are to be no more pheasants and partridges in England. There would be no more, if protection to them were withdrawn. The landowners are the only persons that can breed them; and to take or destroy an animal which they feed and protect at considerable expense *on their own lands*, is equivalent to taking the sticks from their fences, the trees from their covers, or the poultry from their yards.

A battue is not my notion of sport; but since the legislature has opened the market for game, it seems to me a necessary consequence—a natural evil. Whence is the vast market to be supplied? Is it supposed that the twelve or fourteen brace of birds, or the twenty or thirty brace of pheasants, which a man formerly killed in a day, could be sufficient supply for the aldermanic wants of our vast com-

munity? When every squire was allowed to have one gamekeeper; when every man that went out shooting was a qualified sportsman either by birth or property, enough was reared for a morning's sport, and for their own and their neighbours' tables. A brace of birds was a present; a brace of pheasants and a hare a peace offering to offended vanity; grouse, a luxury, only worthy to be washed down by the rarest Burgundy: but those days are gone, and now that millions expect to be fed upon partridges' brains, hare soup, and pheasant pie—now that 'crowds rush in where angels feared to tread,' there is nothing else to be done than to breed, and feed, and shoot till you are black in the face, and send them up to London. Neither, as I said before, is it bad fun. It requires skill, and company, and good arms rather than legs, and altogether is no bad mode of passing a morning when you have nothing better to do. My great objection to it is the pecuniary transaction; the knowledge that it is a mere calculation of *£. s. d.*, of whether it will pay or not: a notion so widely apart from all sportsmanship, that a first view of it is one of considerable disgust. Still you get accustomed to it; and, doubtless, to the preserver is no unpleasant part of the day's sport. Not that it pays, by any means; but it helps the lame dog over the stile.

Well! the legislature has by opening the market brought about this state of things. It is, therefore, palpably unfair to turn round and fight us with our own weapons—to refuse protection to that which, if an error, is of their own production. Either give me a property in my game, on which I expend a small fortune, and help me to protect it, as any other belonging; or shut up the market, declare that partridges, pheasants, grouse, hares, black game, *et id genus omne*, have virtually gone dead. They will follow suit fast enough. All the marauders, defiant of the trespass laws, will make one grand foray; keepers will seek their safety in desertion; and next year's Mansion House banquet will have imported its game from elsewhere.

If we could contemplate anything so absurd as this, of course I might go on to draw a picture of the country gentleman as he was, and is, and is to be. Legislation has satisfied her children on this point, and I hope the Bill will remedy the disorders of the land. It will not bind up the broken heads and broken hearts of keepers and their widows, who have suffered from the brutality of the trespassers; but it must do something towards checking the most presumptuous defiance of law and order that this country has known. Should it not prove sufficient for its purpose, let it be made more stringent; and to avoid any anomaly, let game be declared to be as legitimate property as a Cochin China fowl, and let the law of trespass be altered to meet the necessities of the case.

Poaching is popular, stealing is not. Call things by their right names, and there is no difference.

'Mutato nomine de te

Fabula narratur.'

Call a poacher a thief, and an assault upon a keeper an attempt at murder, and the offence might be regarded with less complacency. Its present popularity arises from the laxity of the law, and some peculiar notions as to the characteristics of poaching. Of legislation nothing more need be said. It will be a better use of our time to combat mistaken hero worship. Poaching is usually regarded, if as a crime at all, as one embodying generous, courageous, and sportsmanlike sentiments. In a country village, or among a rural population, boys are allowed to grow up in the strength of these ideas; and the impunity attached to the commission of the crime confirms them in their convictions. Whole districts are impregnated with the idea that the poacher is a fine fellow, above the laws, because without the reach of them. He is a pitiful, skulking, dastardly coward—a pot-hunting vagabond. He steals game rather than pocket-handkerchiefs, because there is less chance of detection. If thieves were allowed to carry their booty about the streets of London with equal impunity, shoplifting and housebreaking would be just as popular. The poacher has no generosity, no courage. His is a mere vulgar calculation of *£. s. d.* He has not even the excuse of starvation, or sickness, or destitution; for he could easily get work, and is necessarily strong, vigorous, and healthy. His gains, ill-gotten as they are, might redeem somewhat of his character if they went to a wife or family. They are spent in the alehouse, and amidst his debauched associates. If he did his poaching in addition to his ordinary work, it might be less despicable; but he is idle and dissolute during the day, that he may be ferocious and brutal at night. If it be courage for a strong gang to attack half their number, prepared for any extremity, then they have some courage. It is no uncommon thing for three or four keepers to attack, and even to succeed against twice as many poachers; but it is a rare case to hear of the tables being turned. A keeper is shot dead, and the aggressors run away. This is usually the sum and substance of their bravery. Englishmen delight in sportsmanship. No persons in the world are so tenacious of that character as we are. Whole populations, in favoured districts, are remarkable for their love of horse-racing, fox-hunting, cock-fighting, wrestling; and almost every pastime has its thousands of votaries. But here are men whose avowed object it is to take game in the most unfair and unsportsmanlike manner possible. Leadenhall Market itself is not more guiltless of any feeling for sport than are its purveyors; and if this meet the eye of any person who has ever felt sympathy with the poacher on this score, let him at once dismiss from his mind so fallacious a notion. Something has been said about temptation, and the moral turpitude of those who, by overstocking their country, are creating or helping to propagate an evil. Is no one to hang clothes out to dry lest a passing traveller should be tempted to make off with a stray shirt, when he ought to make shift without one? ‘Watches were made to go,’ but a superfluity of sovereigns has never been urged as an excuse for felony. No argument was ever

more futile than the one which attacks extensive propagation of an article of private consumption; and until it can be shown that my neighbour has a right to those chairs and tables which are too many for my drawing-room, it will deserve no refutation.

Without going through the columns of 'The Times' newspaper, it will be difficult to collect all that has been urged for and against the New Poaching Prevention Bill. This would cease to be a light article if the attempt were made. It is probably insufficient to prevent poaching; which may be said of any other measure on the subject, however stringent. Hanging will not prevent murder, though it does much to deter from that crime. The fact, however, of being liable to search, whether it ends in conviction or not, will do much to diminish the barefaced system at present pursued. The impudence of the commission of this crime, and the consequent demoralization, will be checked. Some will doubtless run the risk of detection, and will probably be able to escape. But an organized and open defiance of the law cannot well succeed. The amount of plunder will be lessened because of the difficulty of concealment; and the knowledge which the police have of the notoriously bad characters, will give them an advantage which they may use with discretion. It is perhaps desirable that the opponents of the Game Laws, and of game preservation in general, should have as little as possible to carp at. The liberty of the subject is as little encroached upon as may be by the present bill, if any efficiency at all is to be given to the principle; and if the police are honest in the discharge of their duties, the county rates may be much diminished, and the respectability of many neighbourhoods increased. When labour is in demand, there will be a better chance of supply; for there is nothing so detrimental to honest industry and to the general welfare of a district as poaching. When the principles involved or the results so commonly consequent are taken into consideration, I think the question will be admitted to be one of the greatest importance by the ordinary class of our subscribers.

ON OTTER HUNTING.

It has very frequently occurred to us as being a strange circumstance, indeed somewhat unaccountable, that we hear and see so very little of otter hunting; and in consequence we have been led to look into the matter, and into the sport at the same time, being determined neither 'to extenuate, nor to set down aught in malice.' Good runs with fox-hounds, harriers, and stag-hounds, so very enjoyable to read of, and so much appreciated even by those whose circumstances will not allow them to participate therein, find their way, through the instrumentality of faithful chroniclers, into the columns of our Sporting papers throughout the season, as, indeed, they should do; but how rarely do we come across 'a clipping run with 'Mr. So-and-So's Otter Hounds.' Again, in a practical point of

view, how often does it fall to our lot during the spring and summer months, when we are in the habit of visiting the principal rivers and fishing stations both in England and Wales, to be told by some one devoted to the sport, 'You must be up, sir, pretty early in the morning, for the otter hounds are coming down the river!' How often has our heart been made to leap at such joyful intelligence! Echo answers, 'How often?' We answer, 'Two or three times in a man's lifetime.' That otter hunting, viewed either in its most detailed or broadest sense, ranks second in character, excitement, or genuine sport, to the chase of the fox, the hare, or the uncartered deer, we emphatically and ardently deny; that it has superior charms and more natural claims for the true old English sportsman, who finds half his pleasure in hunting for his game, than stag hunting in the present day,—tame, and perhaps even wanton in comparison, as we have always been accustomed to view it,—we are ready at any time to admit, and, if necessary, to prove. How then does it happen that such an exciting and exhilarating sport, as we shall show otter hunting to be, as well as one which requires such tact and keen judgment in its pursuit, is, comparatively speaking, either altogether neglected—we will not say ignored—or at best only followed up occasionally, and this in but few of our counties? We repeat, without fear of contradiction, and with a certain amount of strong feeling, that it lacks none of the essentials of the chase, properly so called; indeed, so far from such being the case, in several particulars it even stands out alone; *i. e.*, there are features peculiarly and inseparably attached to it, of which other sports are unable to boast. We shall notice some of them in this paper.

Otter hunting ought most decidedly now, as in former days, to rank with, and take its place among the most noble and manly of our field sports; and we trust that we shall not be deemed either too enthusiastic in our cause, or too extravagant in our wishes, when we say that we venture to hope, if the noblemen and landed gentry, for whose perusal and pleasure the pages of 'Baily' are put together, will take an impartial view of the case, and 'a true verdict give according to the evidence,' that we may again ere long find the sport of otter hunting in its pristine and glorious state, and that it may be a not unfrequent, but welcome occurrence with us, to be startled from our beds by the full-toned music of a merry pack, long before the lark, on a fine summer's morning, has commenced his early carol to the rising sun. The question, 'To be, or not to be?'—are we to have otters and otter hunting, or is this branch of the chase to be struck off the roll of British field sports?—can be decided only by our landed proprietors and country gentlemen of fortune; and to them we make our earnest appeal in behalf of the otter, and the sport he can show. And now as to some of the main reasons why otter hunting has of late declined among us: we say 'of late,' because it is an acknowledged fact on all hands that, with the exception of wolf and boar hunting—now no longer possible in this country—hunting the otter is the most ancient and truly British sport. Foremost among

the many causes of its decline is probably the great scarcity of the animal in this country. The badger is all but extinct in England, because it is never allowed to rest; and it is not unreasonable to assert, that in the next century, or perhaps before, if indiscriminate slaughter is allowed to go on as at the present time, the otter will be unknown in this land. As a general rule, no sooner now-a-days is an otter tracked on the sand of a stream, or on the muddy bank of a river, than the gamekeeper on the estate is made acquainted by some yokel (who has probably made the discovery while setting night-lines, or in search of wild ducks' eggs), that 'There's a hotter about our 'brook.' Forthwith that 'worthy' hastens to his cottage, meditating dire things, and probably ere night he may be seen wending his way, accompanied by an understrapper carrying two or three huge traps, to the brook side. These are cautiously laid, and possibly that very night the otter, on his way to his fishing grounds, finds his leg in one of them. His head is smashed next morning with a hedge stake, and he is taken by the overjoyed keeper in triumph to the Hall, to be shown to the squire, as the animal 'wot takes all the fish in the 'country.' Some of these men, rejoicing in plush and leggings, consider it a feat of no mean kind to trap an unsuspecting otter, and the affair often causes a good deal of discussion among the ale-house-frequenting farmers and chawbacons, where 'keeper' being the lion, comes in for the lion's share of beer, scrutiny, staring, and applause. But this state of things need not be: it can very easily be altered. Every gamekeeper should obey his master's orders, we hold, implicitly; and if he is told to trap all otters he can meet with on the estate, he is bound to use his utmost endeavours so to do. As a body, gamekeepers, considering their position, are rather above the average in intelligence, and they ought to be well acquainted with the habits and haunts of all four-legged and winged vermin; that they are not so, or that they refuse to be so, we assert as an undeniable fact; for over and over again do they make the otter and the fox the scape-goats on which to lay the heavy burden of their own delinquencies—those delinquencies consisting in their most culpable neglect of watching and protecting rivers and coverts. Game preservers are, unfortunately, too ready to lend a willing ear to the complaints of their servants against certain animals supposed to militate against their abundance of sport, either directly or indirectly. The scarcity of fish is laid at the holt of the otter: this is not true, but he is thenceforth ordered to be trapped, or killed in any way. The lack of pheasants is laid at the fox-earth: this is equally false, but, 'turpe dictu,' 'Reynard' shall have no further protection in the coverts. Men who bring forward such statements—and their name is legion—either know nothing, or care nothing about the habits of those animals whose ruthless and selfish destroyers they themselves are. It would be egregious folly, as well as downright impudence on our part, to deny that the otter feeds upon fish, or that the fox ever tastes a hen pheasant. We all know that they must live, and hunt out that prey to which instinct and appetite lead them. What we say

is simply this—that where otters exist, fish can be most abundant ; and that pheasants can literally swarm where foxes are strictly preserved as well. The otter is not more destructive to the different kinds of fish in our rivers, than is the fox to our game throughout the coverts and fields. We wish to see both protected, and do think it a hard case that our amphibious friend should be so universally persecuted. The night-lines of clodhoppers, farm-servants, ‘et hoc ‘genus omne,’ whose close connection with the soil shields them, if seen on the land, from suspicion, and the nets of the night-prowling vagabond thin our streams of fish, big and little, in season and out of season being all the same to them ; and the gun and lurcher of the skulking poacher, and the hand of the professional egg-stealer, make the pheasants and hares so scarce in our coverts, for the otter takes but what he requires to support nature, and the same may be said of the fox ; and surely what little of either fish or game they may require, for themselves or their young, is never missed, and ought not to be grudged, on a manor, which is properly looked after by those who are well paid to keep off all trespassers and marauders. Let gamekeepers only do half their duty—say nothing about the whole—in watching rivers and coverts, and there will be no need to complain of either otter or fox, no need to trap or shoot, for the sake of appearing, like over-officious policemen, to do something for their salt. Gamekeepers, as we before stated, and, indeed, all good and faithful servants, should be strictly obedient to the commands of their masters, and we doubt not that many, perhaps the greater part are so ; but, inasmuch as they enjoy in a general way a greater amount of confidence of their masters than any other class of servants, it is so very easy for them to make complaints which, emanating from others, would be considered groundless or trivial, but coming from them bear weight and importance on their very face. Here is the great evil. They obtain orders and injunctions in anything but a straightforward manner, and they carry them out to the letter, merely because they suit their own convenience, tend to cloke their own errors and negligence, and are palatable because they involve less trouble and fatigue, while they often increase their master’s confidence and esteem.

As to otters being immensely destructive to fish in general, opinions vary to a great extent. We do know, from personal experience and observation, that they act, in one respect, as indirect fish-preservers, or rather, propagators, inasmuch as they prefer the eel to any other fish, when they can get him, and he is to be obtained in almost all our brooks and rivers ; and it is well known that eels are the great destroyers of the spawn of all other fish, rooting and grubbing up the gravel and sand in search of it. We are acquainted with streams which have always held a high reputation for most excellent fishing, and truly so too ; and in which the hounds, when they are brought over (a rather rare occurrence, by reason of the distance), seldom fail to pull down at least three otters during the week. Again, another reason why the sport is so little known, or

rather practised, in the present day, is, that men are generally led to imagine that there are no otters in their locality *because they are never seen*. In scores of instances has this fallacy been exposed. A man is not likely to know whether or not otters frequent a stream unless he very closely observes it, and is always on the look out to track them at low water: and even then he does not always discover their existence; for there is no animal so wily and crafty as an old otter. His habits, too, seem to shun the light; and his partiality for secluded spots, for the shelves of rocks concealed by brambles and overhanging bushes and creepers, and the fact of the entrance to his artfully concealed couch being almost invariably a foot or more beneath the surface of the river, even at low-water mark, render it extremely difficult at times even for a good observer, much more for the uninitiated, to say with any degree of certainty whether the animal has or has not taken up his quarters in any particular locality. Well do we recollect being asked by a young sportsman who had brought a scratch pack of otter hounds with him from the north of Scotland, whether we thought there were any otters on the stream of which we had had the right of fishing for many years, and also what was our reply. With rather a derisive smile we replied—

‘You may just as well look for an elephant, for we have never seen or heard of one during the many years we have had the exclusive right of fishing that four miles’ length; and we have averaged three days a week on it during the season.’

‘May I bring the hounds down, and try it?’ said he.

‘Do, by all means; you will give us a great treat if you should be lucky enough to find.’ And we were highly delighted at the novelty of the thing.

He did bring his hounds over, and, to the surprise of every one present (not a few, for the attraction was immense), they hit upon a drag in less than half an hour after being laid on, and brought a six-miles’ run to a dead issue in the death of a dog otter of 26 lbs. weight. Few there were up at the death, for the pace was too good for any but those who had plenty of puff, and a corresponding strength of limb. As good luck would have it, our friend brought his hounds over again four days after, and on the very same length of water they pulled down another otter, a young one, weighing somewhere about 20 lbs. We mention these facts in confirmation of what we have stated above, viz., that otters may frequent a stream which a man, even a naturalist, may fish from day to day,—nay, may even, so to speak, half live on its banks (as was our own case on the river alluded to), and yet not have even the most distant idea that the otter had ever swam in it, so astute and adroit is he in all his ways and movements.

We have now given the two main reasons why the pursuit of otter hunting has for some time been, and still is, on the wane in England, viz., the real scarcity of the animal in some quarters, by reason of relentless persecution, and the ideal scarcity in others, by

reason of its not being more hunted after. It remains but for the former evil to be remedied—for otters to have protection; for the latter to be investigated, and otters to be found to show sport. It is in the power of the owners of our soil to do both.

Among the peculiar features attached to this sport, or, we may rather say, among the advantages and conveniences connected with it, may be reckoned as not the least the comparatively small expense which it entails. The cost and keep of a dozen or fourteen couples of hounds is no backbreaker to any gentleman whose social position would warrant him in becoming a M. O. H. He would doubtless hunt them himself, and the only assistance required would probably be a kind of kennel huntsman, who could make himself generally useful in all things appertaining to the hounds and the sport, and a stout lad at home to do the rough work of cleaning, boiling, and feeding. The late Sir Robert Vaughan, of Rhûg, Merionethshire, made the most of his pack, which was composed of divers crosses between the fox-hound and the otter-hound. In this wild district he hunted the otter during the summer, and the fox during the winter, and it was really surprising to witness the sport these hounds showed at either game; so that no one need fancy that his otter-hounds are to be idle during the winter, provided he has the opportunity of getting an occasional spin with a mountain fox. Of course we do not advise this course to be adopted; for, in order to have anything like a perfect pack, the hounds must be entered to otter, and kept to him exclusively. We have seen so-called otter-hounds that would hunt anything from a water-rat to an elephant; but this has arisen either from their imperfect breeding, or from the neglect and ignorance of their huntsman, and more particularly his carelessness with the young hounds. Again, hunters are not required, and so the great outlay in, and the wear and tear of horseflesh is saved, which is a most important thing to be taken into consideration, to say nothing of its parasitical concomitants. ‘*Post equitem sedet atra cura.*’ The sport also should find many friends—ladies included—because, although it is health-giving, manly, and exciting, it is, nevertheless, almost entirely unattended by any risk either to life or limb. A three or four miles’ run tries our jumping powers, tests our wind, and strengthens our muscles, and thus adds to our vigour of body and hardens our constitution. One good thing otter-hunting effects in the shape of sanitary movements is, that it makes us quit our beds right early (where, indeed, most of us are apt to remain too long), and causes us to enjoy the very best part of the day—that part which most men pass in sluggishness, and so few know anything about. Before concluding this paper, we would add that our firm conviction is, if properly organized packs of otter-hounds were kept here and there in those of our counties which, by reason of their streams, admit of the sport, that landowners would not only take a pride in preserving the otter, but would be only too glad to join in the fun, thus indulging their love for the chase as well in summer as in winter. One day with good hounds upon

the hot drag of an old otter which has been hunted before, but has lived to fight (literally) another day will, we are sure, not fail to satisfy any British sportsman that the find, the run, the halt, the swim, and the kill of the otter, as regards the tact and judgment required, the excitement and anxiety engendered, and the soul-stirring music of the pack in full cry, are rarely equalled, perhaps never surpassed, in any branch of the chase. In this paper it has not been our aim or intention to describe the incidents of an otter-hunt, but solely to defend and advocate the sport. If we have done so but imperfectly, the head, and not the heart, is at fault. One word, and we have done :—Let no spear be used, even by the Master; let the hounds kill, if they can. If you are fortunate enough to get a pad, have it converted into a purse, as we have done. It will be a pleasing ‘memento’ in after days; and though small, we find it quite large enough to hold as many sovereigns as we can afford to put in it at a time. The skin is most valuable, and may be converted into tobacco-pouches; or, if you can get sufficient skins, have waistcoats or a greatcoat made of them, and you will never repent—for they are not only unique, but almost endless in wear.

DOUBTFUL CRUMBS.

PAINTED BY SIR E. LANDSEER. ENGRAVED BY THOS. LANDSEER.

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By C. C.

I SIT before one of the most beautiful engravings that has yet appeared. The original picture must be too well known to the readers of ‘Baily’s Magazine’ to require detailed explanation. A magnificent mastiff, painted as no other animal-painter ever has painted, reclines lazily at his kennel door; one large foot rests heedlessly upon a well-picked bone: the doubtful crumbs lie scattered around, an object of total indifference to the well-fed consumer. Not utterly hopeless of the fragments, and in close proximity, sits a lean, wire-haired terrier, his tongue out, and his eye intently fixed upon the rejected morsels. But, oh! that paw! before its somnolent greatness he makes his pause too. What a face! Lost in contemplation of the crumbs, it seems scarcely to regard the inconsiderate grandeur of that watchful repose. ‘Pity a poor relation: am I not a dog and a brother?’

There is an easy dignity which sits well upon some men, a graceful majesty which claims everything, but exacts nothing. There is nothing selfish, nothing grasping, nothing low in this. Take what you will, but don’t ask me to give. I shall not hurt you; but I am not in a position to grant or to deny. Bones are my property; not this bone, nor that bone, but all bones that come within my reach. I am the dog that was born for the bone, just as some men are made for a coronet; they are inseparable accidents. Of course there are

plenty of stray coronets, 'which belong to Jack, Tom, or Harry. Those are the separable accidents of life. 'In nature all things 'move violently to their places,' says Lord Bacon, a very good judge of such things, 'and calmly in their places.' True, my lord. Look at that calm and dignified demeanour as it moves along Pall Mall towards its place in the House of Peers. It drops smiles—not for you or me, but for any one who likes to take them. Courtesy belongs to that exterior as certain prerogatives to majesty. Ask for it, and a surprised, offended retirement is the compliance: 'Take 'what you like, and make the most of it; but do not tease me 'about trifles.'

These are the grand exceptions to a general rule of wanting something. There is nothing of true greatness in waiting for demands, in deciding claims, in measuring right. The county court judge can do that. Give me the man that misses nothing. All the world wants something; all are struggling, pushing, fighting, or watching, like poor Snap, for 'doubtful crumbs;' all will have the bones, or the fragments, which his betters have forgotten to consume. Then comes your petty lover of popularity: 'I am a great man, because I 'have much to give. Ask, in all humility, and your claims shall be 'considered. I am the great Gutsbesitzer; there's a small bone for 'you, and one for you; and let me see—yes! I shan't want any 'more of that myself; there are the crumbs for you.' 'Thank 'you,' cry all the little dogs, and they begin feeding at once, and are as grateful as little dogs ought to be. But is that true greatness, real dignity, genuine nobility? Is that our mastiff of the picture? Certainly not. That's your dean and chapter to his pleading curate, or half-starved minor canon. That is your haughty patron to his subservient client. That is your bloated aristocrat to his poor relation. That is your successful architect of fortune, at the top of the ladder, to the lusty climber, who knows the sweat of brow by which he has attained his bones, and who has not yet numbered among his orders, the order of nature—*Calm in his place*. Your truly great man, such as I and Sir Edwin (*Ego et Rex meus*) would have a great man to be, can listen to no squabbles, can dispense no broken victuals of fortune to noisy claimants. He has bones; he knows not why. He hears there are crumbs; he knows not where. He has his little dogs about him, and they warm themselves in his sunshine, and they pick up the 'doubtful crumbs;' and he likes them to do so, though he slumbers over it all; and his great broad paw rests over it all; and his sleepy eye takes it all in. Happy little dogs! don't be afraid of him; he is not so terrible as he looks. But do not wake him up to ask for a bit of bone. 'Take it; take the 'whole bone if you want it, as long as you do it honestly, and don't 'trouble me. I suppose there are other bones in the world, and of 'course I shall have them when I want them again.'

The charm of this sort of man is that you cannot envy him. He is above envy; he is entirely out of its reach. Envy would willingly pull down its superior to its own level by depressing his fortune.

You can no more pull down a man of that stamp than our friend Snap can pull down the magnificent sleuth-hound to his own sharp-set appearance. That indigent, wily, blood-seeking tuft-hunter is a man and a brother; but what a brother! We are all bred from Adam; but what a state he has left his family in! I suppose Snap and his lordly neighbour were once both wolf, or jackal, or a mixture between the two. He is a poor relation; perhaps inestimable in his way, but wanting the wherewithal to present a better letter of recommendation. Many a man, if he were translated to a warmer corner, and a less threadbare coat, would prove a worthy member of society; but the dignity which is not proof against the 'slings and arrows of outrageous fortune' is not likely to benefit its possessor in more prosperous times. I could make a humble companion in my country walks of Snap, with a belly full; I could order him to kill rats, sit on his haunches, watch the rabbit-holes, and catch scraps from his nose. But I could make a friend of his dignified companion. I might like the one, but I should admire and respect the other. Who ever saw a mastiff on his haunches catching pieces of beef at command? Respect is his due; fortune is his inheritance: and if I were a dog I could no more envy him his bone than I could envy eminent virtue its rewards, however I might long for the crumbs of either.

Sir Edwin Landseer has told his story, as he always does, well and ably. His brush is a nobler sort of pen. But it would be unfair to omit notice of the wonderful execution of this engraving. His brother is no less successful with the graver. Not only is the expression preserved, of both dogs, in its highest perfection, but the details of the picture—the hair, the flag-stones, the chain and collar, and the 'doubtful crumbs' themselves, are all examples of the very highest finish of the art. Of the class there is nothing like it. The paw alone of the mastiff is a study; and the short hair on the nose and face, in contrast with the sleek coat of the one and the wiry, ill-conditioned skin of the other, is a marvellous effort. The publishers of such an engraving deserve the encouragement they are likely to meet with, so long as they cater for the lovers of high art after such a fashion as the present.

LILLYWHITE'S 'CRICKET SCORES AND BIOGRAPHIES.'

The first volume of this work, which has been on the anvil for twenty years, appeared in the early part of July. The scores have been arranged, corrected, and illustrated with notes by Mr. Arthur Haygarth, the well-known cricketer, who has spared neither time nor trouble upon the work. He has reprinted the laws of the game, as from time to time they were framed, and the reasons for their enactment. How it became necessary to increase the size of the wickets, to score runs for wide balls, to make a law against placing the leg before wicket, and against other introductions of unfair or unskilful play, will be found in these pages. A perusal of the scores, embracing more than half a century of cricket, will set the reader thinking upon causes and effects. In a small farmers' club in Hampshire about the year 1775 a style

of play was introduced which made that club for years more than a match for All England, although the Duke of Dorset, Earl of Tankerville, and Sir Horace Mann spared not their purses in the contest. Here Aylward and Tom Walker, William Beldham, Fennex, and others learned those principles of correct play which cannot be departed from with impunity. When the Hambledon Club was broken up in 1791, its members spread themselves over the country, to the great improvement of all with whom they mixed in the game. Beldham was engaged at Lord's Ground, where he continued to play in first-class matches until 1821, when he was 55 years of age—a proof of the correctness of his style. Upon his model Lord Frederick Beauclerk, the most finished batsman of his time, formed his play. Lord Frederick could hit all round; he rarely missed a loose ball, and yet every hit that he made was along the ground. Fennex started a ground at Uxbridge, and in his latter days migrated to the Eastern counties. His free style of play has filtered through successive generations of Cambridge cricketers, and is at this day represented in the persons of Carpenter and Hayward. Aylward had previously been carried away by Sir Horace Mann into Kent; and there the good style was reproduced in Edward Wenman.

Some portion of the play of these Hambledon heroes was carried to still greater perfection by Lambert (by many persons considered the best player the world has seen), and by Mr. Ward, the records of which will be found in these pages, and, subsequently to the time embraced by this volume, by that prince of batsmen Fuller Pilch.

We pass over those flashy players who have had an ephemeral success, because good play is only founded upon correct principles, and we leave it to the reader to judge for himself.

As a work of reference this volume should be upon every cricketer's book-shelf.

CRICKET IN AUGUST.

AND, after all, what month of the present season—cricketly speaking—has been so enjoyable as that of August at the commencement of that month? The London season was nearly bowled out; old Lord's had become quite bald and baked; young Oval had a rakish, used-up look anent him, and smelt disagreeably strong of his neighbours the Gasometer and the Thames. The wet, cold rains had ceased; the fine harvest sun poured down bright, hot, and gloriously on the white-tented fields of the country wherever return matches were to be played and cricket fêtes to be held; and a month of rare cricket we have had.

Surrey *v.* The North was the first important match played last month; it was commenced at the Oval on the 4th: fine weather, a good wicket, some great hitting, and a 10 wicket victory for The North was the result. Surrey played their two colts, T. Humphrey and Jupp, and their promotion to the ranks of the County Eleven was fully justified by their fine fielding and good hitting. Humphrey scored 32 and 10, and Jupp (not out) 11; H. H. Stephenson played two good innings of 67 and 37; and Griffith one of 43, in running up which he made a magnificent drive for 5 from Tinley, and a trio of 4's. The last three wickets in Surrey's second innings were taken by Tarrant with three successively bowled balls. Stephenson's 67 was a superb display of first-class batting, including one of the finest forward drives of the season—'a sixer,' and a brace of drives for 5 each, one from Hayward past the tree by the racket court. In The North's innings the Surrey fielding

was splendid, equal to anything ever done even by that famous fielding team, Mr. F. P. Miller using up George Anderson's great hitting by one of the finest catches at long leg ever made: he ran full a score yards, and clutched the ball while running at full speed. This was a rare bit of cricket, and worth going miles to witness; but the Surrey bowling was weak, and the men of The North scored 266 in their first innings. Timley played (for him) an unusually steady innings of 56; Carpenter, who went in 'two down,' was five hours and a quarter at the wickets, and brought his bat out for 91—a marvellous exhibition of finished defence and fine hitting; he made some superb drives, one to the off for 6, two 5's, &c. But the hitting of George Anderson was brilliant in the extreme: his fine, free, manly, and masterly style of hitting evoked the admiration and applause of all good judges present; he was but a short time at the wickets for his 57, in obtaining which he made four 4's (2 of them drives), a superb drive for 5, another for 6 (the best hit in the match), and an immense forward drive from Mr. Miller, for which 8 were run, though perhaps the hit was not worth more than 7; but I never saw a harder hit. The ball was hit from the pavilion end wicket, up a great height, clean and high over the lookers'-on heads at the north end of the ground; it pitched full 100 yards from the hit, and rolled to within 6 yards of the northern paling. Caffyn (lame) fielded it, and throwing in the ball, it somehow or other got lost a second or so among the spectators, and so an 'additional run was gained; but a great innings was this of Anderson's. The totals in the match were:—

Surrey, 1st innings, 151; 2nd innings, 121. Total, 272.

The North, 1st innings, 266; 2nd innings (without losing a wicket), 7.

Total, 273.

The Surrey Club and Ground v. Middlesex was the next Club contest on the Oval, and an extraordinary run-getting affair this was; the unprecedented number of 1,042 runs were made in this match. For the Surrey, Griffith scored 81, Mr. F. P. Miller 61, Mr. F. Burbridge 47, and Mr. E. Dowson 55 and 94. And for Cocksaigne the leading scorer was Mr. I. D. Walker with 10 and 102; George Hearne carried his bat out for 65; Mr. R. D. Walker made 18 and 46; Mr. Bayford 31 and 35; and John Lillywhite scored 16 and 28, in obtaining which he hit the ball to square leg clean over the paling. But the most extraordinary part of this affair is, that after playing three days, and scoring 1,042 runs, the match was so closely contested that Surrey won by 12 runs only. Thus:—

Surrey Club and Ground, 1st innings, 209; 2nd innings, 318 . . . 527

Middlesex, 1st innings, 145; 2nd innings, 370 515

Total . . . 1042

Why, this averages 52 runs per wicket. I did not witness the play in this wonderful match, but on questioning one of the players therein as to the bowling—'Well,' answered he, 'the bowling was pretty good, but the batting 'was better.' This memorable hitting match over, the Surrey Eleven sailed it to Manchester, and on the following day commenced on the Broughton Ground 'the return' between

Surrey and the North; and another magnificent cricket contest took place, The North played without Richard Daft and Robert Carpenter, and Surrey without Mr. F. Burbridge. Surrey's first innings closed for 156 runs; of these Griffith scored 36, 'the colt,'—T. Humphrey—29, and Tom Lockyer (not out) 20. The North then played a fine innings of 183, T. Hayward contributing 54,

Grundy 43, and George Anderson 24. The second innings of Surrey finished for 83 runs only; of these the colt, Humphrey, by fine cricket made 20, and Mr. F. P. Miller 16. The North Eleven, with 10 to 1 freely laid on them, then went to work to knock off the 57 runs; but the cricket blood of the men of Surrey was up; their very finest form (and that's rare cricket) was evoked; and one of the finest struggles for victory ever witnessed took place. Grundy and Mr. Rowley were caught out at point, and two were down for 7 runs; Tarrant was caught at leg; Mr. Bousfield played one on; and George Anderson was run out, 5 wickets being down for 10 runs; Hayward and George Parr had both fallen when 32 runs were made, leaving 3 wickets to score 25 runs to win; Mr. J. B. Payne was bowled, and 8 were down for 37; and when 46 had been scored, Iddison (the 9th) was got out at long field; and the two last of the Eleven Northerners, Tinley and Jackson, faced each other to score the requisite 11 runs, or get licked. They were very near the licking, for when they had rubbed 3 runs off Tinley was missed at long field, the sun shining full on the fieldsmen's eyes. This saved them. The runs were quickly rubbed off, and The North won by one wicket, the totals being

Surrey, 1st innings, 156; 2nd innings, 83. Total, 239.

The North, 1st innings, 183; 2nd innings (with 9 down), 57. Total, 240.

The Gentlemen of The North v. The Gentlemen of The South was the next match set for decision on the Surrey list: it was the return, and was played at Nottingham on the 18th, 19th, and 20th, and then ended in 'a draw.' This was another great hitting match. Mr. W. Bury, with an innings of 121, and Mr. R. A. Mitchell with one of 71, were the leading scorers for The North, and Mr. A. Wilkinson with 62, and Mr. A. Howsin 25 and 48 (not out), were the highest Southern scorers. The match was drawn when The South had 8 wickets to fall, and 190 runs to score to win, the figures being

The North, 1st innings, 193; 2nd innings, 294.

The South, 1st innings, 209; 2nd innings (with only 2 down), 89.

Surrey v. England, and Surrey Club v. Southgate, were then the only two matches left for decision on the Surrey rôle, but neither were commenced when this paper had to be in the hands of the printer of 'Baily,' so *they* must be left unnoticed until October.

Mr. John Walker's Sixteen and The United Eleven on the 7th, 8th, and 9th played their annual match on the Squire's beautiful ground at Southgate, and The United were dressed off in one innings. 'Mr. John,' to the regret of all lovers of the fine old game, was not present, being confined at home through illness. This, combined with rough weather and the one-sidedness of the match, robbed the *fête* of much of that brilliant *éclat* usually attending it. The Sixteen were a powerful cricket lot, well up at all points of the game, and capable of polishing off any Eleven that could be brought against them. The United began with a mistake and finished with a defeat. They won the toss, and put their opponents in to bat, and those opponents returned thanks for that favour by soundly licking them. Tom Hearne went in first man of the Sixteen, took the sharp edge off the United bowling, and scored 24 runs; Mr. A. Rawlinson, by brilliant cricket, scored 63, the highest single innings in the match; Mr. I. D. Walker showed promising cricket in his 25; and Mr. F. P. Miller some of his old fine play in his 23; but the 21 of that fine old cricketer Mr. Edwin Napper pleased most. The veteran's fine effective defence of his sticks against the United bowling was a treat to old and a lesson to young cricketers. George Hearne played a good hard

hitting 20 not out; and the total of the Southgate Sixteen reached 215 runs. Against this The United did but little. Grundy, in No. 6, carried his bat out for 46, a great innings against 16 such cricketers in the field; Caffyn made 17 and 12, Mortlock 10 and 19, Carpenter 13, and John Lillywhite 16 not out. Their totals were but 98 and 75, so Mr. Walker's Sixteen won in one innings, with 42 runs to spare. The annual Southgate *fête* over, down deep into the 'Garden of England' was the next journey of all true cricket enthusiasts, for on Monday, the 11th, on that Canterbury ground yeleft St. Lawrence, was commenced the famous

CANTERBURY CRICKET WEEK.

And the week's revels at this Goodwood Meeting of the Cricket world—the theatricals of the old stagers, the county balls, &c., never passed off with greater *éclat*, or under the wing of more influential patronage; and no wonder, for as the charming and popular Carlotta Leclercq told us, in reciting her part in the Epilogue in the new Theatre,

“The Cricket Week,”
That darling child—this year has come of age,
For one-and-twenty years he's trod the stage,
And held the field against all other comers,
Rising in growth through one-and-twenty summers.
His toys were buskin—bat—stage props and wicket;
His primer taught him—Comedy and Cricket.”

And, to celebrate the majority of so accomplished a youth as this, the fair maids and handsome matrons of Kent, the wit, the learning, the wealth, and the nobility of the famous hop county flocked into the quaint, clerical, and 'antiente citie,' and on the Monday, Tuesday, and Friday (the three crack days) thronged the picturesquely situated cricket ground; and, seated on the grassy bank at the top thereof, the gay and brilliantly clad 'Beauties of Kent' (none fairer in all creation), the little groups of military and unique accessories of this renowned spot at that particular period of the year made up one of the most charming English scenes to be witnessed throughout her Majesty's realms—charming until you cast your eye on a huge, unsightly, tasteless, monstrous, unpainted shower-bath or guillotine-shaped wooden erection, some 15 feet high, termed 'The Scorer's Box'; then the charm and beauty of the scene was spoiled, and the mind set wondering how any man with a grain of taste, or one iota of power, could allow the erection of so gross a monstrosity on so charming a scene. Down with it, down with it, even to the ground. And if the scorers *must* be placed so high up 'twixt heaven and earth, let them be accommodated, in some way or other, up one of the fine old trees close to the spot where the present monument of bad taste now stands. The week's cricket, albeit one-sided throughout, was not without interest. The first match played, *i. e.*,

Eleven of England *v.* Fourteen of Kent, was a striking example of the old saw that 'misfortunes never come alone,' for England's team was weakened by several misfortunes: Lockyer was engaged on the Oval; Daft was unable to play; Hayward was *non est* through illness; the general efficacy of Mr. W. Nicholson's wicket-keeping was impaired by his leg giving way, and the mishaps of that side culminated in Carpenter: after scoring 6 England was deprived of his valuable services with the bat, he being compelled to leave off play through a severe blow received on the muscle of his left arm, from a ball slung in by a new bowler to the County, Mr. R. Lipscombe, whose bowling (a great pace), finding out a spot on the not very

truthful wickets, bumped, jumped, and broke about so dangerously to the persons of the batsmen, that one old member of The M. C. C. was heard to exclaim, 'He wondered they did not give him the whole wicket and do 'nothing but cut his bowling.' Kent introduced another colt in the person of W. Wenman, a son of that fine old County cricketer, and worthy man, Mr. Edward Wenman. Young Wenman's forte is the bat, and his favourite play forward: he has a great reach, good style, is cool and steady, and (with plenty of match practice) will, in time, fully sustain the cricket fame of the Wenmans. He scored but a brace of 7's, being bowled in one innings by one of Jackson's best, and had by the finest point in England in the other. Mr. Barber is another acquisition to the County, being a brilliant hitter, and a dashing and sure field. Mr. South Norton with 39, and Mr. E. Stuart with 53, did much towards the ultimate success of the County, for which Bennett scored 28 and 27, Willsher (a fine innings) 43, Mr. Barber 45, and Mr. Kelson 35. On behalf of England Caffyn played brilliantly for 63 (the highest score in the match), Jackson well for 44, and Mr. E. M. Grace (Hayward's substitute) a hard hitting 56, in running up which he made nine 4's, but Kent eventually won easily, having, when all was over, a majority of 170 runs, the scores being—

The Fourteen of Kent, 1st innings, 171; 2nd innings, 236. Total, 407.

The Eleven of England, 1st innings, 105; 2nd innings, 132. Total, 237.

The Twelve Gentlemen of the M. C. C. v. Twelve Gentlemen of Kent was the sensation match of the week, by an arrangement on the Monday (with the only Kentish authority empowered to act). The Marylebone Club played Mr. E. M. Grace, who forthwith played the amateur innings of the 1862 season. On behalf of Kent, Mr. Kelson played a brilliant 50, Captain Taswell 26, Mr. South Norton, 22, and Mr. Barber 14 and 24; and for the Old Club, Mr. Fitzgerald, as in duty bound, dashed off a free and easy 40, in effecting which, from 3 successive balls bowled by Mr. Norton, Mr. Fitzgerald scored a trio of 4's; but all these innings, fine ones though they be, were nought but 'leather and prunella' compared to Mr. Grace's wonderful achievement with the bat. He went in first man, received the first ball bowled by Kent, saw all the 11 wickets of The M. C. C. fall, and carried his bat out for 192 runs; this great cricket feat of Mr. E. M. Grace being rendered the more memorable by his bowling being fatal to all the wickets in the second innings of The Gentlemen of Kent. During the week Mr. Grace played three innings (one not out) and scored 248 runs, in accumulating which he made no less than thirty-five 4's, six 3's, eighteen 2's, and but fifty-four singles; of course The Gentlemen of the M. C. C. won, and that in one innings by 104 runs; the figures being—

The Gentlemen of Kent, 141 and 99. Total, 240.

The Marylebone Club, 1st innings, 344.

I. Z. v. B. B., the third and last match of the week, generally attracting a gay and brilliant company, was a failure through rain, heavy and prolonged, but which (wet through though we were) was not sufficiently heavy to wash out from the memory the pleasant days passed at The Canterbury Cricket Week of 1862.

Time, space, and the pertinacious call for copy of 'Mr. Printer,' forbid my detailing the play on the fine sea-bound ground at Hove during the Sussex week, beyond stating, that the return match between

Sussex and The M. C. C. and Ground, was, like the June match at Lord's,

won by Sussex; that the wickets were, without exception, the smoothest and truest played on this season; that Mr. Charles Gordon played so steadily for the club, that he was '90 minutes at the wickets for 13 runs;' that Mr. Hodson fielded at long leg for Sussex in rare form; that Ellis made a hard hitting but not very scientific innings of 81; that Mr. R. D. Walker played a steady, staying innings of 37; that Thomas Hearne played a fine and fast innings of 134, in scoring which he made 100 runs in 1 hour and 20 minutes, and never gave a chance until stumped from a slow; that the County is looking up, having now won 3 matches out of 4 played this season; that Sussex looks like getting back to her old form; that the County Committee lease the Hove ground for the next eleven years; and that there is great probability of Sussex next season playing two or three of the Northern Counties; and that a page or two in 'Baily' for October will be devoted to the 'County Cricket throughout England during the memorable Season of 1862.

P.S.—SURREY v. ENGLAND.

A more fitting P.S. than the score of England's extraordinary and unprecedented innings in this match could not be inserted in the imperishable pages of 'Baily.' It was commenced on the Oval at Kennington on Monday, August 25th, at twenty minutes past twelve; and after 9 hours 55 minutes play, during which 1,058 balls were bowled, was finished at half-past five on Tuesday. Score:—

ENGLAND'S 1ST INNINGS.

J. Grundy, b Thos. Humphrey	05
E. Willsher, c Thomas Humphrey, b F. P. Miller	54
R. Daft, c Thos. Lockyer, b W. Caffyn	0
R. Carpenter, c and b H. H. Stephenson	94
Thos. Hayward, b Thos. Lockyer	117
G. Anderson, c Geo. Griffith, b Thos. Sewell	42
The Hon. C. G. Lyttelton, c Geo. Griffith, b F. P. Miller	26
Roger Iddison, b F. P. Miller	33
J. Jackson, b W. Caffyn	21
V. E. Walker, Esq., b W. Caffyn	1
S. Biddulph, not out	2
b 6, l b 8 w 4	18
Total	503

SURREY.

1st innings	102
2nd innings (with 4 wickets to go down)	154

After three days' play, the match was drawn at half-past six on Wednesday. More anon this in October.

P.S. No. 2.—John Lillywhite's practically correct interpretation of Law X. in the above match entitles him to the thanks and support of all true supporters of the National game. As the Cricket Law-makers of England—the Marylebone Club—*must* meet, deliberate, and act in this matter, and that *efficiently*, no milk-and-waterish patching up old laws, but the difficulty must be boldly met and conquered, or 'twill be the worse for cricket, as I will show in 'Baily' of October. And now, just one line, Mr. Printer, to vent my contempt for the 'cowardly,' 'beery' animals who on the evening of Wednesday imported on to the Oval the usages of (I suppose) the Rat-pit, by groaning at Edgar Willsher on his resuming bowling. A more worthy or excellent fellow does not exist than Edgar Willsher.

THE TURF MARKET.

CONTEMPLATING the burly figures of the members of the Betting Ring at Brighton, 'by shining shingle and foaming weir,' and regarding the bronze which the sunshine and breezes of the coast were bringing upon their faces, we thought of the bright side of the picture, and were glad to see the bookmakers recruiting themselves, and cultivating the social arts of peace with their fruitful vines and tender branches. Nor could we help thinking of the leviathan, William Davis, who has so long resided at Brighton without invigorating that lithe and athletic frame which was erst the cynosure of Tattersall's, and the presiding genius of the Turf Market. The avocation of the bookmaker is possibly the most harassing and trying of all occupations which the great modern system of racing has called into existence. The mere mental excitement undergone must be something terrific; and though the layers of odds become by experience stoically indifferent, and case-hardened to 'sensations,' the continued tension of the mind in one direction must eat into the constitution. It is as well that most of our professional betting-men should have sprung from hardy races of miners or mechanics, for what with the fatigues of travel, the contingency of damp beds, and the exposure to all weathers, they would have stood a poor chance if a delicate or fine-bred race of men. The bookmakers, however, live well, and patronize in their travels only those places where the best of everything is to be got by paying its price. This may account for the general health of the Ring, for who ever saw or ever heard of a defunct bookmaker?—a mortal phenomenon probably as rare as a dead donkey. It must be remembered that they pursue their occupations in the open air, on lofty downs, or far-spreading heaths, and that in the summer their senses are gratified by splendid scenery, the sight of green fields, and the fragrance of pleasant meadows. So it is with the backers of horses who follow sport from place to place. They know all the horses of the season by their constant migrations, and they can tell Caractacus among a hundred, even with his clothes on, or point you out Feu de Joie, Ivanhoff, or Tim Whiffler, merely from personal experience. But we can take the reader to a spot where the only vegetation to be seen is a consumptive geranium in a cracked pot, or a costermonger's barrow of apples, and show him hundreds of men learned in race-horse lore who never see a race-horse from season to season, except perhaps at Epsom or Hampton. We can show him bookmakers who conduct their speculations all the year round from the edge of a kerbstone instead of on the Turf, and backers of horses who base all their calculations upon an alehouse estimate of weights and public form, but who, if asked for a confession of their opinion of a horse as a horse, would perhaps reply like Tom Hood, in the 'Desert 'Born':—

'To tell the truth without reserve, evasion, or remorse,
The last of creatures in my love or liking is a horse.
I never yet could bear the kind, from Meux's giant steeds
Down to those little bearish cubs of Shetland's shaggy breeds.'

In our last number, under the heading of this article, we threw out a few suggestions as to the *modus operandi* of that betting, and mentioned that at the back of Meux's Brewery, in Tottenham Court Road, some extensive speculation upon current Turf events took place, with the order and regularity of a recognized exchange or mart. Passing up the Haymarket—where by-the-by we notice the figures of two or three individuals identified with London betting, and where we behold a notorious Welcher, who recently played the

principal part in a fracas with an officer at Woolwich, in deep conversation with a tout—we have started on our pilgrimage to ‘the back of the Brewery,’ the savoury clysium of speculating Arabs. Mr. George Augustus Sala, and many of our modern *litterateurs* have written with graphic minuteness of London by daylight and gaslight, and have noted the kaleidoscopic changes of metropolitan life even while the hands have travelled ‘twice round the clock.’ The Stock Exchange, the City Dining Room, Houndsditch, Billingsgate, ‘the ‘Corner,’ and Rotten Row, have each been the themes for ingenious word-painting. But neither Dickens nor Sala has penetrated to the tortuous slums behind Meux’s establishment where betting flourishes, and all kinds of characters, ‘comical coves in cutaway coats,’ are congregated together for a purpose which at first sight seems solemnly mysterious. Meux’s establishment is situated at the right-hand corner of Tottenham Court Road, at the Oxford Street end, a fact with which most of our readers are familiar. A few doors down Oxford Street there is a narrow turning apparently leading to nowhere. Let us suppose that it is twelve o’clock on a midsummer day, and that the pedestrian, athirst for knowledge of London life, is passing this spot. In the first place there is no sign of the busy animation that pervades the lane, running for some hundred yards at the back of the Oxford Street shops. Ossy-looking gents may perhaps be seen to alight from a Hansom, and flit round the corner of the lane. Let us turn down ourselves, and see what is going on. Here are three or four hundred men collected together in knots, and looking over the shoulders of particular individuals. The crowds stare at a little book which a young formerly-looking man holds in his hands. This is Mather, ‘*Mister Mather*,’ as the more eager of the crowd occasionally address him, with a demand to know what’s Millionaire’s price, or what Pembroke’s price for the Wolverhampton Stakes. ‘I’ve done,’ says the bookmaker, as he takes a piece of india-rubber from his waistcoat pocket, and alters the price of a certain animal on the little book of cards which displays the current odds to the lookers-on. There is a mysterious silence about the transactions which gives the proceedings a peculiar effect, and the backers of horses shove the money into the hands of the bookmaker as if they were ashamed of themselves. All is quietness in this long, narrow, dirty lane, this Turf emporium of the pariahs, with its miscellaneous collection of characters. Here stands the six-foot figure of a pugilist, who, with a grave expression on his battered ‘mug,’—that is the orthodox term, we believe, among the lovers of the noble art—is discussing the prospects of a double event bet he has taken of ‘twenty quid to one,’ he says, about something—we do not catch what. Here all classes of men—men whom we recognize as having betted heavily once, but who are now ‘knocked out’—find ‘the back Brewery’ a harbour of refuge, where they hope, perhaps, if the fates be propitious, to repair their fallen fortunes. They carry with them the stamp of their former gentility, and are well dressed, and their hands daintily encased in kid gloves, while they invest their ‘tenners’ or their ‘fivers.’ Here are touts, too, as ugly and cunning-looking as most touts, trying to persuade backers with more money and less wits than themselves, to back something. It is of course a ‘real good thing,’ and they have had ‘the speech from a party ‘what knows.’ Here is a gentleman of the Lord Dundreary type, elbowing his way up to Mather’s circle, and asking tenderly after Caractacus for the Leger; but amidst all the mystery it is plain that the bookmaker takes a deal of money, and books many bets in the course of an hour or so. No money is taken under half a sovereign, and it is strange that the odds at the ‘back of the ‘Brewery’ more often represent the true tone of the market than speculation

elsewhere. Good money is invested here—money direct from the stable or the owner; and if you want at any time to know where really good money has been despatched, you may learn a useful lesson at the back of the Brewery. The lane is admirably adapted for the purpose selected, for though it is actually a thoroughfare, nobody seems to want go to anywhere that it leads to. Thus the police do not interfere, and thus the Meuxian speculators congregate unmolested day by day. Mr. John Gideon and Mr. Mather, jun., are the leviathans of the place, and they are regarded with profound admiration and silent wonder by the groups who surround them. An Irish costermonger, with a barrow of unripe-looking apples, seems to drive a thriving trade with the bettors; and between the intervals of wagering the refreshing fruit is munched with avidity. The costermonger is evidently ‘an institution’ among them—no stray visitor, but a regular caterer, who remains upon the spot until the business of the day is done. Generally speaking, the mart may be said to commence about half-past ten, and flourish till three o’clock, when ‘Wright’s tissues’ of results begin to arrive, and business becomes languid, and the crowds ultimately disperse. We would not attempt to say how many thousands a year change hands at ‘the back of the Brewery;’ but fortunes may be lost and won there precisely as at the Corner and in the betting ring. There is no credit given to backers here, unless well known, and all money is deposited with the layer of odds, who is at his post punctually the following morning to meet all demands, be it ten ‘monkeys’ or ten sovereigns. We have in the foregoing remarks paraphrased a few brief notes published last month on the subject of street betting—that curious phase of the Turf Market—and on some fresh opportunity we will endeavour to give the readers of ‘Baily’ a few notions of open-air betting in other parts of the metropolis.

Come we now to the ordinary business features of the month. The St. Leger has absorbed the attention of the public during the past few weeks, and the Doncaster event has daily increased in importance and significance, and the crises of the favourites are now rapidly approaching. The rumour at Lewes of Caractacus’s death created a profound sensation, which deepened into indignation when it was found that the whole thing was a *ruse* concocted for some discreditable purpose by the unscrupulous ‘coopers’ of the market. The rumour was, however, wonderfully well received, and obtained credence among the most far-sighted speculators. It was ultimately proved a delusion and a snare, and on the Monday succeeding the Lewes Meeting, Caractacus again stood ‘with undaunted mood’ along with The Marquis at the head of the quotations. Still Caractacus has not been so firm since his fictitious death, and at the moment these remarks are being placed upon paper, a fresh demonstration has driven him to more than double his former figure in the market. To account for this, there are various reports, the most generally accepted being that he had broken away while at exercise, and fallen heavily against some chains. The Marquis at the beginning of the month was a trifle shaky, but he has increased in favour towards the close, and is now one of John Scott’s Leger favourites in the best and most decided sense of the term. Whether the horse will reverse the Derby form remains to be seen, but Old John himself is quite confident such will be the case. Buckstone has played a conspicuous part in the betting during the month, and both Mr. Merry and Mat Dawson firmly believe that the prize of the North is within their clutch, notwithstanding their disappointment in Surrey. Mr. Merry has again backed his horse heavily, and as it was his intention to have another ‘thou’ on after these remarks were penned, the son of Voltigeur would be a better favourite than ever. It was

also currently reported in the market that some gentlemen who had laid unusually heavy would be called upon to 'cover' their bets before the day. There has been a growing disposition to back Exchequer; and really the form with Lady Clifden over the short distance, and Montebello over a scope of ground at Wolverhampton, looks a public trial good enough to win ninety-nine Legers out of a hundred. Lord Coventry has backed his horse for a large amount, and has one big bet of 20,000 to a 'monkey,' while many professional members of the Ring are 'going for' the son of Stockwell and Stamp. Carisbrook, though suffering temporarily from Fairwater's defeat at Goodwood, has retaken his position, and is at the time of writing firm as a rock, with every prospect of seeing a much shorter price. Among the outsiders, Hurricane has been backed, and Johnny Armstrong, of whom there has been considerable talk, does not seem to be able to make any advance in the quotations. Bonny Breastknot since her second to Zetland at York, and the return to form of Caller Ou, has been supported very freely, and has emerged from the long shot, taken to quite a respectable standing, and is likely to become a far better favourite. Old Calabar, who the Newmarket people say is now doing well, and has received a tolerable preparation, looks like 'coming,' but whether he will be able to undergo a Leger ordeal after his cruel 'coopering' in the Spring, must be extremely doubtful. Lord Glasgow's Ebor *coup* with the Makeless mare has once more brought the Stockwell colt into the betting, but he is not backed with any spirit. Among the 1,000's to 10, Bertha and Biondella have appeared, but neither Lord Stamford nor Mr. Naylor can expect the fillies to be converted into stayers even in the 'mare's month.' Before the Derby, while repudiating any trespass upon the precincts of the prophets, we ventured a suggestion that either The Marquis or something at 100 to 1, would win the blue riband—a prediction strangely fulfilled. In the same way it strikes us from all we have observed and know that one of the two sons of Stockwell—The Marquis or Exchequer—may immortalize themselves at Doncaster during this month of St. Partridge.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.

August Amusements.—Goodwood Gleanings.—Brighton Breezes.—A Military Meeting.—Reading Rains.—Wolverhampton Winners.—Yorkshire Yearlings.—Racing Rumours and Exhibition Emblems.

AUGUST is a month as dear to the Sportsman as to the lawyer, for it brings to the one his grouse, to the other his long vacation. The Yachtsmen of the South, 'those Nab-going Nelsons,' as John Davis some years back so trenchantly termed them, look to it for their Cups at the various regattas on the coast; while to breeders of hounds and huntsmen it brings visions of Shows, speeches, and Presentation Horns. For the racing man it is always a busy month; for after having 'worked' Sussex, and gone through his annual parade at Brighton, the migration to York and Scarborough sets in, to partake of the good things of Stockton. With all these attractions, then, in its calendar, is it difficult to know with what to make running? But we suppose we must follow precedent and red tape, and commence our pencilling with Goodwood, which fell too late for us to deal with in our last. Two Meetings without its recognized head, like a couple of dinner-parties in succession without a host, however well arranged, are invariably spiritless. It is true the

company was as aristocratic as the weather was delightful, that the benches under the trees were occupied with a bevy of beauties that no other course in the world could exhibit, still the absence of the 'Chief of the clan' was observable by all except that class 'who use horses as instruments of gaming.' Bognor of course contributed its quota of drags, which were as well horsed and worked as the fast coaches which used to leave the White Horse Cellar in the days of John Ward. The Solent men anchored for the time in Portsmouth Harbour, and could not be termed 'geese' for doing so. The old *habitués* of Brighton 'stuck to the Ship,' and Worthing received numbers of the quiet school, who do not like making a toil of a pleasure. A strong division of legs took up their quarters at Singleton, from whence the latest intelligence of trials and breaks-down could be ascertained. Jockeys and trainers were scattered about in the various lodges where 'lodgers' were taken in, and 'the Bæotians' of Sussex, therefore, could not be said to have felt in the slightest degree the calamity which fell on the Ducal House. But of all places to be stationed at for Goodwood there is none like Bognor, which is just within an easy ride of the Course, and where you are provided with the best of sea-bathing in the morning and the best of negro minstrels in the evening; and if a war price is put on the accommodation, it must not be forgotten that Goodwood, like Christmas, comes but once a year, and that landlords' audits are not fictions. One habit of the Bognor juveniles we have never been able to account for, and 'the oldest inhabitant' is equally in the dark as to its origin—we allude, of course, to the children following each carriage into the town, and greeting its occupants with some extraordinary cries as loud as they are unintelligible and unremunerative. And as both sexes partake of it with equal vigour and zest, the subject is worth inquiry by those who take an interest in 'Young Sussex.' Harking back to the race-course, we found Captain Valentine in office again, and the very reverse of an 'Orson.' The bell was rung first for the Craven, and Atherstone was supported by 'the Fordham men' with the confidence of old friends, and that in spite of the 'Old King' and Sawcutter. But this time their favourite failed them, and the Baron's horse, who never looked better, won cleverly, and, in pugilistic language, 'drew first blood' for the Ring. For The Gratwicke Mr. Gratwicke never showed worse, or Lord Glasgow better, and Aldcroft landing his filly so cleverly foreshadowed his Knavesmire luck. Hubert could not move; and it will not surprise us to find ere long that Colonel Towneley considerably reduces his stud in training, changes his quarters, and confines himself more to the paddock than the post. In ancient times, when engaged in angry contests, the French rarely were able to surprise us, but now, while fighting for the honours of the Turf, their taking our position by a *coup d'état* is by no means an uncommon occurrence. And of it we had an illustration in The Lavant, when Brick, a very good-looking Dutchman, came and beat the popular Soapstone, who, however, did not look himself. Tornado was also in force, but she struck us as hurried; at all events, she was infinitely better at York, when Livingstone and Blue Mantle were 'swept away' by her. Brick, it will be recollected, ran badly at Ascot; but it seemed he was amiss, and Tom Jennings, having this stake before him, kept him quiet for it, and tried him so well that Baron Nivière won a rattler. The Stewards' Cup always reminds us of the great match at another place between The Players and The Gentlemen. And so it was now, and played with as much zeal as ever. This time, as last year, The Amateur won, for Lady Clifden was as good a favourite as Croagh Patrick,

and Humphrey and Volunteer, the others most in demand, ran close up into places. Bosh was fastened on to by the public, but William Day would not back him for a shilling, from the way he was tried the distance, but proclaimed his confident belief that Alvediston could not lose. And as a proof of his continued faith in The Two Thousand being wrong, he offered at Southampton, when the entries were made, and at Stockbridge, before the stake closed, to take 1,000 to 10 that his Two Thousand horse won it. Nor could there be a shadow of a doubt of the prophecy coming off, if Grimshaw's saddle had not turned round just as he was going to finish on him, and which mortifying circumstance did Mr. Beville out of a small fortune. But 'the 'right trusty and well-beloved councillor,' Isaac Woolcott, beat all the prophets, and tipsters of the day; for when 'the oracle spoke,' the prediction was simply—Lady Clifden first, Alvediston second. Delphi could have done no more; and all we hope is that our recognition of his powers as a high priest will not lead to the adoption of his name as a Turf adviser, or to our reading in 'Bell's Life,' 'Isaac Woolcott right again;' and appealing to his subscribers to 'keep faith, and send the commission money.' But, in sober earnestness, it is perfectly extraordinary the audacity with which tipsters adopt the names of respectable persons, and trade on public credulity in racing matters. All that is required for this guerilla warfare on society is a few pounds for advertisements, consummate impudence, and dishonesty in proportion; add to these a penny handicap book and a betting list, and your adventurer is armed from head to foot, ready to deal with the peer or the apprentice. Some of the old school have died out, or been fresh baptized, but the undercrop is flourishing, and dangerous as ever. By this sweeping condemnation of a class of swindlers we would not for a moment be thought to include all advertisers of racing publications. For instance, the small pamphlet called 'The Racing Indicator' is conducted on principles of the strictest integrity, and destined to supply a want which Noblemen and Gentlemen who back horses have long felt. The Circular of 'Judex,' published at Manchester, stands in the same category, and its Editor, who is present at all Meetings, is thereby made responsible in some shape for its contents, which embrace accurate reports from training quarters as to the work favourites are doing, together with 'Judex's' opinion as to the results of the races of the week, and which of course go for as much as they are worth. With these two Guides our readers may rest content; but as for the others, they are nothing but 'mere leather and prunella.'

We must, however, go back again to the Course, where Cachuca had to dance her very best *pas* to get out of the way of the hastily-prepared Automaton, who, if he had better legs, would not disgrace his lineage. But we much fear his standing a thorough preparation. Lord Glasgow and Aldcroft, with another of their eternal Clarissas, made short work of Imaus in the long Three Hundred Sovereign voyage; and within two hours afterwards the majority of the fashionables might be seen shaking off their dust in the Bognor waves. On Wednesday a poor Drawing Room, won by Watchfire, was succeeded by a poorer Derby, carried away by Alvediston; and then came the much-abused Goodwood Stakes, which was Lord Portsmouth's triumph instead of his discomfiture. Strictly in accordance with precedent, the first favourite, when the weights came out, was eating his corn in his stable; and when people were in ignorance what to invest upon, Mr. Parr stepped upon the scene with St. Bernard for them. Then arose objections as numerous as at a Registration Court, and the nominator afterwards agreed with us there were as many diffi-

culties in crossing St. Bernard in Sussex as in Italy. Hitherto the horse had been regarded as a Plater, hardly good enough for a Consolation Scramble at Ripon, or The Commercial Travellers' Stakes at Dover; but now by his gallop with Dusk over the lucky Weathergage, and Melford's ground, he was to go in alone, and revive the glories of Dulcet, Weathergage, Odd Trick, Clothworker, Fisherman, and Co. For a long while people were incredulous. John Osborne gave his trousers a hitch in the true T. P. Cooke style, and said he was sure he could not stay. Others shook their heads, and remarked he was a second Chester Weasel; and when he was brought out, all doubts were removed, for he looked dreadful, and went worse. And the result proved the Opposition were right again this time. But notwithstanding the ill-natured remarks that were made at the time on his performance, we have the best reasons for thinking Mr. Parr was never more sanguine in his life, and that Dusk must have led him wrong about him. Otherwise, the glory of Wantage is faded, and the prestige of the puce and white jacket gone. Boabdil's winning came like an earthquake after Ascot, where it seems he did not like the hill; but before that, it is only justice to state his owner tried him good enough to win there in a canter, and he backed him then for money enough sufficient to excuse him from putting on more than he did now. And in Mr. Hodgman's hands we shall no doubt see him do another good thing in a short time. Audrey ran a good mare under the weight, and Sir William, the winner of the next Hong Kong Cup, stayed longer than he had ever been suspected to do, and made the place betters groan audibly. The Findon last year gave us the best race of the Meeting, and so it did now; and the fight between Pratique, Wasp colt, and Vivid was worthy of being placed beside that of Caterer, Alvediston, and Wingrave. The winner was another advertisement for Rawcliffe, where he was sold for next to nothing; and although the Stable pretended not to know which was 'the best of three,' the public were too much for them, and made no mistake. The Cup Day was a sight of which we may well be proud; and even Royal Baden and Imperial Chantilly could not present a finer sight than the Inclosure and the Stand. Had Buckenham not been dead amiss a short time before, he could not have lost the engagement for which Inellan threw him over; and the million were incredulous as to the blistering of Orange Girl's throat, and backed her more confidently than the Stable; and again they were right, for she won in a canter. Then we saw Alfred Day in Mr. Padwick's colours, 'after long years;—

*'Pour nous revenons toujours,
A nos premières amours,'*

do battle with Imperatrice, and he was only beaten from the second for The Oaks by the shortest of necks. The Cup field was quite up to its usual quality when it contained the winners of The Oaks, The Two Thousand, the Chester and Liverpool Cups, as well as the second for the Ascot Cup, and the once celebrated Umpire. But the whole interest appeared to be centred in The Wizard, who had now every chance given him, and for whom no excuse would be received. In fact, he fairly stood on his trial, and the feeling seemed to be as at Doncaster last year, when John Davis sang—

'Shall he still retain his laurels,
And shall another cup
Deck Mr. Nicholls' sideboard,
Ere Mr. N. doth sup?
"He's a Peacock," cried his enemies;
"A Peacock? no, he is not.
He is better than old Beeswing,"
Shrieked the followers of Scott.

Still, strange to narrate, he was as disliked when he went down as Tim Whiffler was popular, and never seemed able to move at any period of the race, which was merely between Tim and Zetland. And they had not gone half way round before it was clear that 'The Squire of Oran' would be walking him in, and shouting, 'How now about The Wizard?' Umpire's temper is gone from running so much with Optimist, against whom he entertains a mortal hatred, and Fairwater's heel was so bad Aldcroft could do nothing with her. Zetland, we have always contended, wanted one more turn of speed, and the oftener he runs the clearer it is exemplified. In The Molecombe, Automaton was made a tremendous favourite, but it was too early for him to come a second time; and the Wasp colt and Armagnac had all the business to themselves, the penalty just telling against the Frenchman at the finish. Friday wound up well with a dead heat for The Nursery between a Tadmor filly, trained by little Sadler, and the French Brick, whose party stuck to him like 'bricks.' Bertha proved herself better than Q. E. D. for The Nassau; and Count Batthyany did a great thing at last with Prince Plausible when he beat such a tremendous field for The Chesterfield Cup without having his horse a favourite. And so ended Goodwood, which, with the Duke in his place, would have been as perfect a Meeting as could be desired.

Brighton and Lewes are only supplements to Goodwood, where the same performers always reappear, although in different pieces. At the former place the Paterfamilias of the Ring are ever in great force, and as, with their wives and offspring, they promenade up and down the King's Road, it is gratifying to perceive the race of 'six to fourers' is not likely to be extinct, and that England, although she relies mainly on her manufactures for her prosperity, will still have those about her who will protect her 'fields.' It is at Brighton also that the Ring change their uniforms for their naval costume, and few would recognize the veteran bookmaker in the garb of a captain of a merchantman, or the owner of a yacht. The sport was, on the whole, very fair, but none, save a Beachy Head coast-guardsmen, could have enjoyed it, as the wind blew in such fitful gusts that hats required fastening down like tents; and only those ladies whose feet and ankles would bear criticism dared venture out. The racing was of so little interest that it was forgotten before the week was over; and the only feature of it worth recalling was the splendid finish of Sam Rogers on Paste, who, refusing to be kidded by Fordham, did Atherstone by a head, amid clapping of hands and cries of 'Bravo Sam!' from the Stewards' Stand, and caused a few wry faces when the number went up, for the mare was thought to be 'of no account,' and 'a little 'bit over was given her.' Cresswell, we should add, completely negated the report of his death by his presence in the inclosure; and really the Manchester papers should be more careful in their obituary notices, as last winter they hurried Captain White away before Godding had won The Oaks, and now they struck out poor Cresswell before his time, causing no ordinary uneasiness to their friends, as well as trouble to the memoir men, who were instantly put to work on them. Lewes is thriving, and in time will attain that position it enjoyed in days of yore, when Lord Egremont used to send his team, and Lord Lichfield and Lord George Bentinck fought for The Queen's Plate. The Handicap was cleverly won by Pembroke, who ran longer than Millionaire, who, being a little horse, found the weight too much for him. 'Il Maggiore' had a great loss in Montebello, who broke down so badly that all visions of October Handicaps were at once dissipated. Caractacus they reported to be gone, but the rumour was as false as that about Cresswell; and

the avidity with which it was swallowed shows of what gullible materials racing men are composed. Still, notwithstanding all that has been said on the subject, we cannot help fancying there was something wrong, and that he really has 'the pencil fever.'

From Lewes and its Downs to the Plains of Aldershot was our next move, and verily a more striking change could not well be found. The day was dull and cold, and the blocks of huts erected in various portions of the encampment, and the sides of the course lined with soldiers, gave one strongly the idea of those scenes in the Peninsula when the army were encamped for the winter, and amused themselves with the sports of 'the land they had left 'behind them.' The arrangements were, in every respect, as good as they could be expected, and the course a very fair one. Officers well mounted kept it clear, and played the part of Martin Starling to perfection. Fortunately for all parties the Committee was composed of really working men who knew their business. And as the officers as well as the Aldershot people came down most handsomely with the sinews of war, the prizes were far superior to those usually seen at Military Meetings. The first event was The Chargers' Stake, which Music Master, heavily backed for it the previous night, won easily. And he struck us to be far more at home on 'the last half-mile' of the North Camp than being 'badgered' to death in the Long Valley by his gallant owner, who was amiss, and could not take him in hand. For Gabardine to beat The Prophet for The Farnborough Cup was thought impossible, except by those who knew what Captain Peel can do on an animal; and after as fine a race as ever was seen, he did Sam Rogers's pupil and horse by a head, rather to Sam's annoyance. Captain Coote had hoped to have scored the Odd Trick, but he was not so fortunate as on the previous Saturday, when we are informed that for a large bet he performed the unprecedented feat of riding three miles in twenty minutes on a hog's back.

Paul Clifford had nothing hardly to beat in the next race, for Highflyer was just up from grass, having 'been out all night on the loose,' a proceeding John Day very naturally condemned. In The Aldershot Cup there was Captain Peel again before the Judge with Vinegar Hill, who, when his Lewes and Brighton work is taken into consideration, cannot be said to have had many 'hours 'of idleness.' As we have said before, what with the drags, the carriages, the luncheons, the soldiers, the rustic lads and lasses, and the military bands, which kept playing between the acts, the scene was as pretty as it was unique, and the two professional gentlemen who came down to bet were quite equal to the occasion.

Leaving the sands of Aldershot with regret, our next march was towards the coals of Wolverhampton, which the Lord of Enville, as the newspaper writers love to term Lord Stamford, has made so fashionable. Here we found a mob of a totally different description, and for whose manners and customs some allowance should be made, from the very little knowledge they possess except of the world below. The racing was first-rate, and Knutsford revived in the Ring, in the Wolverhampton Stakes, the recollection of Croagh Patrick last year at Goodwood. This success on the part of the gentlemen they followed up so strongly during the two last days, that at last two or three of the bookmakers shut up their volumes, and refused to write any longer. Mr. George Thompson, for the first time in Lord Stamford's colours, rode Duke Rollo charmingly for him, and King of Utopia shook off the lot he met in The Biennial like a lion would a dewdrop. Atherstone won his engagements as

he liked, and Fordham seems as formidable on him as on the famous Lady Clifden, who is in rare trim at the present time. Reading was ruined by its rain, which drove every one for shelter to its Stand, which next year should be made more water-tight, as that in which the reporters were congregated bore a strong resemblance to the dripping well of Knaresborough. The Berkshire Stakes was a failure, and, owing to there being no pace, Costa won in a canter. York August has always an inexpressible charm for us, as there is something so legitimate in all its proceedings. Yorkshiremen are altogether so different from other people about racing, that they seem to take to it intuitively, like ducks to water; and we verily believe that handicap books are put into their hands when children, like primers, and that they are taught to believe their Book of Faith to be the 'Stud Book and Racing Calendar.' Never for many years had York been so full before; and at the station hotels, Lords were as plentiful as partridges in Norfolk. Of foreigners also there was an abundance, and all bent on the same object, viz., to get hold of Sir Charles Monk's mares. But liberal as are our illustrious strangers in the way of purchasing horses which they fancy, in Lord Stamford, Colonel Maude, Mr. Naylor, and Mr. Jackson, they find opponents not to be sneezed at. The mares and yearlings of the Belsay Baronet had 'their inventories taken' as they stood opposite the Club-house, and but one opinion prevailed respecting them, which was, that if they looked as well as Sir Charles himself, their value would have been doubled. Rough in their coats, with no flesh on their bones, and their feet all stuffed, and out of order, the mares could hardly be recognized by those who recollected them blooming with the Whitewall polish, and Jem Perren and Aldcroft by their sides. The competition for them was very great, 'Oran' taking his position exactly opposite Mr. Johnson's box, so that he might catch the Speaker's eye, while Lord Stamford, who is compelled to buy by deputy, stood just behind it. These, with Colonel Maude and Mr. Blenkiron, might be termed the working part of the company (for Mr. James Weatherby's part seemed cut out), and they divided the good bits among them. The remainder went off well, and down came the curtain on Sir Charles's retirement from the Turf, amidst, to say the least, quiet applause. While Mr. Johnson was thus hammering away for Sir Charles, Mr. Tattersall, a few yards off, was doing the same thing for Sir Tatton, who stood at his elbow, as erect as a corporal-major of the Blues, although he was just entering on the ninetieth year of his age, as the tombstones would say. Whether from the general impression that the Daniels are too short for racing purposes, and are more adapted for other work, or that the sale suffered from being in collision with that of his veteran rival, it is quite clear it did not go off with the same degree of spirit as usual. And yet there were two or three very clever colts among the lot, especially that by Colsterdale out of Elcho's dam, which Lord Stamford set his heart upon directly he saw him; and the colt by the same horse out of Wynnstay's dam, which Mr. Craven was lucky enough to get hold of. Lord Coventry's Colsterdale colt out of a Pyrrhus mare ought to run, if appearances go for anything. The York race list did not embrace any items of great interest, nor was the Leger likely to be influenced by it in the least. Zetland won the Great Yorkshire in a canter, although Fordham pleased the tykes, gammoning to make a race with Bonny Breast-knot, who the instant she pulled up was voted 'Caller Ou the Second.' Lord Glasgow was in rare form during the three days, and the mob seemed never to be tired of cheering his cap and jacket, which have never been worn so well before as by Aldcroft, who rode for him in a manner that an ex-Steward of the Jockey Club remarked in our pre-

sence, he had never seen exceeded at Newmarket by Chifney or Buckle. The Ebor pleased the old Peer very much; but with his matches he was most delighted. And as a proof of his honesty we may instance that when during the Meeting a handicap was submitted to him for approval, he complained his own horse had five pounds too little upon him, and would have had it raised, had not Lord Derby told him to let it remain, and he would bet him thirty to ten against him. Blue Mantle's defeat on the first day must go for nothing, as he was a mad horse, and had not forgot his Newmarket dressings. Tornado's performance was a good one, but she had deceived Mr. Ten Broeck once or twice before so much, that he trusted her with very little now; and by her running she makes Midia out to be one of the best brood mares in the country.

The Queen's Plate showed what a good mare Caller Ou must be, but it spoiled all chance of her getting on well for either of the October Handicaps; and we regret we cannot endorse the opinion of the Stewards who deprived her of the race, for it is a dangerous precedent to recognize a canon so far from home; and had a similar objection been preferred in the Derby, there is no knowing what consequences it might not have entailed. Aldcroft, we have reason to know, was sorry afterwards that he had adopted the step, which he only did with a view of getting Withington reprimanded. When King of Utopia went on winning, Mr. Eastwood was determined to secure King of Trumps for the Root Stud, and after a little negotiation he became his property, and we think will make a very useful horse. When Baron Gortshan, —or 'Godsend,' as Jem Perren unwittingly, but very appropriately termed the Prussian Nobleman—who put down three thousand guineas for The Wizard, had resolved not to start him, the York Cup seemed a match between Feu de Joie and Zetland—and so it turned out to be; and with nothing to assist him, and his jockey perpetually looking about him, the horse just got done a head by the mare; and the fineness of the struggle must reconcile the York authorities from always keeping The Cup in their list. Among the Two-Year Old Races, the one most betted upon was that between Pratique and Cerintha; and the Northampton form of the latter was fully verified. In the Gimcrack, however, it was clear neither she nor the Wasp colt could stay, and the French blood triumphed. Of Michael Scott it would not be right to express an opinion, for he was very backward. Still he has a great deal of The Wizard character about him, and I hope a bigger heart. During the week the fourth-day agitation was well sustained; but Lord Derby, Lord Zetland, and several other supporters of the Meeting, are so dead against it, we doubt if it will ever be carried. And we must observe that if the racing is cut down to reasonable limits, we should side with the opposition, but not otherwise.

The fondness of Yorkshiremen for Shows of Horses and Hounds is really very great, and not imitated in any other county. Every Riding has its own Exhibition, but The Cleveland takes precedence of them all. This year the venue was changed to Gainsborough, a sort of half-way house between Yarm and Redcar; and here Lord Zetland and three hundred Yorkshire farmers were to be found assembled, not only to inspect the animals that went up for competition, but to present Mr. Parrington with a testimonial for his exertions to bring the Show to the position it now attained. The attendance was very large, for the farmers came to see the hunters, the sportsmen the hounds, and the farmers' wives and daughters the pens of poultry. The hound accommodation was perfect, and far more extensive than that afforded in the South; and Captain Percy Williams again the presiding judge: while to Fitzoldaker, Mr. Bradshaw, and Mr. Hutchinson, were committed the destinies of the hunters.

We have not space at our disposal to go through all the classes in the Show, but must find room for a few remarks on the hounds, on account of the interest taken in them by many of our readers. In the First Class, Lord Middleton's were a nice, tidy lot: Languish, a beauty we had seen and read of before; and Roguish, a fair animal, but light in her second thighs. Bender we rather liked; Gameboy was short in his neck; and Orpheus, twenty-nine inches in her girth, was a fair dog. Lord Stamford's lot might have been shown under better circumstances had they not been subjected to the new-fangled 'stake' fashion of baking and boiling. Some were as fat as pigs—Ellen to wit. The Hurworth were an up-and-down lot; plain and not sorty. Lord Wemyss's lot were the flowers of the Show, and gained the Cup very justly; for they were nice, sorty, bony, bloody, and gentlemanlike fox-hounds, with sagacious heads and countenances, and they went up to the Judges with the sort of innate conviction it was odds on them. Gaspard and Hazard were nearly thirty inches in girth, so a good idea may be gained of them, and they will make Lord Henry's Contest a better favourite than ever as a Stud hound. In the Second Class for Unentered Puppies, Lord Middleton produced Newgate and Olive. The dog, we thought, was rather plain, but flattish in his sides. He had good legs and feet however. The Lady was a 'belle,' and won easily. Lord Wemyss got the second prize with Rhoderick and Rumino, a fair dog and bitch. The Morpeth had a very nice dog indeed in Woodman, and if he had been quite right about his elbow, with a good partner we really think he would have gained the first instead of the third prize in this class. The brood bitches were only moderate, and Mr. Anstruther Thompson of The Fife, with Syren beat Lord Middleton with Languish, and got the first prize; and public opinion ratified the award. On the whole, the show of Hounds was very satisfactory; and we have heard a rumour, which we hope may prove authentic, that next year the Show will be on a larger scale, open to all England, and independent of agriculture. The ground on which the hunters performed was as badly kept as the Course at Hampton, and quite spoiled all the fun of the jumping business. The show of hunters was much the same as at Yarm, and as they have only a local interest, we need not dwell upon them. To be within such an easy reach of Neasham, and miss the Cookson yearlings, was a fault we could never forgive ourselves for; and as the ensuing month will witness their disposal at the hammer, a few words relative to them may not be out of place. As a lot, we regard them to be better than those of last year; and they ought by their looks to make up for the loss Mr. Cookson sustained by the death of the 'crack,' through the negligence of the railway porters. As will be seen, Weatherbit and Saunterer are the paterfamiliaes of the lot, and by appearances a happier selection could not have been made. Jack Frost, by the first-named horse, is a brown colt, with great muscular thighs and hocks, and a deep shoulder. He is a flippant walker; and shows so much blood, that it is not difficult to guess who will bid for him and get him. Inverness, by Saunterer, out of Dundee's dam, is an entire Birdcatcher about the back and shoulders, coupled with immense length, of which so many of this sort are deficient; and as this is combined with a short top, it will be surprising if she does not race. Promenade, by Saunterer, out of Kettledrum's dam, has the same character in back and loins, with a second edition of the Derby winner's shoulders, and looks like staying all over. Take it Easy is another Saunterer out of Weatherbow's dam, very thick and strong, and one of the best mares possible to follow, having the wide hips of her dam Saccharissa, which every one is struck with who sees her. Lounger, by the same sire out of Tattoo's dam, is one of the strongest yearlings we have seen this year, strong in his

shoulders and loins, and might be fathered on Birdcatcher, for he has the same style even to his grey hairs. The Rag, by Saunterer, out of Troica, is a late foal, but wiry and racing-like; and if Trojanus runs well before he goes up, he will make money. With such a lot then as these, if 'The Cookson Day' does not turn out a profitable one, then all the pluck must have been taken out of our buyers, and fine breeding be unappreciated.

Wending our way south, we diverged a little from our route to have a look at the Bogthorpe yearlings of Mr. Pedley. Nor did we regret the step; for if Mr. Pedley does not beat Mr. Cookson, he is sure to be close alongside of him. Of the colts that will go to Doncaster, the best to our notions decidedly is Wassail, by Rataplan, out of Mistletoe, and own brother to Parasite. He is a fifteen one, not quite so large and powerful as Parasite, but a better-shaped animal. His head is exactly that of his sire, and his hind quarters perfection. Jupon, by Newminster, out of Trouseau, is a thorough Newminster, with immense length, a beautiful back, and very blood-like. He stands on short legs, and must command attention in the best of company. Lazy Lad is a very large colt, marked exactly like Pretty Boy, to whom he is own brother. Foaled very late, he has fine arched loins and good thighs and hocks, which, with excellent shoulders, will give Mr. Tattersall plenty of noddors. Pixie, by Weatherbit, is as strong as a castle, and with beautiful legs and fine action, and would at once be recognized as a genuine Weatherbit, and likely to pay his trainer's bill. Weatherglass is as meek as a woolpack, and a very free mover. Of the fillies, Obedience, out of Bonner, and Buxom, must bring Dunmore into notice, from her good looks, strength, and the way in which she moves; and as Dunkeld, the only Dunmore that has yet run, did so well at Goodwood, there is every encouragement for the rest of his stock. Matrimony, out of Special License, has extraordinary length, and has immense quality about her. Laurestinus is the best De Clare filly we ever saw, with fine power and size, and, with Matrimony, we imagine will be most sought for. From the condition of every animal Sir Charles Monk might well take a hint; and we have no doubt that Mr. Pedley will find the public coinciding with ourselves in the estimate of his yearlings. Racing gossip is confined within a few limits. Mr. Craven is going to divide his stud between William Butler and William Goater. John Scott ere long is likely to have a new employer, and Alfred Day two more new masters. Charles Bennett, the steeple-chase rider, has opened a Steeple Chase Academy at Ascot, on Ben Land's farm; and Mr. E. R. Clarke, the confederate of General Shirley, has been making a most eloquent speech at a public dinner in Aldersgate Street, when he proposed the health of the ladies; but we have not heard if he coupled that of Miss Thomas with it. Charlton has passed away from us like a dream; and Langton Wold did not seem like itself the other morning without him on his grey pony. As a jockey he had very few superiors; but, from his folly of betting so much, he was all but shelved, and, but for the kindness of 'Mr. E. Hall,' who engaged him in 1859, and put him on Seclusion in all her great races, and got him Lord Uxbridge and Captain Little's riding, he would not have earned half his distinctions. His funeral was attended by Janson, and such of the Melton trainers as did not go to Goodwood. Among the sporting articles in the Exhibition that commend themselves most to our notice is the Perth Dog-cart, to get a sight of which we had to work our way through a crowd as dense as that which surrounds Loudon and Ryder's case of jewels. The great fault in most dog-carts is the little accommodation they give for dogs and luggage, which frequently necessitates the sportsman being separated from

both, to the annoyance of his temper and his comfort, to say nothing of his money; for no pecuniary award can recompense a man for the loss of a favourite dog. These crying defects the Perth Dog-cart, we are glad to say, completely remedies; and we were amazed at the lightness of its draught, the elegance of its finish, and the accommodation it affords for dogs, guns, and ammunition. Different from most dog-carts, in which the hard seat is so constructed that the occupants are more objects of commiseration than envy, both seats are alike in size, and the accommodation so roomy, the most extensive crinoline of the Tuileries could not be put out of shape by it, and the ascent for ladies is as easy as the step of a brougham. Germany, we understand, will be introduced to them by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and Italy will have to thank Prince Carignac for their adoption; while the Maharajah Dhuleep Sing has had the thanks of the Eastern Princes for his transmission of them to India.

ART AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

THE pleasant months of autumn, of which Macaulay has furnished so vivid a picture of in his 'Lay of Horatius,' as lying, like the course of 'Sweet Clanis,' through 'corns and vines and flowers,' roughly end the joys of the London season. The Italian operas come to a standstill. The picture galleries are, for the chief part, closed, and the population of London goes forth on its usual migratory trip to the seaside. Englishmen, with that inveterate love of climbing which belongs to every class—from the larcener who practises his labour made hard without ardour, as that 'climbing sorrow' known as the treadmill, to the member of the Alpine Club, who finds a pleasure in placing his foot where no other foot has been before—rush forth to pursue their native tendencies, on soils more beneficently favoured with the excrescences called mountains than their own land. Cabs piled up with the craggiest-looking boxes and trunks, till they assume the character of miniature Alps, attest the migration of the fairer population of the metropolis. The modern Penelopes, instead of mourning their Ulysses gone to the Moors, themselves undertake the parts of Syrens by the sea. In every direction there are evidences of the general exodus. Clubs are given up to half-pay captains, literary men, and elderly females, *et hoc genus omnes*, whose mission is declared to be 'to clean.' Cold mutton is daily partaken of in sorrow and humiliation by unhappy husbands, whose wives are enjoying themselves at the seaside. The shooting season is late on account of the weather, and a few, even of the most eager sportsmen, have been kept unduly dallying with time in London; but, for the chief part, the world has poured forth to seek, in fresh air, in the delights of travel and in change of scene and excitement, a fresh fund of health after the dissipations of town.

The month of August was ushered in by the announcement of five farewell performances at Her Majesty's Theatre, unfettered by the sumptuary restrictions exercised in the height of the season, and which limits the exuberance of broad cloth to the confines of a swallow tail. 'The Huguenots' and 'Le Nozze di Figaro' were the chief attractions. Gassier as *Figaro*, and Santley as *Il Conte*, Bossi as *Bartolo*, Bellini as *Basilio*, and Titiens as *Lu Contessa*, completed the chief part of the cast. At Covent Garden the subscription nights closed early in the month with 'Un Ballo in Maschera,' Mario playing as *Il Duca*, and Madame Penco as *Amelia*; and with 'Guillaume

'Tell,' Faure as *Tell*, and Tamberlik as *Arnoldo*; but the musical event of the month was decidedly the production of 'Masaniello,' though the part of *Masaniello*, sustained by Mario, was, in some respects, a sad falling off from his performance of the same part in 1849, and the glories of the orchestra, of the scenic tableaux, of the scenery and spectacles generally included in its arrangement, eclipsed altogether the more purely vocal merits of the opera. The *toute ensemble* of the opera has perhaps not been surpassed. The arrangement of the various groups of figures, the general scenic effect, and the stage business, were alike unimpeachable, and it was only to be regretted that the great tenor was not more thoroughly able to sustain his old reputation. Every scene into which the opera was divided was made an elaborate picture—the Gardens of the Viceroy, the Market-place, the Triumph of Masaniello, and the Eruption of Vesuvius, with which the whole piece terminates, were alike admirable. But Mario is himself no more; and in the mad scene, and in the invocation to sleep, could it alone be said that the character of *Masaniello* was well sustained. After a recess of not more than a week, Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison, assisted by Messrs. Santley and Perren, and Mesdames Thirlwall, Parepa, &c., commenced the English Opera season, with the opera running when the house last closed under their management, 'The Lily of Killarney.' Their programme for the next season embraces almost every opera which has been produced during the last four years of the united Pyne and Harrison management, and will thus afford visitors to London the opportunity of hearing some of the favourite operas which they would have had no other means of hearing. On the opening night the house was crowded by an enthusiastic audience, and all the vocalists were called on the stage, and Mr. Alfred Mellon, the conductor, was, after the National Anthem, likewise summoned to receive the ovation of the delighted house.

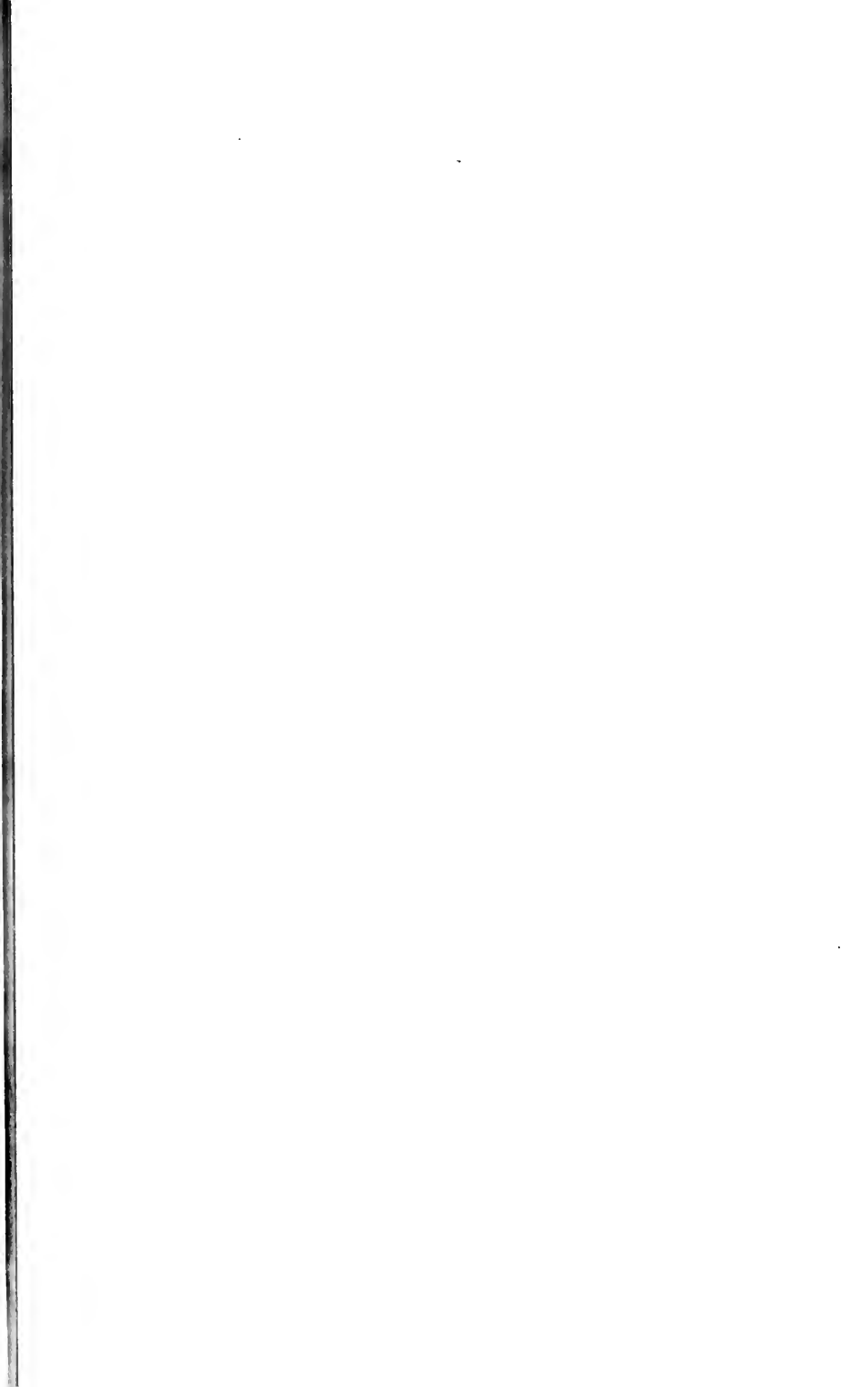
The stage has, for the chief part, maintained the same pieces running as last month, some dramas seeming really to have become chronic, and as ineradicable as diseases of long standing. The chief changes effected have been at the Olympic, the Strand, and the Adelphi. At the Haymarket *Lord Dundreary* continues to run with unabated popularity. At the Princess's 'The Rendezvous,' followed by 'Henry VIII.' and 'The Two Polts,' the only change made having been in the last piece, continues the same as last month, and at the Lyceum and Drury Lane 'The Peep o' Day' and 'Colleen Bawn' continue the even tenour of their success for so many months recorded.

The alterations made at the Adelphi have been the substitution of the classical play of 'Medea' for the melodrama of 'The Dead Heart,' the part of the heroine being impersonated by Miss Avonia Jones, a lady who was either born or has resided since childhood in Australia. In this character Miss Jones displayed much more than average histrionic power, the part being a most arduous one, but at present her success as an actress has been limited to this one part, although she has since appeared in 'Adrienne Lecouvreur,' and had before made her *début* in other characters in the provinces. A pupil of Mr. G. V. Brooke, she has acquired many of the lamentable mannerisms of that artificial, uneducated, and for some time overrated actor. Whether she will shake these off, or distinguish herself in weightier and more sombre characters of tragedy, like *Volumnia*, *Lady Macbeth*, *Bianca*, in 'Fazio,' *Emilia*, and *Constance*, remains to be seen. It seems difficult to believe that any actress could attain a considerable altitude of merit in one part without

powers, that will secure her success in others. At the same time, her artificial manner, her heavy and declamatory style, forbid hoping success in comedy or juvenile tragedy.

At the Olympic, 'The Porter's Knot' has been withdrawn, for the comedietta written by Tom Taylor, of 'To oblige Benson,' and the farce of 'Boots at the 'Swan.' The cast of the 'Dowager,' in which Miss Amy Sedgwick played, during the first portion of the month, the *Countess Tresilian*, has also been changed, and Miss Hughes now plays in her stead. At the Strand, Mr. Byron's burlesque of 'Eily O'Connor,' and three small pieces, 'The Silent System,' 'John Smith,' and 'Marriage at any Price,' compose a strong bill. Of these, the last, a new farce by Mr. Wooler, is filled with unextinguishable laughter, and is really one of the most screaming farces that has been for some time produced. Mr. Rogers in female costume as a coy maid of all work, whose prudery and personal attractions are in an inverse ratio, contributes much by his grotesque acting to the success of the piece. The burlesque is as smartly written as is usual with Mr. Byron's pieces, but is not otherwise as full of fun, or as successful, as most of this author's productions. At the St. James's the burlesque of 'Endymion,' written by Mr. Brough, in which Miss Herbert appears as *Diana*, still continues one of the attractions of London. Miss Herbert as *Diana*, being so elegant, lovely, and withal, so classical a rendering of the character, as to be more worthy the pages of some amatory mediæval poet or troubadour, than the grotesque fitting of a modern burlesque. A farce by Mr. John Oxenford has during the month been also added to its list of attractions, which has the merit of being one of the best written and acted farces that has been produced for some years.

There is little gossip as to the future in theatrical matters. For some time during the month, negotiations were said to be pending, which would transfer the lesseeship of the Princess's to Mr. Falconer, the present lessee of the Lyceum, but these are said to be at an end, or, at any rate, in abeyance. Mr. Fechter is to open at Christmas at the Lyceum, with a company which will embrace the names of Mr. Phelps, Miss Helen Faucit, Mr. Walter Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, and Miss Lydia Thompson, a very strong array of talent. The Christmas pieces and literary productions now in hand with a view to future entertainment are said to be three librettos for English operas, by Messrs. Planché, Oxenford, and Boucicault and Bridgeman, respectively, and for these, Mr. Wallace and Messrs. Benedict and Balfe are respectively to contribute the music. Mr. Byron will write the Adelphi, Strand, and Covent Garden Christmas burlesques, and Mr. Planché that of the Haymarket, Mr. Burnand probably contributing the Olympic as heretofore. As a matter pertaining to theatricals, it may be mentioned, that the ter-centenary of Shakspeare's birth, which takes place in April, 1864, is to be celebrated with great *éclat* and effect, under the auspices of the Dramatic College Committee at the Crystal Palace, and that arrangements are already in progress, with a view to the national commemoration of this event, with the greatest effect and demonstration. The programme is likely to extend over a week, and processions, odes, original music, and poetry, 'soft Lydian' 'airs married to immortal verse,' and Shaksperian tableaux embracing all his best-known plays, are to contribute their quota to the general sum of the intended festivities.





Joseph Williams

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

CAPTAIN PERCY WILLIAMS.

As the Turf has had its fair share of Representatives in our Gallery, it is only right that the claims which the Chase has upon us should be recognized; and in Captain Percy Williams we have a gentleman who unites in himself the qualifications of a Master of Hounds as well as a Gentleman-Jockey to an extent, which fully entitles him to come after Mr. George Lane Fox in the list of Hunting-men, who, we hope, will adorn our pages.

Captain Percy Williams is the son of the late Mr. Robert Williams, an East Indian director, of high influence and standing in the Company's service. He was educated at Sandhurst, and was contemporary with the present Lord Strafford, whose tastes, as far as the Turf was concerned, were strictly in unison with his own. At Sandhurst, at that period, the discipline was very severe; but repeated confinements in the Black Hole could not curb young Williams's larking propensities. Fond to distraction of horses and hounds, and everything connected with them, he was ever the leader in the badger and the rat hunts, with which the Cheeve boys used to indulge themselves; while his collection of terriers and other animals would vie with that of Jemmy Shaw or Bill George. Having completed his course of military study, he joined that distinguished regiment, the 9th Lancers, in which he served, under the present Lord Rosslyn, eighteen years; but the piping times of peace prevented him being able to distinguish himself, save as a very smart officer. It is a singular fact, and worthy of being noted here, that this regiment not only earned laurels in the field in after years by hunting down the rebels in India, under Sir Hope Grant, but furnished three most efficient masters of hounds in the persons of the Earl of Rosslyn, formerly Master of Her Majesty's hounds; Mr. Anstruther Thompson, the present Master of the Fife; and the subject of our memoir.

'Silk and Scarlet' generally coming together, Captain Williams embraced both, and soon became as well known on the race-course as

in the hunting-field. Nor did he neglect the pleasures of the road—as Jack Adams and the old school of coachmen could vouch for in case of an appeal. At the period when the Captain first took silk, the weights were on a higher scale than they are at present; consequently he had not to ‘pinch’ so much as some of his friends. And he very quickly, as the jockeys say, ‘got into riding.’ Although tall in stature, his length of limbs enabled him to clutch his horse and assist him better than a short-legged man could in a finish. And with a seat strikingly like Jem Robinson’s, and good hands, as he went down to start, an owner always felt confident the last ounce would be got out of his horse, not by punishment, but by sheer jockeyship; for with him the heel was as much ignored as the hand was prized. And ‘Percy’s rush’ on the post has sent many a favourite home a winner, and done many a young ‘un out of a race he thought he had made sure of. Eglinton Park, Bibury, and Goodwood were his great battle-fields; but unfortunately, as is the case with Captain Little at the present time, no odds worth speaking of could be got about his mount. And if these remarks may seem over-coloured, we would have it recollected the owner of such animals as St. Lawrence, Alice Hawthorn, and The Cure, all of which he rode at times, would not have confided them to any but a first-rate artist. As the interest in the various races in which he took part has long since abated, and his companions in arms, such as John Bayley, Captain Pettat, General Gilbert, and many others too numerous to mention, have passed away, it is unnecessary to recur to them; but he can reflect upon many a Bibury stake at Stockbridge, many a Cup at Croxton Park, and many a March and Anglesey at Goodwood. In the course of his career he met with three nasty falls—one at Oatlands on a mare called Taglioni, which bolted and fell over the ropes; another at the Curragh of Kildare, when his animal broke a blood-vessel and fell at the post when winning; and a third when riding his friend Mr. Bell’s Zebetta for the tea-service at York. On quitting Melton, whither he repaired after leaving the army, Captain Williams took the Rufford country, which he hunted with the most complete success for no less a period than nineteen seasons.

The first fox-hound Captain Williams ever possessed was given to him by that stanch friend to fox-hunting George Foljambe. And he took great pains to learn the right sort of shape and style of a hound, by constant visits to The Belvoir, The Grove, Brocklesby, Lord Henry Bentinck’s, Sir Richard Sutton’s, Sir Watkin’s, and other good packs. At starting he had to go through a considerable amount of chaff from some of the older Masters. His old friend Tom Hodgson delighted in saying ‘What can the little Captain know about ‘hunting?’ Old Butler, when hunting the Badsworth Hounds, at the end of a bad season, one of Percy Williams’ first, said, ‘They ‘tell me that Captain says he has had sport; what regiment did he ‘belong to? did he bring his own trumpeter away with him?’ However, he took no notice of all that was said, but worked hard,

and no man could be more painstaking, and the result was that he bred a pack of hounds that were useful to look at, and the large price they sold for showed the opinion the public had of them. In the field he was good tempered, cheery, and civil to all classes, and very popular with all farmers and friends of fox-hunting. In handling his hounds, he imitated the best examples, was very quiet and persevering, and made the best of a very bad scenting country. His turn-out at the covert-side was quite correct, and he rode, and mounted his men on well-bred clever horses; and as he and his two whips did not weigh thirty stone, they did not require weight-carriers. His saddles and bridles were very workmanlike, and put on as well as his own boots and breeches. He rode well to his hounds, and was always admitted to be as good over the country, as well as the flat. In the making of his pack, Mr. Foljambe's Albion did a good deal for him, and he used to swear by a hound called Playmate.

With the cause of his retirement, which created no ordinary sensation at the time, we have nothing to do; but the magnificent testimonial which was presented to him by his friends is a sufficient proof of his services and qualifications being appreciated. As a judge of fox-hounds we believe there is no master second to him, as is evidenced by his being so frequently called in to act as judge at the various hound-shows in the North and South of England. And if he was to sit for his portrait again, we would suggest he should be taken on the flags, with his tape in hand, measuring one of Lord Henry Bentinck's or Lord Wemyss's sample hounds. Then he would be quite as much in his element as a judge on the bench, or Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons. Still in the prime of life, with excellent nerve, and a continued flow of good spirits, and a *répertoire* of excellent anecdotes, we trust the time is not far distant when we shall see him at the head of another pack of hounds, and cheering them along as merrily as he did the Rufford.

A WHITE SPOT IN THE BLACK FOREST.

BY THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

As the tendency of the present article may possibly induce me to touch upon some matters connected with the turf, and to draw a comparison in some things not altogether to the advantage of our system, I beg at once to state, that no allusion is intended by the heading of this paper to any particular darkness, nor to any metaphorical exception to the tenebrose aspect of such affairs. My language has no second intention whatever; and if I were inclined to become a 'censor' or 'magister morum' on such a subject as the English Turf, I should certainly not clothe my criticism in allegory, or leave any doubt as to the real state of affairs by the language of *double entendre*. The white spot in the Black Forest to which I

wish to invite attention is Baden-Baden. Its beauties, physical and natural, entitle it to distinction; its attractive forms of pleasure, its sanitary reputation, its happy *réunions*, its admirable management and arrangements, deserve a few pages of consideration; nor can I conceive any so fitted as those of 'Baily' for the discussion of subjects which are interesting to the lovers of natural beauty, to the citizen of the world, to the man of fashion, and to the sportsman, of either sex.

'See Florence and die,' says one man; 'Go to Baden and—live,' says another. And certainly, though the life in the latter might be a short, it would be a merry one. A few weeks is as much as the most greedy devourer of pleasure, or professor of midnight revelry, could desire. He that hath stomach for more than a couple of months must be a follower of Epicurus, with a taste for the doctrines of his master, or his own interpretation of them, more remarkable than Apicius himself. With a singular appreciation of this fact *the season* at Baden is limited; and if the capacity of M. Benazet is not so, he at least bows to the decision of universal opinion, and measures the duration of his attractions by the appetites of his guests.

'Non semper arcum
Tendet Apollo.'

'Go to Baden:?' Oh yes, says our friend, heated, dusty, jaded, feverish, with the business or pleasures of a London life. It's all very well for a man to talk of going to Baden; but that is more easily said than done. Perhaps it is. At the same time, if I had to recommend a thorough change of air and scene, at as little trouble as possible, I know few places so easily attainable as Baden-Baden. Of course, you may go twenty ways, every one of them more pleasant than the other. But if accessibility by rail be an object, then Baden stands prominently out in the list. From London, by Dover, Calais, Paris, and Strasbourg, to this charming retreat, is a journey of exactly twenty-five hours; no more—always supposing that the traveller has no objection to sleeping in a railway-carriage, and can for once do without a toothbrush or a dinner. In so short a time as this the fountains of the cup of pleasure may be reached, and the thirst slaked with a first draught. I said there were twenty routes by which to arrive at the point of destination. Naturally there are; and as a man may go from London to York via Devon and Cornwall, if he prefers it, so, in truth, have I travelled by a longer and pleasanter route than by Paris and Strasbourg to Baden. But my pleasures were considerably enhanced by the company in which I travelled; and though my companion was not altogether a perfect linguist, and indeed occasionally blundered in a manner which might have brought us into trouble but for the utter indifference with which he opposed all compromise between the feelings of foreigners and the expression of his own, still I own to the weakness of being considerably elated by the success with which he waded through all difficulties, and achieved his aim more by British

courage and determination than by any strict acquaintance with the customs or languages of the countries through which we passed. When a man has once mistaken a kaiser for a kreutzer, or the reverse, and sticks to that opinion with laudable tenacity, of course the amount of inconvenience incurred depends upon the circumstances of the case. My own idea is, that neither Austria nor the German States in general, are favourable to the annunciation of such an idea as the following: 'Oh, come along; *never mind about the kaisers*, one or two more or less can't make much difference.' Under such happy auspices as these I prolonged my journey. My reader may not be equally fortunate; but, I trust, distance, however it may lend enchantment to the view, will never be recognized as an apology for not having visited one of the very pleasantest little spots in Europe.

But as a visit to Baden-Baden at a certain season of the year is henceforth indissolubly connected with racing, a question might be asked as to the transmission of horses to the scene of action. It seems to me that the question is answered in the transmission of ourselves. I should only advise that the horses coming from England, and intended for running, should have sufficient time given them for recovery from the effects of the journey. It is but fair to add that the accommodation offered is of the best. Every means is placed at the service of the stranger for keeping or improving the condition of his nomination; the hay and corn are as good as the country can produce, if a little inferior to the best parts of England; the stabling, on the course and attached to it, excellent; and many a box exists in the villages round, which might put to shame some of those of Leicestershire and Northamptonshire, as far as the essentials of fresh air and cleanliness are concerned. The appearance of Medora, and her performance, within about a week of the voyage, are sufficient guarantees for the practicability of the scheme.

It is not my business to rob Mr. Murray, or Bradshaw, or any of the hundred guides (in all languages) to the beauties and curiosities of Baden, of their well-earned reputation. I may refer my reader to them with great safety, as pioneers perfectly trustworthy. They may be followed through the beauties of Lichtenthal, and the ever-increasing magnificence of Eberstein, to a breakfast such as I enjoyed under the welcome verandah of Rothenfels. With them may the traveller ascend to the picturesque heights of the Alte Schloss, or descend to the dungeons and oubliettes of the Neue Schloss. It is not mine to describe (at least in this place) the cheerful dejeûners, or the still more cheerful petits soupers, of the Hôtel Stephanie-Bad; or to celebrate the praises of the Marcobrunner and Steinberger cabinet wine of our friend Monsieur Pappel. The theatre, how magnificent, with its furniture of damask velvet, and its panels of white and gold! The rooms so brilliant, with their rich decorations now of costly grandeur, anon of graceful delicacy—Louis XIV. and the Renaissance vying with each other! The women, how

charming, with their thousand fascinations of toilette to aid or to exhibit the graces of nature by the exercise of art !

‘Eheu ! fugaces, Postume, Postume
Labuntur anni.’

The majesty of Prussia, and of Baden, with the beauties of a continent, drawn together by the hospitalities of the Duc de Beaufort. The heart-touching strains of Rossini, and the weightier genius of Mozart, how splendidly given ! All these, and a thousand other charms, I leave to pens more capable than mine. I can only say that I tried no medicinal restoratives, no sulphur, no iron, but I have returned refreshed, invigorated, and greatly indebted to everything in Baden, but its water, for a cure.

If, however, I refrain from touching upon these necessary contingents of Baden life, it is that I may hasten to that part of my story which is probably more interesting to the readers of ‘Baily.’ In Baden-Baden, racing, the turf, and everything connected with it, is nearly in its infancy. As yet it is dressed, superbly dressed, in the white robes of innocence and simplicity. There you have the genuine unsophisticated article, for which all men long—that is, if you believe them, with seven hundred pounds of somebody else’s money in their pocket. It represents the unsuspecting happiness of childhood with all its graces. It is all flowers and fruit and sunshine—all unsullied bloom—all smiles and carelessness. How often have I wished that it could have remained so here !—and I cannot now help regarding this Baden meeting much in the light of a little child, whom a few years will have spoiled and sullied with the vices of the man. It ought not to be so. It is assuredly, at present, like nothing of its kind. It behoves those in authority to watch its ripening years with jealous care ; to exclude everything that may taint ; to guard it from the rudenesses of contact with vulgarity, and to preserve the Meeting as it now is, without speck or blemish, a remarkable instance of good taste, singular refinement, and able administration.

Whilst justice bids me give the palm in these matters to the continental system, I must not be supposed to run a-tilt, unfairly, against our own. Our peculiarities of temperament debar us from entering upon racing as a matter of pure pleasure. Racing is so far connected with money, that it is not possible to separate their interests ; and so soon as £ s. d. are allowed to interfere with a pleasure, that pleasure, to Englishmen, becomes a business. We undertake nothing by halves, and cannot now comprehend the possibility of enjoyment as an end.

In consequence of some such state of things as this, the Ring has become an indispensable adjunct to an English racecourse. It is a necessary evil. Money must be got on ; and in money matters, as in everything else, the transaction of business is easier with professionals than with amateurs. ‘Where am I to go to lay the odds, or ‘to get them ?’ said a distinguished turfite at Baden-Baden. Perfectly

true: unless the man turned up by some lucky accident, hedging was impossible; and it is a comfortable reflection that for those four days ladies and gentlemen could enjoy themselves without the eternal yells of the overzealous to 'lay agin' something or other; or the stentorian requests of the fielders to be allowed to 'bar one.' I do not say one word against the honesty or respectability of the numerous classes which may be said to compose the betting ring; but I am glad to have once seen a racecourse whence noise, bustle, dust, perspiration, and vulgarity seem to have been banished by common consent. It is true that many an Englishman is heard to lament in plaintive tones the sad necessity of a Ring at all; but I never find that he makes less use of it than other people. It may be that the honour of us Britishers is wrapped up in an exhibition of our success, and that the mere prize to be gained is but a small part of our ambition; that we are willing to sacrifice cleanliness, respectability, and comfort to the mammon of unrighteousness, as the evidence of our pre-eminence in the science of the Turf: that we must have our gaming-table on which to stake our money, just as the joueur at the trente et quarante must have his bank; and that our table is the Ring. It may be so; probably is; but it would be pleasanter if one could but put a cloth upon it.

But if it is desirable to deal thus tenderly with what must be considered a blot upon our system, I have no such delicate scruples with the vulgarities, buffooneries, and indelicacies of a great holiday. I have no scruples as to whether it is politic or right to denounce at large the 'mimi, balatrones, et hoc genus omne,' to be found upon every racecourse in England. Why, because I love a horse, and delight in the animated struggles of jockeyship, am I to be bored with the love-ditties of our wandering minstrels, or disgusted with the ribaldries and indecencies of some infidel harpist? Why must I listen to the bones and banjos of dirty-faced imitators, or submit to the scurrilous abuse of a licensed buffoon, whose only excellence appears to be his assimilation to a donkey, and whose only glory is that he never did a day's work in his life, nor had his hair cut till he was put into jail for a felony? Why must I run the risk of being knocked over by an unskilful shot at Aunt Sally, or be mulct of a shilling or half a crown before I can be released from the importunities of a gipsy, who insists upon telling the fortunes of my wife and daughters before half a dozen young men, all enjoying the privilege of participating in those fortunes? Why am I to pay a guinea to be crushed to death in a large building from which I can see but little, and which does not include the right or power of viewing the saddling, or mounting, or any one interesting part of the business but the last half-dozen strides? Why, when I wish to return home, am I to find my postilion drunk, my servant sulky, my horses starved, my wife's dress spoilt by a little accident with the salad oil, and my own coat and umbrella absent without leave? Above all things, why am I to be pelted on the road with rotten eggs, or, at best, with oranges which I don't want, and to get up the

next morning with a temper and a headache quite indescribable? And all this because I was fool enough to imagine that a day's racing might be a day's pleasure, and that the indulgence of so innocent a caprice might have been attended with less inconvenience.

I shall be told that an English racecourse is not a scene for persons of taste and refinement, but that it is a grand holiday for the masses. Is it so? Surely the masses, if they love horseflesh as they boast to do, would be satisfied without the infliction of such miseries! And are all the respectable people who love racing too, to be driven away because it is assumed that the tastes of the people are so brutalized as to prefer a holiday of drunkenness and immorality to one of decency and order? What is to become of the ladies who are not so fortunate as to have found room in the front rows of the Grand Stand? They must be sacrificed to the masses. It is a question for the police, and the police do not interfere with the liberty of the subject, be the subject of what matter it may. If Mrs. Smith doesn't like that charming little song which those modest-looking females are bawling under her carriage, to the apparent delight of a crowd of costermongers and two or three half-fledged subalterns of the — regiment, she may stay away or go elsewhere. Or, if Major Jones is so 'mighty particular' about his daughters, he can keep them at home. This is perfectly true; and so he probably will for the future. We do not combat facts; but we come round to the broad assertion that, in general, an English racecourse is of such a character that it is difficult for any but the two extremes of society to meet there.

And now, I think, I owe my readers an explanation of what a day's pleasure, under such circumstances, might be. To do this in a word, I would send them next year to Baden-Baden. I would bid their excellent secretary regard it as a basis, or nucleus, from which a more extensive programme might issue. But I would have him retain all the leading features of his present management. I do not recommend English people to copy them: because it is impossible. We have neither climate nor leisure probably for such an enjoyment; and we have turned our holiday into a day of business, and our pleasure into a mint. But there are a few things in which we may take a practical lesson in racing; and I shall not fail of an opportunity to point them out. At present I recommend those who can to go and see.

The course of Baden we found to be a pleasant drive, about seven miles from the town. It is a flat of considerable extent, on the east bounded by a most beautiful chain of hills, a spur of the Black Forest, on whose slopes lie numberless villages, and houses, and amongst the loveliest of them Baden itself. The other sides are bounded by woodlands and hills. The road to the course, though gay with carriages of every description, from Prince Menschikoff's English-built drag, through Russian, Hungarian, Polish, and German wagons of various sorts, diligences, and drostchies, to the humblest tumbrils, was never inconveniently crowded. The arrival on the

ground was admirably managed; without police, without gendarmerie, we found a safe and easy road, in and out. Tickets were issued for the four days, or singly, admitting to the Tribune, or Grand Stand. On the ground we saw the King of Prussia, the Queen, and several members of the royal family, as well as the Grand Duke, and members of his household. The carriages were drawn up at the royal stand, and were exceedingly handsome; not so numerous as our own at Ascot, but somewhat reminding one of that charming scene. The stands themselves, three in number, are a remarkable feature; decorated with flowers and creepers, which extend from the ground to the balcony. But when the races are about to begin, the absence of all noise, of all betting, of any apparent excitement, struck me with great astonishment. I, who had been accustomed, at no time, to see two of the most moderate players start without a rush to get on, or a rush to get off, was somewhat agreeably surprised to find that the part of Hamlet was omitted by tacit, but universal consent. And, like the man who once went to bed sober, it is astonishing how pleasant it is. And thus it went on through the meeting; the principal prizes and stakes, even the steeple-chase itself, looked forward to with every outward demonstration of enthusiasm, as the race, *par excellence*, failed to raise one faint exclamation of 'I lay agin the favourite!' The 2 to 1 against the Colonel, and the 3 to 1 against Medora, were booked in solemn silence, in front of the kursaal, the night before; but the pretty lawn, with its prettier women, was quite unsullied by the jarring discords of the moveable ring. I do not mean to say that there was no betting, or that there is no gambling even upon the course; an occasional book makes its appearance; well-known faces in the Jockey Club at Paris, or on the heath at Newmarket, do not meet at Baden to drink the waters *only*; but, like everything else, it is devoid of offence, of noise, of business, of *éclat*. It is perfectly in keeping with the aristocratic nature of the meeting. A professional ring-man would have been as a bull in the French Department of the International Exhibition. Let English gentlemen come, if they will. Let them send their horses, and, if the stakes are not sufficient for them, let them make their private speculations as they can. But never let the sanctity of so pleasant a spot, and of arrangements so in keeping with the picturesque, the fashionable, and the beautiful, be profaned by the slightest approach to a betting ring.

But if we proceed beyond this point to describe the admirable manner in which everything has been done conducive to the comfort of the spectators, we cannot fail to recognize the genius of a people whose taste for beauty and refinement is of the highest class. From the reception of their prince to the care and accommodation of their horses, nothing has been omitted which could add to the elegance of the scene. Accustomed as we are to be shunted into the warren amidst a steaming crowd of blacklegs and blackguards, or to be elbowed out of the expectant crowd at Ascot by some owner or

backer of horses who can scarcely write his own name, and certainly not pronounce it, if it begin with an aspirate, it was something new to find oneself lounging pleasantly on, inspecting now this horse, now that, and receiving civil information and intelligible answers from the trainers or jockeys in attendance. It was also gratifying enough to know that two o'clock did not mean three; and that Mr. Mackensie Greaves, as he cantered down the course, with the seat of an English gentleman, and the hands of the *manège*, once well known over most hard counties of England, would be met by the riders, with a wish to smooth his responsible duties as steward and starter, rather than impede them. There was no trouble at the post; they were off at once, and the company was enabled to return to Baden within at least half an hour of their calculations.

Of course, in a meeting of this kind gentlemen riders are expected to play a conspicuous part. For the benefit of my countrymen, permit me to add that they are proverbially punctual. Their colours, peeping from beneath their topcoats (the ever-approved fashion of gentlemen riders), and mingling with the charming toilettes of the stand and its frontage, give a sort of private-meeting-like air to the whole thing; and if an English nobleman were to invite some hundreds of his own acquaintance to ride in his park, and partake of his hospitalities, the appearance of everything connected with it could not be more perfectly *comme il faut* than the meeting which I last month witnessed among the hills of the Black Forest. Frenchmen cannot be reproached with indifference to personal appearance at any time, and when the question is of breeches and boots, they come very little behind the best models of our own country, of whom there were two or three playing no inconspicuous part in the pigskin at Baden-Baden during this present autumn of '62.

An overwhelming stable in a small meeting is a drawback; and it is so for this reason: When one pretty good horse has to race during a mile and a half or two miles against three separate horses, who are each enabled to make running for the other, according to circumstances, it must be obvious that the chances are against the one. This is too frequently the case with the French stable; and although it is quite at the option of any gentleman to start an equal or greater number, it is improbable that a stable will be found sufficiently strong to oppose confederacy. As nothing can exceed the courtesy towards all classes exhibited by the inhabitants of Baden, and, above all, by Mr. Whei, on whose shoulders rests the great weight of the administration of these affairs, so it seems to me that everything should be done to give effect to the wishes and views of those most concerned. It is desirable to avoid anything which may tend to weaken the success of the meeting. If an overwhelming force be brought into the field, it is possible that it may have that effect. It is all very well in England, where Greek meets Greek, and the tug of war is pretty evenly balanced; but as it is difficult to legislate against such a case as I have put, it is not out of the way to suggest as much delicacy as possible in dealing with such an opportunity; and rather

to throw away a chance than to run a risk of injuring so pleasant a *réunion* by too close a persistence for a right.

A marked feature of the course is the absence of what we call the mob. It seems that racing is not so much the genius of the people as with us. There was much anxiety to see the crowds pass; pretty women and wonderful hats are an object of curiosity everywhere. But the remarkable zeal which distinguishes the Yorkshire tyke, the Wolverhampton miner, or the London cad, is nowhere apparent at Baden-Baden. Perhaps it is so far fortunate that the race-course is free from the externals of vicious enjoyment. I, however, for one, have every confidence in the people of that country; and I cannot conceive that an increased taste for the pleasures of the turf need at all necessitate an increased appetite for the pleasures of sense. A horse, and his beauties, are, in my mind, associated with nothing mercenary or low.

But if there be not the same spirit of racing, or the same innate pride of everything connected with horses, so apparent in Englishmen, the necessity of extraneous assistance is the more apparent. I am myself inclined to doubt whether Continental racing is calculated to struggle with difficulties. By how much more it puts on the beautiful, it discards the business-like. In England the notion is that we are going through a day of rather hard work, profitable, however, to somebody. In Baden the first and most comprehensible idea is, that, notwithstanding the pleasure, the day has been profitable to nobody. It creates a happy, sunshiny feeling of indifference to everything but the scene around; and we are willing to thank Providence that at last we have found a race-course which can have no interest beyond the present moment: that, at last, instead of being a speculator, a horse-dealer, or an usurer, we are a gentleman. But I question whether this sentiment would suffice for any long time to keep up a Meeting of this kind. What, then, can be substituted for that speculative interest which I believe to be foreign to the racing taste of the Continent, whose denizens, however willing to throw down 20,000 francs upon the turn of a card, cannot go through the persevering industry of making a book? Every pleasure that sense can require, or Baden afford—lovely scenery, a life of great *abandon*, company of every description, a French theatre, a day's shooting, pic-nics, good living, and play. The racing, moreover, is not continuous. It is given at intervals, so that the mind comes, sometimes a little wearied with laborious idleness, to refresh itself with an innocent recreation, as the pleasures of a Richmond dinner do duty for an invigorating draught of something fresh amidst the weighty atmosphere of a London season.

My subject is but half exhausted: but I promised to leave to others the agreeable task of detailing the hospitalities of Baden, and the many charms which invite a lengthened stay. Moreover my space is limited; and, of necessity, I draw towards a close. Before doing so let me place before my English reader a subject of consideration, in which Baden-Baden has set us a noble example.

On the last day of the racing the steeple-chase alone occupied a place upon the card. Everything else had been previously disposed of. The flat-race riders had hung up their jackets to dry for another season, or had packed them for removal elsewhere. The Meeting remained to be brought to a close by the race, which afforded most interest to the fair sex: one which was to develop the capacities of the riders with tenfold effect, and in which courage, as well as capability, would have something to do with the display. The papers will give the details of the race elsewhere. They will tell you what I have forgotten, the names and colours of the riders. I can only tell you their weights; and that, amidst the loudest congratulations, even from the losers themselves, my friend Mr. Rowlands cantered in, an easy winner by several lengths. He deserved his success: for he rode Medora admirably; and his descent from the top of the bank opposite the Grand Stand was as fine a piece of jockeyship as I ever witnessed. But to return to the weights. These horses were carrying no less than 13st. 10lb. The course, four miles in length, was heavy, and difficult, like most artificial ones; the timber stiff; the water only to be done 'in and out;' and the time 11 minutes. Now, when I see these weights at Baden-Baden, and compare them with our English handicaps, it occurs to me at once that the former are in earnest, but that we are humbugging ourselves and the rest of the world. What can be our object, if we have one, in steeple-chasing at our weights? Theirs is obvious. They want to encourage the breeding and the entry of horses like Medora, which are able to carry a man, not a pigmy, over a country, and which can go quite fast enough to insure you a forward position in the run of the season. Baden knows what she is about. England does not. If Baden can make the stakes high enough to bring over English horses, she will have there a field of *gentlemen*, whose object is to encourage a breed of horses able to carry 14 st. over the wilds of Leicestershire, or the deep pastures of the Pytchley. She deserves support in her efforts; and if England can do nothing else, she may at least take example from her. We do not ask for your 9st. 10lb. *semi-professionals* (by-the-way, a word or two may be said hereafter on the subject of gentlemen riders in connection with Continental racing), but we want gentlemen, who, having good horses, are desirous of riding them, or seeing them ridden, to win. I hope never to see a light-weight steeple-chase on the Continent. It must produce there the evils which we have to deplore on this side of the Channel. No wonder we have so few gentlemen riders, but that we are compelled to elect to certain clubs those who are recommended upon questionable grounds, their capability to ride a certain weight. How many gentlemen have been debarred from riding their own horses, only because the weights are against their doing so! I hope, if the gentlemen of Baden-Baden do me the honour of reading my papers—and I have reason to believe that such things have happened—they will attribute what I have said to a sincere wish to see them prosper, and to avoid those

rocks upon which English racing, and especially steeple-chasing, has split. It must be borne in mind that England and Germany are essentially different, and that there must exist irreconcilable discrepancies; but Baden has now attained a position in the racing world which she ought not to throw away, which is peculiarly her own, and beyond comparison for the excellent taste and refinement displayed in all her arrangements. England could no more go back to her days of innocence and elegance than stalwart age can reassume infancy; but Baden can walk carefully through her racing career, with our example before her, without going out of her way to court the inconveniences which attach to our system in England.

One thing Baden-Baden will accomplish from her position and the peculiar advantages which local circumstances give her. She must knit more firmly and extend more widely that 'entente cordiale' among all countries which is so desirable in the present state of the Continent; and may do it with so much more effect when it is done undesignedly, *pour à réunion* in which pleasure and not business is the object. It was gratifying to see men of consideration from every court at this meeting—some professionally, others as mere spectators; and amongst many English gentlemen personally connected with racing, the appearance of Mr. James Weatherby is to me a guarantee that the reputation of Baden has reached the highest class of sportsmen in our country; an appearance which seems to imply a wish to unite, more closely than heretofore, the interests of the two people for one common good.

I make one suggestion, which I think may be easily carried out, at but little trouble and expense. Good steeple-chase horses should be expected to jump water, not to go 'in and out' of it, however convenient in a run with hounds. Let, then, the water-jump, or brook, be artificially formed, by embankment, in such a manner as to give about 15 feet of clear distance from bank to bank. It will save a great deal of scrambling, and offer a test of one of the very first qualities of a Leicestershire hunter, the exhibition of which class of horse should be the first and last object of a steeplechase, be it at Baden-Baden or elsewhere.

CHARLIE THORNHILL;
OR, THE DUNCE OF THE FAMILY.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A FIRST VISIT.

'Utere convivis, non tristibus utere amicis.'

THERE was a frost at Melton—indeed in most places. In vain the after-dinner zealots kicked the heels of their boots into the ground; in vain they looked at the thermometer; in vain they inquired after the moon. The frost would not go, so they did. Some to London;

some to shooting-quarters ; some to agreeable country houses. The horses remained in Melton, to wake rude echoes from the hard roads as they passed to morning exercise, slipping and sliding, here, there, and everywhere ; their riders loading the morning air with the thin clouds of their tobacco ; the masters lounging in bed, and impatient at the weather which made them thus inactive.

‘When are you going, Thornhill ? This is the third day, and it looks like lasting. Everybody, except you and me, is gone to town. They were all off yesterday. Tailby skated to cover, and waited till one o’clock, but the horses could hardly trot, so we came home again. I’m told the Oakley haven’t been stopped at all.’

‘Very likely not, but I shan’t go to see : I’m off to-day,’ replied Tom Thornhill, but he did not think it necessary to add ‘*where*.’ Either it was not sufficiently important, or far too important, to be mentioned. The assumption was that he was bound to London ; the fact was that his road lay to Gilsland. He was not a man to make himself unhappy about a frost ; and the Dacres’ invitation, which had been accepted conditionally, was regarded now as the greatest boon.

So Thornhill ordered his valet, and his valet ordered the post-horses ; and having sent over a groom with a couple of hacks to the Dacre Arms, and having left orders for the stud to be forwarded in the event of a sudden thaw, he himself started about four o’clock for Gilsland.

The house was not full, but there was a good sprinkling of men and two or three women. A dowager to assist Mrs. Dacre in her hospitalities, or schemes ; and a dear friend or two of the girls, without which no young woman of well-regulated mind seems capable of going through life. They write an infinity of letters, have always a breakfast confidence though they may have slept together, and wear the same coloured neck-ribbons.

It is but fair to say that Alice had fewer weaknesses of this kind than most girls. Her nature was eminently affectionate, warm-hearted, and impulsive, but non-sympathetic. She was superlatively true. She had certain notions of right and wrong, of the fit and unfit, which she might have broken through under some circumstances, but not where her own interests were concerned. In the choice of an intimate she would have deceived neither herself nor another. This prevented close alliances with persons of her own sex and age. Besides which, she believed her mother and sister to be her truest friends, and most worthy of her confidences. She would have loved with heart and soul, possibly an unworthy object ; but she would have done so with her eyes open, and would have died in an endeavour to stifle her love.

Edith Dacre was less qualified to fight against that interesting partner of unmarried life, a ‘dearest friend.’ She was more inclined to lean upon somebody. Her character wanted support. She was moderate enough in her demands ; but she did the letter writing and the matutinal confidence part of the business admirably. It is but

justice, however, to say that she had a limit to her amicitial relations, and had mentioned not even the name of Charles Thornhill nor Robinson Brown to Lady Lucy Trevanon, the supposed friend of her bosom, the depositary of blighted affections and of rejected addresses.

Tom Thornhill was in time for dinner. He stayed many days ; and as he was in love when he got to Gilsland, and had had the symptoms on him ever since the end of last season, it is not singular that the malady should have broken out upon him in full force during the frost, which lasted more conveniently for him than for foxhunting.

The life in an English country house is much the same everywhere. There was shooting for the men ; an occasional day with the rabbits, and one or two grand battues. The covers at Gilsland, though not rivalling those of Lord —, were good enough. Mr. Dacre was not likely to be sent for by a committee of the House to give evidence on a new Poaching Bill, or to offer suggestions on the cause of the increase of crime, as connected with overstocked preserves ; but he had always his regular days during the season, and a frost at midwinter was too good an opportunity to be passed by.

Thornhill was an excellent shot. He was an excellent sportsman, which is widely different from a mere gunner. Whether he walked over the turnips and stubbles, whether he accompanied Harry Stapleton and the keeper to the common at the end of the park, or whether he was posted at the warmest corner of the cover to make slaughter of the thickest bouquet, he won golden opinions. All the men in the house talked of him. The ladies'-maids heard all about him. He was referred to and deferred to daily at the table, when questions arose amongst the men, and it is not extraordinary that the women caught the epidemic.

There was no hunting, it is true ; but the less chance there appeared of a recommencement of that sport, so much the more did the conversation turn upon it, as if, in very defiance of the season, something was to be done. And here Thornhill certainly was no mean authority. What had *he* done with his horses ? What did *he* think of the run from Loseby ? Was it as good as Cheney said it was, and had he really the best of it ? Yes, it was excellent, and Cheney had far the best of it ; he, Thornhill, never could get near him. His modesty disarmed the foes which his courage might have made. The women heard less of this, but they took their cue from the men ; and Tom Thornhill was in the ascendant.

Then they went to an election dinner. The local papers reported Tom Thornhill's speech, and all agreed that it was the most amusing, if not the most erudite, of the evening. The 'Times' condescended to make an extract. Eloquence always finds its way to the hearts of the women. They skated, Thornhill admirably ; and he insisted upon a sledge on the ice for the ladies. They had some impromptu charades ; he was the life and soul of the corps drama-

tique. He was not much in the library, but he seemed to be more or less *au courant* to the literature of the day ; thanks to the periodicals, which are supposed to do the heavy work, and which as effectually preclude the necessity of deep research as they quicken the taste for the less meritorious productions.

Without wishing to hurt the feelings of my female readers, this is a character which seldom fails to awaken their interests ; more especially when joined to a handsome person and a good rent-roll.

Guests went and came. Still Tom Thornhill remained. He had promised himself and Mr. Dacre a week's hunting round Gilsland, and the latter would not be denied. ' Mr. Thornhill must find it very stupid here,' said Mrs. Dacre. Next week, to be sure, they expected Harry Stapleton back ; the General was coming, Lord and Lady Dunningfield, and Baron Hartzstein ; and the frost looked like going. So Tom stopped on, nothing loth ; and sent for his horses ; and the frost did go, which is not usually the case when you send for your horses ; and the guests came, which is not usually the case when you particularly want them ; and everything was *coulour de rose*.

Meanwhile the Dunce of the Family was making up for lost time. He had put everything pretty straight at Downy's. He had told his brother all his suspicions, who poo-poo'd them of course, and in his multifarious employments had almost forgotten the subject. He had made up his mind to get through his examination, if it depended upon himself ; and he felt inclined to believe old Armstrong when he said so. At least it was clear that no great amount of assistance was to be looked for from that learned pundit ; and the young Cantab was so desperately afraid of Charlie that it was difficult to get out of him what he did know. Charlie Thornhill was not one to give up a thing he had once taken in hand ; so he worked away every morning, indulging in a walk during the frost every afternoon, and pulling out of his pockets, at intervals, the dates of the Stuarts, the battles of the Wars of the Roses, George the Third's Ministers, the men of letters of Queen Anne's reign, a list of the British dependencies, the principal ports in Ireland, and the military stations of Hindostan, together with a long list of heterogeneous information, to the copying of which the Captain's abilities were limited. And yet there were several fellows got through in spite of the Captain, and made very good soldiers. What clever fellows they must have been !

One thing, in the middle of it all, Charlie did not do. He did not go so frequently to Gilsland. Since he heard of Robinson Brown's discomfiture he felt it would be bad for him. If it be possible to analyze his feelings at this time, perhaps, summed up in his own language, they may have amounted to this—' Only let me get over this examination, and the steeple-chase, and then we'll see all about it.' The three together were too much for his simple soul.

' You had a good run to-day, Mr. Thornhill ?'

' Not at all, Miss Dacre ; what made you think so ?' said Tom,

louncing into the hall in scarlet, covered with the mud which accumulates on a thaw, and desiring his servant to be sent to him.

'You look so happy; and I concluded it was the run,' said Alice.

'One can scarcely be unhappy here: but I'm not so wedded to horse and hound as you imagine. It really pains me to think that 'I can be so far misjudged.' At the same time Tom looked brighter than ever, and not at all pained.

'Misjudged? Oh! Mr. Thornhill. No one misjudges you; 'but——' Here Alice felt the colour beginning to rise. Tom waited for the fruit of the 'but.' 'But, but, with all your love of—' 'of—of——' (Alice would like to have said 'play') 'hunting and 'racing, it is odd that you should find much pleasure in our quiet 'home.' Here she thought she had said too much, so she added: 'Unfortunately, my brother is gone to Berne; but the General 'comes to-morrow, with Lord and Lady Dunningfield, and then 'you will be better amused.'

Here Thornhill's servant crossed the hall with clothes, hot water, &c., &c., and it was necessary to say something. 'Martinet, Martinet. Oh! he comes to-morrow,' said he, in a quick, unmeaning sort of tone. 'Oh! ah! well! yes! Capital fellow, 'Martinet. You know him well, Miss Dacre, of course? He'll 'talk of nothing but horses. He's forgotten the army almost. Just 'recollects one circumstance; and then he had a horse shot under 'him.'

'No; I never saw him. This is his first visit here.' Alice might have added that he was asked especially to meet Thornhill as a racing ally. Mrs. Dacre thought he ought to be made as comfortable as possible. Martinet, Hartzstein, and Dunningfield were all racing men; Stapleton did everything; and George Fitzgerald could show him the way to cover, and from cover, and discuss the run when they smoked their cigars at night. Mrs. Dacre was a very clever woman, and kept her own counsel. Martinet was delighted, Fitzgerald was flattered, and, excepting herself, I don't think any living soul had the slightest suspicion of her game. She hardly knew it herself, her skill was so ladylike, so profound.

'Lady Lucy Trevanon wants to know what became of Robinson 'Brown to-day, after they found. He was riding close by you, 'Thornhill, when Miss Edith Dacre and Lady Lucy arrived, and 'he wasn't seen afterwards.'

Edith coloured, and looked hard at Lady Lucy, who was bent upon amusing herself at somebody's expense.

'Surely it's not *you*, Mr. Thornhill, that the Heir Apparent has to 'fear?' Here Lady Lucy's eyes sparkled with malicious pleasure, and she saw her dearest friend fidgeting on her chair. The fact is, that Lady Lucy had been behind the scenes just to that dangerous point when people begin to conjecture what there is further on. Had she been thoroughly trusted she might have held her tongue now, but would assuredly have told every one of her acquaintance at a proper opportunity under the strictest seal of secrecy.

Thornhill, with more good-nature than truth, with some little inkling of the state of affairs, said: 'Robinson Brown was riding the horse with which they tried Reluctance the other day, and didn't want to exhibit his capabilities in my immediate neighbourhood. But, Miss Dacre, you never hunt?' The last speech was Greek to the ladies, and shut up Lady Lucy Trevanon.

'Never,' said Alice, with a rather determined but good-humoured face.

'That means never will.'

'You read countenances well, Mr. Thornhill. Surely one sports-woman is enough for a small stud. Besides, we have had our warning.'

'Ah! I beg your pardon for reminding you of——' Here Tom stopped suddenly.

'We never need to be reminded of it: it is a pleasure to remember our obligations to your brother. He has become very intimate here lately.'

'So I hear. I envy him the leisure and the distinction.' Tom began to think almost that Alice was in love with Charlie.

'As to leisure, he hasn't much: the distinction, if it is one, is well deserved. We owe him two lives out of the three.'

'Charlie's a good fellow, Miss Dacre: too good to go out of the country. I can't understand why he should go,' rejoined Tom.

'I think I can,' said Alice; 'but it is not everybody that would understand your brother.'

'Quixotic?'

'Not the least in the world: never was good common sense so strongly exhibited: I love his independent spirit. You see he has made a confidante of me.'

How like Lady Marston she is, thought Tom. And so she was, but stronger. She had lived less in the world, and was less a woman of it. It was quite clear she was not in love with Charlie. Could that ridiculous story about Robinson Brown, Edith Dacre, and his brother be true?

The ladies left the table, Lady Dunningfield leading.

'What's doing about your brown horse, Tom?' said Mr. Fitzgerald, who lost no time in leading the conversation at his end of the table. 'The frost won't suit him.'

'I really don't know. I shan't back him any more. They lay even, and I have laid odds on him.' Mr. Dacre was busy with a pear, but he looked up, and mournfully, at his guest.

'Who rides *Œdipus*, Thornhill?' The General wants to know,' said Lord Dunningfield. The General was deaf, and sat with his hand behind his ear.

'My brother Charlie, General. He wants some holding.'

'And who rides the mare?' asked the General, winking his overhanging brows.

'The owner,' shouted Dunningfield again. 'I saw him to-day

‘on a first-class horse. I don’t think he can ride him. Your brother is three stone in your favour, Thornhill.’

‘I think not. You don’t do Robinson Brown justice. He rides very well, Dunningfield; and his mare is fast, and can stay.’

‘You want the odds,’ said Lord Dunningfield.

‘Not a halfpenny. But ask Fitzgerald.’

‘It’s true, my Lord. He can ride, if all goes right, very well.

‘He went beautifully from Crick Gorse, one day early this season,

‘on the mare. He can’t ride a bad horse, like Charles Thornhill.

‘Few men can. But——’

‘So!’ said Hartzstein, who was anxious to exhibit his knowledge of languages, three of which he spoke imperfectly, but upon all occasions. His passion was the turf, his *beau idéal* of a man of fashion an English sportsman, and his vocabulary a mixture of the Viennese *salons* and the British stable. ‘So-o-o. Yc-e-es. I remember me vell. Monseigneur le Prince de Cambridge got away mit de leading hounds, and Robainson Brown stock to him, like a bricks. He took all the fences first, and Monseigneur était content de le suivre. Mais enfin, they arrive at a regular sticker. “Donner wetter!” says Robainson Brown, “dies geht nicht, dere “is no hole, and my horse is a little battu.” But he is suddenly becomes dam polite, is Robainson Brown; so he says, “J’aurai “l’honneur de vous suivre, mon Prince, you shall go first; I shall “follow after.”’

‘Bravo! Baron. And what did Monseigneur do?’

‘Oh! ah! he attrapait—a devil of a cropper. Dornhill, I shall lay you five—five to four—in—in—what shall it be?—little horses, what you call ponies?’ But Thornhill had just been summoned from the room by a servant, and nobody accepted the liberal offer.

Baron Hartzstein was just one of those men who are received in England nobody knows why, excepting that he had plenty of money or credit, dressed well, was always in a good humour, had excellent manners, and made himself pre-eminently English. He was supposed to be an agent of the Prince de —, from Vienna, and had the management of the prince’s stud in this country. He had been eminently successful for a foreigner; laid the odds or took them with the same cordiality, generally a point or two more than the market. He was not quite accredited by the highest-class foreigners, but nobody seemed anxious to throw down the glove; and as he had a bowing acquaintance with good men of his own country, and nobody was willing or able to answer the question, ‘Who is Hartzstein?’ he held his own pretty firmly here.

The conversation had become decidedly *horsey* at the Baron’s end of the table; and as Dacre and some neighbouring country gentlemen were not in a position to enter upon the relative merits of certain fillies and colts for the next year’s Derby, the host gracefully rose from the table, and the gentlemen adjourned to the drawing-room.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MATCH-MAKING.

‘Je propose,’ ‘Jouez, s’il vous plaît.’

TOM THORNHILL was not in the drawing-room, nor in the billiard-room. There was attraction in both. He was at that moment in Mr. Dacre’s morning-room, in an arm-chair, and standing before him was a tall, strong, black-whiskered individual, whom we have met before; Thornhill had not.

‘I assure you it’s true. Make what ye will of it.’ The speaker spoke brusquely, but not disrespectfully.

‘I’ve heard something of this before,’ said Tom, shading his eyes, and looking at the man by the dim light of a single reading-lamp.

‘Not from me. And I know none else that would tell you.’

‘Then you’ve an accomplice that you know nothing about.

‘Tell me exactly how much you have to do with it. I’ve already given you my word.’

‘I had everything to do with it. When I heard the horse belonged to a Thornhill, I cried off. I won’t betray my associates.

‘I have given you your caution: make what use of it you will, sir.

‘I see you believe me.’

In truth it was the same story as Charlie had already told him, from a different quarter. Tom did believe something about it; but he lived in an atmosphere of suspicion. ‘Why do you tell me instead of plundering me?’

‘That’s neither here nor there. There are plenty to plunder you without me. But make your mind easy; the owner of Reluctance and Sam Downy have nothing to do with it: but you’ll be done this turn if you don’t keep a strong look out.’ Here the man straightened his coat and buttoned it, gave one turn to his hat, and prepared to retreat.

‘Will you tell me your name?’

‘Have you ever heard of one Kildonald?’ said the man, sternly.

The name jarred strangely on Thornhill. He had heard it years ago. In a moment his sad recall from Eton, his father’s indulgences, and early and mysterious death, rose before him, and linked themselves with the name. Was this the man? Impossible. This man was not ten years older than himself: scarcely so much. Kildonald had never been heard of for years: occasionally his name was mentioned, in no measured language, as a defaulter and a rogue.

‘Yes, I have heard the name,’ said Tom, after a pause.

‘That’s a name I might have borne had I had my deserts. But they bend the twig, and cast the tree into the fire because it doesn’t grow straight.’

‘My good fellow,’ said Tom, ‘whatever you have done, you mean me an essential service. Give me a means of serving you.

You have had a journey.' And Tom crumpled a note in his hand as he rose towards him.

'Not a shilling,' said the man fiercely, and, turning on his heel, was gone before Tom could recover sufficiently from his astonishment.

After sitting in gloomy silence for a quarter of an hour, running over the best days of his boyhood, and making some sombre reflections on his present career, his coming match, and his Newmarket engagements, Tom rose, shook himself free from his cares, and sauntered towards the drawing-room. A sight of Alice would cure him. The room was deserted. What! so late? Eleven o'clock? All the women gone to bed? No! they are in the billiard-room: General Martinet and George Fitzgerald playing a game.

'The General giving you a lesson, Fitz?' said Tom, at the open door.

'Yes; it's not very dear: a pound a game. We've just finished. The ladies are waiting for you and Dunningfield.'

'I can't play to-night.' And for the first time in his life Tom was proof against persuasion and odds. He took a seat by Alice Dacre, who never found him so agreeable. Tom Thornhill was a charming rattle; but no one knew him who had not seen him in a graver mood. Lady Lucy Trevanon would have been quite satisfied with him as he was. Alice Dacre would have given her life to have made him something more. Which was the true lover?

There was a smoking-room at Gilsland, to which men retired after the ladies, and Dacre (who never smoked), or any persons of antiquated notions about six hours' rest or eight hours' rest, were gone to bed. Here was whist, a little higher than in the drawing-room; here were books on the Leger compared; here were the racing *on dits* of the day sifted; and, above all, a considerable deal of handicapping and match-making for the next Meeting took place over cigars and hock and seltzer water.

Tom Thornhill had had a bad time of it. During his stay he had sat late, and played high, not with success. Hartzstein was always ready to play; Dunningfield and Martinet were not averse to making up a rubber. George Fitzgerald played at times: he was one of those men, too, who did not always pay. Carlingford had been down, too, and carried away a hundred or two with him. Now and then Tom looked his position in the face, and saw a very deep gulf in his once ample resources. But his lawyers had never failed him yet, and had not even talked of a mortgage. Still it had been a ruinous winter.

One night, within a day or two of his intended return to Melton, the usual party was assembled. The room was not large, nor well furnished, but comfortable; with a good fire very habitable. The cards were packed, and the men had turned to the fire in arm-chairs for half an hour's chat before separating. The Baron and Lord Dunningfield were going in the morning; the General followed the next day; and Fitzgerald's groom had got the route. As usual,

some discussion was on the *tapis* about the relative merits of certain horses ; and each maintained his opinion with considerable obstinacy.

‘Then let the General handicap them for the Spring Meeting,’ said Thornhill.

‘What are they ?’ said the General, who was the best judge in England, and who, naturally a shrewd, clever man, had bent all his powers of observation to the turf. ‘What are the animals ?’

‘Thornhill’s Humble Bee and Harry Stapleton’s Beau, for five hundred ; two hundred forfeit,’ roared Lord Dunningfield, who sat on the General’s deaf side.

‘What are they—three year olds ? what have they done ? No—body ever heard of them before ?’ said the General, laughing, and blinking his heavy brows good-humouredly. ‘What’s yours, Thornhill ?’

‘A — bad one, General,’ said Tom, in a cheerful voice, as if he was rather proud of his incapacities. ‘The Bee’s a roarer.’

‘So are you. What about the Beau, Stapleton ? didn’t he run Medora to a head in the last October Meeting ?’

‘No ; Medora gave him a seven-pound beating. They’re both three-year olds. Thornhill’s is a very bad un, but he’s the best of the two ; he gave Rapparee twenty-one pounds and a beating in a trial. Ask the Baron.’

‘What do you say, Baron ?’

‘Tous les deux sont screws !’ said Baron Hartzstein, delighted at the opportunity of exhibiting his idiomatic English.

‘Well, now for it then ?’ said the General ; ‘there’s nothing to be got out of either of you : there’s my half-crown,’ at the same time he placed one on the table, and began a mental calculation, which might have embraced the value of the two Americas instead of two race-horses.

‘And there’s mine,’ said Thornhill, at the same time relighting his cigar, which had gone out in the discussion. ‘Don’t forget the Bee’s a roarer.’

‘And there’s mine,’ said Harry Stapleton, opening a bottle of seltzer water. ‘There’s mine. Remember, seven pounds worse than Medora.’

But the General was deep in meditation, and rubbing his forehead slowly, over his shaggy brows, paid no attention at all to these suggestions. ‘Eight stone seven—eight stone seven—yes—yes’ (with great deliberation). ‘Mr. Thornhill’s Humble Bee, what’s he by ?’

‘Lazy Boy, out of Industry’s dam,’ roared Fitzgerald.

‘Mr. Thornhill’s Humble Bee shall carry—eight stone s-e-v-e-n, and Mr. Stapleton’s The Beau—The Beau—wait a moment, shall carry eight stone—yes, eight stone ; the ditch mile, on the last day of the next meeting, for two hundred, half forfeit ; that’s quite enough, quite enough. See you first Thornhill : show.’

Tom Thornhill opened his hand ; no money was in it.

'Come, Stapleton, let's see yours;' and he opened it with a like result.

'No match then,' said a chorus of voices, whilst the General swept the three half-crowns into his pocket. The conversation went on as before.

'Come, I'll tell you what you shall do then, as you want a match,' said the General; 'The Beau shall run Baron Hartzstein's bay filly 'Cantatrice, at even weights, for two hundred, half forfeit. 'Cantatrice was bred in France, wasn't she, Baron?'

'Gewiss, of course, certainly; so you allow seven pounds, of course.'

'Oh, I'm in the hands of the General,' said Stapleton, producing another half-crown, which General Martinet immediately covered, an example followed by Baron Hartzstein, coupled with a suggestion too.

'You know we think Cantatrice a very moderate animal in France.'

'Do you? then by Jove you must have some pretty good ones behind the curtain. *We* call her a very smart filly on this side the water, Baron; she's been unlucky.'

'The General puts it mildly,' whispered Fitzgerald to Thornhill.

'Well, now then, General, what is it? Let's have a run for it.'

'So you shall; you shall carry eight stone, and the Baron eight stone five. Two hundred pounds, half forfeit, next meeting; that's the way I put the allowance. Show.'

The Baron opened his hand with a sinister smile, and it held money.

'Then it's a match,' said Harry Stapleton, showing his own. And again the General swept in the half-crowns.

'I'll lay 500 to 400 on Cantatrice,' said Tom Thornhill.

'I'll take that,' said Lord Dunningfield; 'again, if you like.'

'No, that'll do for me at present;' and Thornhill finished his sherry and water, and prepared to move off.

'Stay a moment. Haven't you anything you can match at the first meeting, Thornhill? What's that colt you bought at Hampton Court the summer before last?'

'Orlando and Fly-by-night; oh, yes, he can gallop, but he can't stay, you know. Half a mile is about his distance,' said Tom; 'he's only a two-year old, and not very forward; however, try your luck, General.'

'Well then, Lord Dunningfield, can't you do something with the 'Fly-by-night colt? That filly that was third for something good at Salisbury.'

'You mean Maid Marion; she was beat a length by that young 'Touchstone horse of Scott's. I can run her for half a mile; make the weights right, General.' Lord Dunningfield laughed, and threw down his money; the other two half-crowns followed.

Again the General was buried in profound thought. He shut his eyes, rubbed his forehead, rumbled his time-thinned locks, and

looked at the ceiling, which he could not see for the smoke, and then spoke oracularly.

‘Thornhill’s colt shall carry seven stone seven, and Lord Dunningfield’s filly—she’s a three-year-old—eight stone eight; last half mile of the Beacon Course; the last day of the Spring Meeting. Thornhill holds money. How are you, my lord? No! then it’s no match, and the half-crowns are Thornhill’s. That’s the best handicap I’ve made to-night. And now let’s go to bed,’ said he, throwing his cigar into the fire. ‘I don’t know what Dacre will think of all this.’

The same idea occurred to Tom Thornhill. When he turned on one side of his pillow he saw Alice Dacre. He could not be indifferent to her. A thousand trifles had assured him he was not. He’d go and live at Thornhills, and make his mother happy, and take her home a daughter she could love. How the two women at Thornhills would rejoice. He saw their approving faces through half the night. And then he turned on his pillow, and saw Dacre of Gilsland, stern and sad, and he thought Alice was very like her father about the eyes and mouth. Would he give his child to a gambler?

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ANOTHER OFFER.

‘I like thy counsel; well hast thou advised.’—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

ON the morning of the day on which Tom Thornhill was to leave Gilsland, as good, or ill luck would have it, he walked into the library, where he found Alice Dacre turning over the pages of an old periodical. It was quite clear she was not reading them. He was in most things a person of impulse, and it was just possible, notwithstanding his feelings, that, but for this accidental meeting, Tom would have left unsaid what he had to say.

An ominous silence reigned for a minute or two, when Tom Thornhill looked up from the paper he was pretending to read, and said in a low voice, ‘Alice.’

‘Mr. Thornhill.’

‘Excuse the abruptness of my address. It must have been evident to you during the few weeks I have been here that my happiness, everything I have in life, is dependent upon you. If I have been unable to impress you with this I have indeed failed;’ and here Tom took a passive hand in his, and proceeded in language which is always incoherent at the best of times, and when perfectly sincere, more incoherent than usual.

Alice regained possession of her hand, and rising to her full height, placed it for support on the back of a chair. A blush rose to her cheek, and a tear hung on her eyelashes; and if she ever looked perfectly lovely, it was now, as she answered a portion of his eloquent appeal.

‘Have I, indeed? Have I led you to suppose that you were not indifferent to me?’

‘Forgive me if I have hurt you by what I have said. I was foolish, and flattered myself; and now I have been rash and impertinent to the only being——’

‘No, no, don’t say so;’ and one single tear glistened a moment and dropped.

‘Am I not then entirely indifferent? Oh, Alice, if a lifetime of devotion could assure you how sincerely I love you, give me the opportunity of proving it.’

Maidenly reserve and truth struggled for a moment in Alice. She almost immediately saw that they were consistent the one with the other.

‘It would be unkind to let you remain under a wrong impression until we meet again. You have surprised me into an admission. But we have seen so little of each other. Surely a solemn engagement, such as marriage, demands something more than we see respond to it in ordinary life. Can you bear to know me more intimately, to see me, not as the *fiancée*, but as the friend? every day should be dearer to us that enables us to know each other as we are, and not as we seem to be; not to awake some morning and find our idol broken and dishonoured. Oh, how many are there in this world of ours who would give millions to recall words spoken in all sincerity, but which a false sense of honour has led them to confirm! Our happiness—nay, mine, if you will—must not be based upon such an uncertainty. My whole heart, without one single doubt, one single scruple, shall be given, but it shall go hand in hand with respect and esteem. Are you satisfied with my honesty?’

‘Yes, Alice, I presume I must be.’

‘Then let me say adieu to you here. Good-bye; God bless and protect you!’ She held out her hand, smiled through her tears, and hurried from the room. Tom stepped into his carriage an hour or two later; his feelings were difficult to define: altogether he was a happy man.

Charlie remained at Brain Lees Manor, working with a savage determination only known to military candidates. It was thought desirable, about this time, that he should take a preliminary canter.

‘Well, that’s very good,’ said the Captain, one morning, after perusing an examination paper, of which he was himself profoundly ignorant. ‘Very good.’ The Captain was surrounded with books, and considered himself safe.

Casting a furtive glance at a Chepmell, he asked, in an important tone, ‘Who was Richard the Second?’

‘Son of the Black Prince,’ said Charlie, who had really attained a considerable knowledge of the history of England, by dint of hard work. ‘Son of the Black Prince.’

As this might be true or not, Old Armstrong did not venture to contradict or assent, but immediately read from the book, ‘He

'thought it unsafe to leave his nephews alive, and they were secretly murdered in the Tower.'

'Bless my soul, sir, what a mistake I made!' said a bright genius called Fothergill; 'I thought that was the crook-backed tyrant that Shakespeare and Pickwick wrote about.'

'Oh! ah! yes, yes, to be sure; I meant to say Richard III., of course: what was I thinking about?'

'What was the Battle of the Boyne about?' asked Charlie in the innocence of his ignorance.

'Oh! the Boyne: the Boyne's in Ireland, you know,' rejoined the tutor.

'Yes; but what was the battle about? who fought it?'

'Oh, it was a battle of parties—all those battles were—Charles and the Roundheads. I suppose your Latin's all right, Mr. Thornhill?'

'Well, I believe I know enough to get some marks above the minimum; but if you'll just run through the grammar here and there, and then pick out half a dozen passages of Virgil——' Armstrong turned purple.

'Certainly; only, just now, suppose we go on with the English and the History.' Just then in came Cantabs, who, if not very learned, had studied the art of cramming to some purpose. 'When do you go up, Mr. Thornhill?'

'Next week.'

'You know your French?'

'Yes; I can translate it: not very good at the grammar—pronunciation horrible,' replied Charlie.

'Ah, that doesn't signify. Latin?'

'Pretty fair: they flogged something into me.'

'Euclid and arithmetic?'

'Three books, and all right up to quadratics.'

'What are you most afraid of?'

'English,' said the dunce: 'they ask such odd questions.'

'So they do. It's understood that nobody can answer them, excepting Max Müller, and he's a German. As long as you can spell well, and write a goodish essay, it will do. When you're doubtful about a word, write illegibly. The prisoner has the benefit of the doubt. There's your history and geography. They're pretty good, I think. You'll get through. They're sure to ask (just take a paper and put them down) the descent of Victoria from James I., the sovereigns of Tudor—why they were more despotic than their predecessors (I told you the other day)—Marlborough's battles, Charles I., the Boyne, the four R's, Edward I. and III., and Henry IV. and V.; and remember a weak king generally comes between two strong ones—Strongbow, Simonde Montfort, Warwick, Cranmer, Melancthon, Walpole, Pulteney, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Liverpool, Burke (you'll have to write a life of some of those in something under twenty minutes), Aden, Delhi, Pulopenang, Mauritius, and the military stations. Oh! and don't forget the two Johnsons.'

‘Just tell us the difference now.’

‘One is Ben, and spells his name without an *h*; the other is Samuel, and spells his name with one. We’ll look when they lived another time. I’m hanged if I know. Come in.’

‘Second-post letters,’ said a boy in buttons, not dirtier than they usually are. Why do not the middle classes employ female labour for all domestic offices? Cleanliness, good-humour, and good looks, instead of dirt, idleness, and impertinence.

‘Here they are,’ said Smith, the ex-Harrobian, taking them from the willing hand of the youth, who retired: ‘there’s one for you, Fothergill, and two for Thornhill; and here’s “Bell’s Life” of last week and “Baily.”’

The party were instantly immersed in their letters or their newspapers; and Charlie’s contained something which startled him.

The first was simple enough: it was from Sam Downy, and gave the latest intelligence in the fewest possible letters.

‘HONOR’D SIR,

‘The orse is well. We no all about it. Mum’s the word, as we wont to ketch the rouges. More by-an-by.

Yours to command,

‘S. Downy.’

The next letter was less expected: it was from his uncle, Henry Thornhill, from Pall Mall. It also went the shortest way to its object.

Hammerton & Co., Pall Mall.

‘MY DEAR CHARLES,

‘A friend of mine is very desirous of seeing you in London on business of importance to yourself. You will find him to-morrow before 10 A.M. at ——— Street. After that at Mint, Chalkstone, Palmer, and Co.’s bank, East Goldbury, City. Ask for Mr. Roger Palmer when you send in your card. I believe his business is very important to you. You can call on me afterwards if I can be of any use; and you will find your friend, Lady Marston, in town, who will be glad to see you. Adieu.

‘Yours affectionately,

‘HENRY THORNHILL.’

‘P.S.—Your father was a friend of Roger Palmer’s, and once did him a service almost irredeemable.’

That evening Charlie Thornhill was in London at his old quarters, Sir Frederick Marston’s, where he underwent a little badinage on the subject of his military knowledge, but with a tolerable assurance that he was well worthy of his aspirations. Some men lead a forlorn hope, and others arrive at the Garter without it. Immortality is the lot of both.

Charlie was on his way to East Goldbury by twelve o’clock, and reached it about half-past one. He was not kept waiting. The

little man sat in a comfortable inner room, with the 'Times' over his knee, and warming himself by a good fire. He rose to salute Charlie, offered him a chair, and again sat down.

'Mr. Thornhill, I have no personal acquaintance with you, but your poor father was once the means of doing me so essential a service, at some risk and inconvenience to himself, that it will add sincerely to my pleasure if you can entertain the proposition I am about to make you, for my partners and myself. You'll take a biscuit and a glass of old Madeira?' Here he rang the bell.

'How did you come?'

'I walked from Grosvenor Square.' Roger Palmer gave a satisfactory grunt: it was indicative of energy, one of his virtues.

He then detailed to him, that from the large Continental business they were doing, it was considered necessary to send a gentleman, not as a mere clerk, but almost as a partner. That a knowledge of French and arithmetic was necessary, and that German should be added to it; as, on the return to England, the youngest partner would have this part of the business to transact. That every facility would be given, as it was proposed that the gentleman to go out should be a bachelor, and reside in the family of the senior correspondent in Frankfort. That a handsome income, increasing according to circumstances, would be given; and that at the expiration of a certain term of years, the gentleman would be received as a partner in the house in England without any further premium or advance of money in any way. 'In short,' said the little man—and he had a struggle about telling or concealing it—'the income and the partnership will be yours by right, as I have myself advanced the needful. There, sir,' said Roger Palmer, wiping his glasses, which had become a little dim, 'there's a fortune for you, let me tell you, such as your ancestor may have had when he built Thornhills.'

Charlie was so astounded by the unexpected nature of the proposal, that he could do nothing more than stammer out his thanks; but after a minute's hesitation the money part of the transaction seemed the most incomprehensible. He was anything but a man of business; but he knew quite enough to be well assured that such an offer was not obtained without a very large sum of ready money; such a sum, indeed, as it became him to reject at the hands of a stranger. He had a very proper pride, and the expression of it only endorsed Roger Palmer's determination in his behalf.

'Then you can't or won't see that obligations may arise between men which renders any future relations between their families quite extra-ordinary.'

'I don't say that; but I have not lived, even to my age, Mr. Palmer, not to know that the obligation I place myself under to you is immense, and that I, at least, have no claim upon your bounty. There's my brother.'

'Your brother, sir, ought to have enough; besides, the "wind bloweth where it listeth," and I desire to confer this, not as a present, but as a recompense for the work you will have to do, and

‘the benefit we shall derive from it. Come, look on it in that light.’

‘I can’t look on it in anything but its true light—a sense of obligation to a stranger. Excuse my saying so; but you know what I mean.’

‘You are proud, young man.’

‘Perhaps I am: it is a pride that I hope will keep me from doing what I can scarcely approve.’

‘Will you reserve your answer for three days, and consult your uncle and your best and most intelligent friends?’

Charlie hesitated, looked at Roger Palmer’s face, and said, ‘I will.’

‘Then take another glass of Madeira, and adieu. Bless my soul alive,’ said the banker, as Charlie descended the steps of Messrs. Mint, Catchpole, and Co., ‘I’ve more difficulty in getting rid of twenty thousand pounds than I ever had in making double the money.’

Charlie called in Pall Mall. He detailed the whole conversation to his uncle.

‘Can you translate French tolerably?’

‘I think I can now.’

‘And do a sum in arithmetic?’

‘Certainly.’

‘And don’t care about being a gentleman and a dependent for the next forty years?’

‘If coupled, it would be singularly distasteful to me,’ said our hero.

‘And you came here to ask my advice with a view to weighing it?’

‘Most undoubtedly, my dear uncle.’ Charlie laughed.

‘Well, you know, very few people do. Then you shall have it. Accept his offer.’

Lady Marston and Sir Frederick dined at home. Charlie gave a succinct account of his visit in the City. ‘And now, Sir Frederick, what am I to do?’

‘I know the circumstances of the case, and you need have no scruples in accepting the partnership, or anything else. They owe their existence to your father’s generosity and confidence. They were at their last gasp when your father, with scarcely a hope of saving them, and knowing full well their position, ordered every farthing he could command, besides a large sum which he borrowed, to be paid into their bank. It stopped the panic, and was the means of saving them. Accept it by all means.’

‘Frederick, nonsense—impossible! I’ve been down to the Horse Guards, and had a long chat with General Bosville; and he has promised me the first cornetcy in the household troops for Charlie. I shall break my heart if I don’t see him in his uniform. I meant to have taken him to the drawing-room in your place—you know you dislike it—and now he’s to be a banker. Never

‘mind, Charlie, we’ll have you in Parliament. It’s absurd throwing away six feet two and so much common sense on a back parlour in Lombard Street.’

‘Then I’m still to be a soldier, Lady Marston,’ said Charlie, laughing.

‘Well, that depends entirely upon your own inclination. If you like a life varying between Windsor and London, and all the pleasures which accompany a charming mess, the most intellectual conversation, champagne *bien frappée*, the idolatry of the queen’s balls, parades, operas, clubs, and bachelorhood by all means. But if you desire to put yourself in the way of doing a good work, or following a useful calling ; of assisting your fellow-creatures ; of becoming a really valuable member of society ; and of bringing up a family after you, also to do the work properly that God sets them upon earth, then——’

‘Ah ! I see ; I must go to Frankfort : so I accept to-morrow.’

It was three weeks later in the year, and Charlie was to start on his new career very shortly. Arrangements had been made ; and he was to open his life in Frankfort-on-the-Maine under the auspices of Herr Schlösser, Winkleman, and Co., and in the house of the former.

It was a dreary, drizzling afternoon when Charlie took his seat in the train for Dunham Heath Lodge, the residence of Samuel Downy. The crisis was come : in three days’ time the race was to be run ; and the horse was to be moved across the country to-morrow or next day. To-night the attack must come ; and the information was to be relied on.

When Charlie arrived he found one of the boys at the station to carry his bag, with Mr. Downy’s favourite hack at his service. That gentleman thought himself best at home under the circumstances. When he reached the lodge it was quite clear that good counsel had been kept. Even Mrs. Downy herself knew nothing about it. Her cap, or pagoda, or structure of whatever kind, was as brilliant as ever ; her smile as unfettered, her buttered toast equally good ; and the roast fowl and egg-sauce got expressly for Charlie Thornhill, was not the cuisine of a lady tormented with doubts, or ill at ease in her mind.

‘The horse looks beautiful, sir,’ said she. ‘Lor ! what dangerous work that steeplechasing is to be sure. One day here, another there. Perhaps the poor thing may kill himself, for all his good looks. Downy often says he wishes you gentlemen would stick to the flat. He says that’s a duty you owe to your country, but the other isn’t.’

Downy was evidently big with the cares of state ; and well he might be. He had one policeman locked in an empty stable on one side, well supplied with beef and beer. Another policeman in an outhouse on the other side, also revelling in beef and beer, of which Downy himself had the key. And he had a third policeman, who had already partaken of hot gin and water, who was waiting for us in

the little thicket at the back of the box in which *Œdipus* stood. All this had been done without Mrs. Downy's knowledge. What a clever fellow was Sam Downy!

'The time is to be midnight, Mr. Charles. We've made the boy safe; and as there's a little moonlight just then, we shall be able to see enough for our business.' With this Sam Downy lit his pipe, Charlie his cigar; Mrs. Downy brewed some hot whisky and water, and then took to knitting, which shortly ended in a comfortable nap. Her better half soon followed her example. 'My dear,' said he, waking suddenly up, 'I think you'd better go to bed;' and to bed she went.

At half-past eleven Sam Downy led his guest mysteriously across the yard. First he unlocked Policeman 1's box, then Policeman 2's box, proceeding cautiously to the rendezvous with Policeman 3. 'There, sir, they won't show fight; but you'd better take the life-preserver, in case of accidents. Rogues are always cowards.'

They had been in their hiding-place not more than half an hour when they heard stealthy steps crossing an open patch of heath between the back of the stables and the country. Just then a cloud cleared away from before the waning moon, and they saw three figures, a boy and two men, crouching along the ground towards the yard, which was here open to the country. They crept slowly forward, passing within the shadow of the copse. Charlie longed to give a war-whoop and be at them, but was restrained by Downy, who rightly judged that the 'ketching the rouges' was of the first importance. They allowed them, therefore, to continue their serpentine path along the side of the building, until they had turned the corner. Following them then as stealthily, they reached the angle in time to see the key applied to the lock. It turned without noise, and silently the two entered, whilst the boy remained without. At that moment a policeman appeared on each side; the boy became a willing prisoner; a very dim light scarcely shone in the stable; and Charlie, Downy, and their companions had already their hands upon the latch, when a fearful scream woke the silence of the night, and pushing open the door, they beheld a scene of terror, which we reserve for another chapter.

ANGLING GOSSIP.

A DAY'S SPORT IN TEVIOTDALE.

A YEAR or two since I had occasion to be in Jedburgh, a quiet and secluded town, with such an air about it of unmistakeable antiquity as presents very vividly to the imagination the wild and troublous times of border warfare in which this town suffered severely. After discharging the duties of my mission, which was of a scientific character, I amused myself in visiting every place famous in the rude history of the olden time, and especially the ruins of the magnificent abbey which was one of the wealthiest and most influential of the

religious foundations in Teviotdale. Besides the abbey—a visit to which, as to all similar places, fills the mind with sadness—there were, I found, some private houses evidently of very great age, built some of them no doubt at a period antecedent to the desolation which befel the abbey itself, and at one time—although now comparatively humble in appearance—the residences of some of the chief people of the place. The hours of the day, after my professional duties were performed, were amply sufficient to complete my visits to whatever was worthy of note in the venerable town; but I was resolved not to quit a district so celebrated for its angling facilities without a day's sport, especially in the Teviot, one of the most beautiful rivers in Britain, and in some parts of its course unsurpassed in romantic and picturesque charms. What, for instance, can be lovelier than the scene from the bridge over the river on the road from Melrose to Jedburgh?

I always carry with me, wherever I go, my rod and tackle, and I fixed on the following day for my essay in the gentle art in 'bonnie Teviotdale.' It was now the middle of June, scenery everything that could be desired, the weather delightful; but as respects angling the month is not the most desirable. Fly-fishing, indeed, is almost impossible, from the extreme clearness of the rivers and the small quantity of water they contain. Bait-fishing, however, may be practised with great success if the angler possesses skill and experience. The trout takes the worm with great readiness, when the water is perfectly pellucid, and reduced by long drought to its smallest dominions; but fine tackle, experience, and tact on the part of the angler, as well as the utmost efforts to remain unseen by his finny prey are absolutely indispensable to anything like success. For all the difficulties arising from the clearness and smallness of the rivers I made due allowance, resolved, even if wholly unsuccessful, to be content with a ramble by so lovely a stream as the Teviot, and in so charming a season of the year—calling to mind the sentiments of the good old writer who speaks to this effect: 'If so be the angler catcheth no fishe, yet hath he a wholesome walk to the brookside, pleasant shade by the sweete silver streames, he hath goode air and sweete smelles of fresh meadowe flowers, and he heareth the melodious harmony of fowles.'

Having arranged that my luggage should be sent on to Kelso, I got up at dawn—it was about two o'clock—and basket on shoulder, and rod in hand, sallied forth from mine inn, wending my way along the road which leads to the river, and humming, in the exuberance of my spirits, the old angling ditty—

'All in the fragrant prime of day,
Ere Phœbus spreads abroad his beams,
The early angler takes his way
To verdant banks of crystal streams.'

As I quitted the town a great treat awaited me. There are, my fruit-loving reader must be informed, some remarkably productive gardens in the immediate vicinity of Jedburgh, the fruit produced

in which is said to be of peculiar excellence, a circumstance attributed, not only to the fertility of the soil and the fine climate of the district, but to the labours of the good monks of the olden time, who were at great pains to procure the best fruit-trees that could be obtained. Seeing a number of people at work at this early hour in a garden I had the curiosity to enter. I found them employed in gathering strawberries for the market. I never beheld such fine fruit; and had the strawberry as well as the larger fruit been the object of the horticultural skill of the brethren of the abbey, those I beheld would have done ample credit to their labours. At that early hour the leaves were covered with dew, and the fruit—each as large as a walnut—cool as the water from a spring. I bought a small basket of them, and, regaled with their fragrance and flavour, pursued my way.

The Teviot, which is one of the largest tributaries of the Tweed, I found to be unusually small and clear, for there had not been a drop of rain for several weeks. In such a condition of the water fly-fishing is seldom productive; but I was provided with an ample supply of brandling, which had been kept in fresh moss long enough to be in the best possible condition for bait-fishing. Worm-fishing in June and July, when the rivers are clear and low, is, speaking from my own experience, the most successful of all modes of angling, both as regards the number and the size of the trout taken. As a general rule, indeed, the largest fish are captured with worms. And of all the places in which to fish with worms, when the water is in the condition I have referred to, the best are those where the stream runs close to the bank, and especially if the bank overhangs the stream. The largest fish betake themselves to such places, not only because they are completely sheltered and concealed, but because their instincts, or their acquired habits, lead them to expect that their drafts on the bank will be paid on demand by an ample supply of provender—flies, larvæ, and other baits frequently dropping from the grass into the water. From such a hiding-place, in a stream so narrow that I might have leaped across it, I once enticed a trout three pounds in weight. Anglers who are ignorant of the habits of the denizens of our streams, very often overlook the very important rule of fishing close to the bank when the stream runs there, and when the water is low; instead of which they cast their bait into the middle of the stream, where in very clear water scarcely any but the smallest fishes are to be found. On this occasion I was wonderfully successful by observing this rule: keeping as far as possible from the margin, I dropped my bait as close to the side as if it had fallen from the grass, and in a couple of hours I had more than a dozen of good-sized fish, several of them weighed more than a pound each.

As it drew towards eight o'clock, I began to feel anxious about breakfast; and being still at least six miles from Kelso, and resolved to continue my sport, the problem to be solved as to where I should make my matutinal repast became really one of considerable interest.

My basket of Jedburgh strawberries had increased my appetite, which early rising, and abundant exercise, and fresh air were sufficient of themselves to originate. At the distance of a mile or so from the river I beheld a comfortable looking farmhouse, which I approached, pretty certain I should procure good milk at least and home-made bread. Indeed, as I drew near the back door, I saw a ruddy cheerful young woman busily engaged in the dairy, and singing one of the country ditties as she worked up the newly-churned butter, of which a large supply had just been made. My advent to the door of the house furnished me with other no less agreeable indications of comfort, for I found the good woman of the house baking wheaten cakes, many of which, just taken from the fire, were arranged in a goodly row along the snow-white dresser, filling the place with the pleasant odour of new-baked bread. Inly felicitating myself, I stated my case, and met the kindest reception in the world; not only should I receive cakes and milk, but the farmer and his wife would be delighted if I would breakfast with them and their family. I at once accepted the cordial invitation, and in due time sat down in the handsomely furnished parlour to an ample breakfast—excellent tea, bacon and eggs, new-made butter, and freshly-made cakes, not to mention several of my best trouts, my basket of which I had presented to my hospitable entertainers. Delighted with the kindness and intelligence of my new friends, I took my departure, receiving the assurance of the pleasure they would have to see me again whenever I should pass that way.

Proceeding again to the river, I resolved to try what could be done with artificial flies, for a fine westerly breeze had sprung up and the sky had become cloudy, a condition absolutely indispensable to any degree of success when the water is small and clear. Putting on the finest gut I could select, some of which was almost as thin as horsehair, I selected three small flies, a ‘black spider’ made of the small feathers of the starling and dressed with brown silk, another with body of hare’s ear and wings of chaffinch feathers, and the third a red hackle with wings of woodcock. These flies my angling readers will find excellent in the condition of the water I have referred to, if attention be paid to a rule of much more importance than the colour of the flies, that of using very fine tackle, keeping as far off as possible from the stream, and casting the line so that the flies shall fall lightly and naturally on the surface. Selecting the streams in which there was the greatest run of water, and observing the rule I have now laid down, I took a number of fine trout, smaller, however, in general, than those I had captured earlier in the day.

My host the farmer had informed me of what I had not been previously aware, that many of the deep parts of the Teviot are frequented by pike, some of them of large size. He assured me that he believed the trout-fishing had very much deteriorated for some years in consequence of the increase of those insatiable destroyers. Below the farm-house I came upon a stretch of water obviously of great depth,

and in the diminished condition of the river almost as motionless as a canal. Here I determined to try whether the farmer's information would be borne out by my experience. Replacing my flies with a piece of fine gimp, and the appropriate pike tackle, consisting of four or five small-sized hooks—much more efficient, let me remark, than the two large hooks so often sold for pike tackle—I put on as the bait a trout of about five inches in length, and approaching the river under the cover of some bushes threw my lure above an artificial embankment of stone projecting into the river and brought it round into the eddy behind it, allowing it to sink to the depth of three or four feet and drawing it along with sudden jerks. No sooner had my bait entered the little bay formed by the projecting embankment, than it was seized, and I felt the unmistakeable tug peculiar to the pike. The pike, as most anglers well know, does not at once swallow his prey. His practice is first to kill it by holding it in his teeth, and probably as soon as he finds it cease to struggle he gorges it. Thus five or six minutes elapse before, as a general rule, there is any certainty of taking him, for by striking, the bait will be pulled out of his mouth, and the probability is that none of the hooks touch him. Observing this rule, I gave my pike abundant time, during which it was not a little exciting to see the line moving about to and fro in the little bay I have spoken of. Gently approaching the side, I peeped over the bushes. The water was perfectly clear, but from its considerable depth the bottom could not be seen; nevertheless I distinctly traced the form of the pike about two feet below the surface, my eye being directed to him by the bait, which, from its bright colour, was easily seen, and which he held across his jaws, the tail projecting at one side and the head at the other. The pike was extremely dilatory in swallowing the morsel, and thinking he was only amusing himself I shortened my line and struck him; it was to no purpose. After a tug or two he opened his mouth and dropped the bait.

I was not to be foiled, however, so easily. Knowing that he was untouched by the hooks, and that he would not go far from his usual abode, I put on another trout, and having attached to the line a float, so as to keep the bait about a yard from the surface, I threw it into the water, and, placing my rod on the grass, allowed my float to find its way slowly down the stream to the still water, where I presumed my prey was still lurking. Having done this, I walked up the stream, intending to afford the pike ample time if he were inclined to touch the bait, and myself to enjoy the scenery around me, and quietly smoke my cigar.

What rural loveliness and quietude! Charmed with the scene, I reclined on the grass, forgetful of rod and bait and everything, and in sympathy with the sweet tranquillity of the hour and the place. Opposite was a dark wood, the trees of which were reflected in the still waters on the other side. Around me grazed the cattle of my hospitable friend the farmer; the swallows were coursing overhead, uttering their cheerful notes as they pursued each other; and here

and there the gradually widening circle on the water showed where a trout had risen and taken down some incautious fly. Everything realized such a picture as good old Izaak Walton loved to contemplate; and as I looked on the fair scene, and inhaled the fresh air, redolent of the fragrance peculiar to the river-side in leafy and flowery June, I felt the truth of what he so well expresses: 'No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as those silent silvery streams we now see glide so quietly by.'

I was suddenly awakened from the quiet reverie into which I had fallen by the leap of a large fish at some distance below me and in the middle of the river. 'A salmon!' I exclaimed, starting to my feet. 'Come, I will see whether I cannot send his salmonship such a line of invitation as he may accept.' Hastening to put this intention in practice, I ran to the place where I had left my rod. To my astonishment, and, in fact, my consternation, it was gone. Judge, O piscatorial reader, of my vexation; not a vestige of my favourite rod could I behold! Was it possible I was thus utterly undone? Could it be that my day's fishing was thus brought to so vexatious a close? Certainly, so it seemed. But how, in the name of all that was unexpected, could this dire calamity have occurred? These and a hundred other questions coursed through my mind. It could not have been carried off by any one, for I commanded a view of the bank for a mile at least, and had seen no stranger. While I thus stood gazing into the water, and in the utmost perplexity, the large fish I had seen leaping again plunged out of the water near the opposite side, and a second or two afterwards I saw the top of my rod emerging from the surface, five or six yards from the bank. I now guessed the cause of the disaster; the pike had taken my bait, and finding himself hooked had darted off, dragging my rod after him; the heavy end with the reel attached to it had sunk to the bottom and the top alone appeared, the pike having for a time slackened his strain upon the line. It was the pike, therefore, which was leaping in his struggle to free himself and not a fresh-run salmon, as I had supposed. What was to be done? The pool was probably ten or twelve feet in depth for aught I knew; there remained only one method of recovering my rod, and that I at once adopted. Being a good swimmer, I at once stripped and plunged into the water. Two or three strokes brought me to the top of my rod. I reached out my hand to seize it, when lo! it suddenly dipped beneath the surface as if animated and once more disappeared. Probably my pike, alarmed at seeing so large and so queer a fish as myself invading its aqueous domains, darted off to some more secure retreat, dragging my hapless rod after him. I swam round and round like a water-dog puzzled at not seeing the stone he has followed floating as he expected on the surface. At length I made my way to terra firma, seating my-

self in a frog-like attitude and ready to plunge in again if my rod should once more appear. At length far out in the middle I again caught a glimpse of it and started off in pursuit. This time I was more fortunate, and contrived to seize on the fugitive. Standing up in the water, which at that place was only about five feet deep, I raised the butt in my hands, wound up the line, and speedily discovered that the fish was still at the end of it. But how to gain the bank with my rod and a heavy fish at the line was now the question, for there were several yards of deep water through which I must swim. It must be done however. Now came the tug of war. Taking the rod in my teeth across the middle of it, so as to balance it, I struck out for the shore. The pike, however, had no idea of permitting so summary a proceeding, and pulled with the utmost fury. Fortunately, however, the line ran out from the reel, otherwise I should have had considerable difficulty in effecting my object. I quickly gained the bank, however, and as there was no time to dress without risking the loss of the jack, I played him with artistic skill and all the more facility, being quite unencumbered by any habiliments, and succeeded in landing him. He was nearly 15 lbs. in weight. There were no prying eyes to witness the strange performance. Had there been, I must have been mistaken in that classic locality for some *genius loci*—some river deity who had taken it into his head to play such antics on the grassy shore, and divert himself at the expense of some of the finny inhabitants of his sacred stream.

It was now noon, and assuming my habiliments I walked away, passing the old church of Roxburgh, and taking the path by the river-side down to Kelso. Putting on my flies once more, I took some splendid trout below a dam on the river near a mill, about half way to Kelso, and several others in the rapid streams below the ruins of Roxburgh Castle, arriving at my destination with a capital basket of fish, after a delightful day's sport amidst some of the loveliest scenery in the south of Scotland.

CRICKET.

ENGLAND v. SURREY.—THE GREAT INNINGS.

‘THIS is a wicket!’ ‘I hope we shall win the toss,’ exclaimed long Jackson, the bowler, as, on the morning of the 25th of August, he cast his practised eye along that twenty-two yards of superbly-conditioned turf on the Surrey Oval, whereon, in thirty minutes after, was commenced that extraordinary, memorable, and (relative to the number scored from the bat) unprecedentedly large innings of 503 runs, made by The Eleven of England (The Hon. C. G. Lyttelton, V. E. Walker, Esq., G. Anderson, S. Biddulph, R. Carpenter, Richard Daft, James Grundy, Thomas Hayward, Roger Iddison, J. Jackson, and Edgar Willsher) against The Surrey Eleven. ‘For’ (continued Jackson), ‘we—England—are *very* strong, and, if we have the luck to go in first, shall, on *that* wicket, take a deal of getting out.’ And Jackson was correct. England *did* win the toss; England *did* go in first; England *were* very strong; and England *did* take a monstrous deal of getting out: for they were (less

five minutes) ten hours between the sticks—averaging 1 hour at the wickets, and 50 runs per man. They commenced batting with Edgar Willsher and James Grundy, who both opened with such steadiness to the bowling of Caffyn and Sewell, that 20 runs only were scored in the first forty minutes. Little Sewell bowled 8 overs for 4 runs, and was then taken off (?) for Griffith's slows. Humphrey, Mr. Miller, Griffith (fast), H. H. Stephenson, and Mortlock all tried to part the two old stagers, but at twenty minutes to two England's score was up to 50; at twenty minutes to three it was 100 and no wicket down. Then the bowler, Mortlock, could not hold ('twould have been a great catch if he had) one driven back tremendously hard to him by Grundy; and the score was up to 124 when, after staying nearly three hours for a fine innings of 54 (without giving a chance), Willsher was cleverly caught out at mid off, and the first wicket of England was down for 124 runs. Then Richard Daft was stumped before he scored, and there were two down for 124 runs. Then Robert Carpenter faced Grundy, and 61 more runs were scored, when little Humphrey, with a fine ball, sent the balls flying off Grundy's stumps. But a great innings had been played by Grundy, who had been four hours ten minutes at the wickets, had played no less than ten changes in the bowling, and, by splendid cricket, scored an innings of 95 out of the 185 runs then up for the loss of 3 wickets. Then at half-past five Carpenter was joined by Thomas Hayward, and Surrey was got into a fix. The bowling was changed again, and once again, but at a quarter to six a single by Hayward made the score 200, and at half-past six the stumps were drawn; and this, the most extraordinary day's cricket ever played, finished with Surrey having bowled 584 balls, and England having scored 244 runs with only 3 wickets down, Carpenter being not-out 61, and Hayward not-out 28; and grand cricket they had shown us. Then on the second day,

Tuesday, at twenty minutes to twelve, Carpenter and Hayward went at it again. The weather was hot—very. Humphrey, Caffyn, Mr. Miller, and Griffith had tried to separate the two Cambridge cracks, but at ten minutes to one a single made by Hayward brought the score up to the extraordinary phase of 300 runs scored, and only three wickets lost, or 100 runs per wicket. 'Wonderful cricket this!' said Willsher, whom we then met; and wonderful cricket it truly was: but runs were made so slowly after that, that it was eighteen minutes to two when the score reached 338, and 4 wickets were gone by Carpenter sending one back to the bowler, H. H. Stephenson, who very cleverly met and secured it. Superb had been the play—defence and hit—of Carpenter, who had been at the wickets nearly five hours, for his fine innings of 94. He went *in* with England's score at 124, and *out* with it at 338. Then that fine Yorkshire batsman, George Anderson, became the partner of Thomas Hayward, and The Eleven of Surrey were kept well up to their work, and not one ball hit was shirked, but each and all of The Eleven stuck to it, with that 'never-say-die' pluck, indomitable energy, and great skill, so notable of Surrey fielding, and so cheery to behold. The hitting was fast and fine. The bowling was changed. Lockyer bowled fast, and was thwacked all round. A tenter for 4 from him by Hayward made the score exactly 400 runs, and but 4 wickets down. So Lockyer altered his tactics, and bowled lobs, and with one of them at twenty minutes to three bowled Hayward for the great innings of 117; and a grandly played innings it was. *In* when the score was at 185, and *out* with it at 402, Hayward made the hit that made the score of England exactly 200, the hit that made the score exactly 300,

and the hit that made the score exactly 400. There were then 5 wickets down for 402 runs, and the stupendous scoring a theme of lively conversation all round the ground. Then the Hon. C. G. Lyttelton faced Anderson, and the cool, free, easy, and effective style the hon. gentleman played, punished, and knocked off the slows, was a thing that 'every fellow present appeared 'to understand and enjoy.' An excellent innings of 26 did the hon. cricketer play; and a fine leg hitting innings of 43 was George Anderson's: but both he and Mr. Lyttelton were cleverly caught behind by Griffith making 6 wickets down with the score at 445, and 7 at 451. Then long Jackson scored a rattling hard hitting 21; and then at ten minutes past five he was bowled by Caffyn, and the 8th wicket was down, the score at 497. Then stalwart, hearty Roger Iddison was joined by Mr. V. E. Walker, who, by a single from Caffyn, made the score exactly 500. Then Iddison, after rapidly scoring a hard hitting 33, was bowled by Mr. Miller—the score being 9 down for 501 runs. And then at half-past five o'clock Mr. Walker was bowled by Caffyn, and England's, the largest innings (of runs—485—scored from the bat) ever made by an Eleven, finished for 503 runs. The actual time the Eleven were at the wickets was 9 hours 55 minutes; the exact number of balls bowled in the innings were 1,058; there were no less than 23 changes in the bowling; and the following are

THE BOWLING FIGURES OF THE INNINGS.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wides.	Wickets.
Caffyn bowled . . .	61 and 2 balls	20	99	0	3
F. P. Miller, Esq. . .	50	13	88	1	3
Humphrey	36	12	55	2	1
H. H. Stephenson . .	34	7	80	1	1
Sewell	28	10	43	0	1
Lockyer (fast and slow)	20	2	60	0	1
Mortlock (slow) . . .	19	4	27	0	
Griffith (fast and slow)	16	1	33	0	

264 and 2 balls 69 485 4
Extras, 18

(The full score of the innings was given in 'Baileys' of September.)

The wickets fell in the following order:—

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
124	124	185	338	402	445	451	497	501	503
Willsher.	Daft.	Grundy.	Carpenter.	Hayward.	Lyttelton.	Anderson.	Jackson.	Iddison.	Walker.

Thus ended the great innings in this memorable 1862 Match between England and Surrey—a match rendered the more memorable by what immediately followed the conclusion of the above innings. Surrey's first innings commenced at five minutes to six to the bowling of Mr. V. E. Walker (at whose end Sewell, senior, was umpire), and Willsher (behind whom John Lillywhite, for the first time in his life, stood as umpire). Three overs were bowled by Mr. Walker, two by Willsher, who (after being cautioned by John Lillywhite that 'he was getting high, and if he did not keep it down he should have to 'call him') commenced his third over to Mr. F. Burbidge. 'No ball!' roared out John Lillywhite; and the ball was prettily cut for a 4 by Mr. B. The second ball of the over was delivered, and 'No ball!' again shouted by John Lillywhite, who also 'No balled' the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh delivered by Willsher, who thereupon walked off the ground, followed (after a brief consultation) by the other members of The Eleven

(the Hon. C. G. Lyttelton and Mr. V. E. Walker excepted, who, with the two batsmen and umpires, stayed out in the field until the time arrived for drawing the stumps). A scene of wild tumult and disorder ensued; the crowd (some five thousand) rushed on to the playing ground; play was stopped for the day. Willsher expressed his regret at leaving the field; and, on its being proposed to continue the match, 'allowing Willsher to bowl 'unchallenged,' John Lillywhite very properly declined to continue umpiring if his duties in carrying out the laws of cricket were in any shape or way fettered; so he forthwith resigned office. Another umpire was found in George Street. Play was continued the following day at five minutes to twelve, Willsher bowling—uncalled—in both of Surrey's innings; and when the stumps were drawn at half-past six, it was found Surrey had 4 wickets to go down in their second innings, and the match was declared 'Drawn,' the scores standing in the following form:—

England, 1st innings	503
Surrey, 1st innings	102
„ 2nd innings (with 4 wickets to go down	154
	—256

And in this unsatisfactory manner ended the ever-famous match played between England and Surrey on the Oval in 1862—a match famous for three men in one innings scoring 306 runs between them: famous for more runs being scored 'from the bat' than were ever scored before in a single innings: famous for the plainness—throughout England's great innings—of the Surrey bowling: famous for the good-humoured, plucky, and, never for one moment, flagging excellence of the Surrey fielding: famous—ever-famous—for John Lillywhite—the umpire's—practical and just enforcement of one of the laws of Cricket: famous (or infamous) for the disgraceful tumult that thereupon ensued: and famous—ever-famous in Cricket annals—for being (as we trust it *will* be) the cause of a thorough and satisfactory revision of the Laws of Cricket, more particularly that *bête noir* to umpires—

Law X., a law that plainly and clearly defines what is *not* fair bowling. And yet season after season, match after match, week after week, and day after day, this law—before the eyes of the very law-makers themselves—has been allowed to be violated with impunity. If Law X. works contrary to the well-being and success of cricket, sweep it off the cricket statute book at once. If it is necessary to the success of the noble game, then enforce it (through your umpires) stringently and constantly alike all over the country; but do not place the noblest pastime practised in England in the false position of allowing that which you expressly and clearly define as *foul* to be daily practised as *fair*. In hunting any fellow designedly riding foully is very properly forthwith sent to Coventry; on the race-course disqualification promptly follows an act of foul riding; and in boating the slightest wanton foul loses him that fouls the race; but at cricket—the pastime *par excellence* of the gentlemen of England—you make laws that you cannot or will not enforce. Umpires having their bread to earn, and witnessing the laxity of the dons at Lord's and the Oval on this subject, take their cue from the law-makers—and law-breakers—and season after season wink at the palpable infraction of Rule X.; and the laws of cricket—so far as they relate to bowling—were fast becoming a mockery, a delusion, and a snare, when the famous Lillywhite and Willsher case occurred, arousing the attention of the cricketers of England to the rule, and leading (as it is to be hoped it will) to a thorough revision of the Laws of Cricket generally, and Law X. particularly, and to cause

that revision to be satisfactory to, and carried out effectually by cricketers throughout the country, such revision ought to be undertaken by

A CRICKET CONGRESS,

formed by the present Committee of the M. C. C., a representative of each University, say, the Rev. K. E. Digby for Oxford, and Mr. R. A. Fitzgerald for Cambridge. To these add the Hon. S. Ponsonby for I. Z., and a representative from each cricketing county in England; thus—Mr. Charles Hoare for Surrey; the Hon. E. Bligh for Kent; Mr. John Walker for Middlesex; the Rev. — Earle for Notts; Mr. Waud for Yorkshire; Mr. J. H. Hale for Sussex; Mr. R. Marsham for Oxon; Mr. H. Perkins for Cambridgeshire; Mr. T. E. Bagge for Norfolk; Mr. Perera for Lancashire; Mr. C. G. Wynch for Essex; Sir F. Bathurst for Hants; Mr. J. B. Story for Derbyshire; Mr. Pycroft for Somersetshire, &c., &c. Let such a constituted cricket parliament meet at Lord's during the present cricket recess, revise or remodel the Laws of Cricket—particularly Law X.—in such form as may appear requisite to so great an assemblage of practical and devoted cricketers; then let them pass a stringent rule for the enforcement of the amended laws, plainly intimating to umpires that their non-enforcement of the laws when on duty will infallibly lead to their future non-employment as umpires wherever the Marylebone Club, I Zingari, the Surrey, or other county clubs represented in the Congress have power. That the Laws of Cricket *must* be revised and altered is now admitted by nine out of every ten cricketers we converse with, and if altered by a Congress formed as above, will not fail to be satisfactory to, and cheerfully played under, by Cricketers of all grades, in all parts of England.

A FEW OF THE GREAT INNINGS MADE IN 1862 BY ELEVENS.

The Gentlemen of Cheshire (against Ludlow)	517*
England (against Surrey)	503
Second Eleven of Brighton College (against Western College)	464
Burton-on-Lincoln (against The Gentlemen of Notts)	448
The Gentlemen of Norfolk (against The Gentlemen of Cambridgeshire)	442
Middlesex (against Surrey C. and G.)	370
Southgate (against South Essex)	359
South Hants (against East Hants)	350
Cambridge University L. V. C. (against a Scratch Town Eleven)	350
M. C. C. (against the Gentlemen of Kent)	344
Clifton (against sixteen of Bristol School)	464

There has been 17 other single innings of 300 runs and upwards, made by Elevens in 1862, and an immense number between 200 and 300.

The three highest individual innings made in 1862 are

† Mr. E. M. Grace (for Frenchay against Knowle Park)	241 not out.
Mr. F. Brindley (for Cheltenham against Chepstow)	202 not out.
† Mr. E. M. Grace (for M. C. C. against Gentlemen of Kent)	192 not out.

* In this innings of Cheshire there were 46 extras.

† In both innings Mr. Grace went in No. 1.—This gentleman has also scored an innings of 118.

LAYS OF MODERN ROME.

No. 2.

ACTEON CRUSHED BY A 'BULL.'

ONCE driven to pass a long winter in Rome,
 An exile from Melton, a rover from home,
 I found at the Club (how their state moved my pity!)
 A host of good sportsmen, at fault, in that city.
 They were sated with art; they were sick of those drives
 On the Pincian Hill every day of their lives—
 A hundred yards' drive, with two turns and a twist—
 So nothing was left but Club, billiards, and whist.
 They told us of woodcocks; and one eager shot
 Lost no time in exploring the aguish spot.
 He returned the next day, and went straight to his bed,
 A Jack snipe in his bag, and a cold in his head.
 As the winter came on, our troubles grew stronger,
 And though 'twas December the days still got longer.
 We prayed to Diana, in this our great grief,
 Who sent us a most unexpected relief!
 A Master of Foxhounds, abroad for his chest.
 (In the 'School of old Masters' quite one of the best.)
 'What! foxes! and fences! and large grazing-grounds!
 'I'll write by this post for ten couple of hounds.'
 They came, and they hunted; and now far and wide
 O'er Campagna's meadows the bold Britons ride.
 Their voices are merry—their faces are glad;
 The natives look on, and declare we're gone mad;
 That we dress in bright red, and o'er marshes and bogs
 A score of wild men follow twenty mad dogs!
 At length a bold Roman, a prince of old race,
 Determines to join in the perilous chase.
 In the brightest of scarlet, the newest of boots,
 Appears at the cover our first of recruits.
 We soon found a fox, and as Prince O—— could sit on
 His horse, in the open, he went like a Briton.
 But Fate, which the hardy so often assails,
 Incited our Roman to ride at some rails.
 Of course he fell off; and then, though not hurt, he
 Returned to his mother degraded and dirty.
 She flew to the Pope, told the terrible story:
 His Holiness lost not a minute, before he
 Issued a 'Bull,' which consigned to the Devil
 All hunters of foxes, as workers of evil.
 The 'Bull' further said 'That some dozen, or twenty
 'Mad English had tempted, *Diavolo suadente*,
 'A prince of the Empire to hunt a wild fox,
 'A pursuit, of all others, the least orthodox,—
 'That the Prince was much hurt, but the Pope was much more,
 'At this wicked diversion, and ordered, therefore,
 'That no one in future should gallop or leap,
 'Or furious fox-hounds should venture to keep,
 'On pain of expulsion from Rome, if a stranger;
 'If a native, of prison, to keep him from danger.'

So ended our sport, so concluded our season;
 For nothing could bring Pio Nono to reason.
 And never since then, in the bright Roman morn,
 Has Campagna re-echoed the musical horn.
 To this hour, at his Club, the dull stranger bewails
 The day that Prince O—— came to grief at the rails.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.

Sport in September.—Provincial Racing.—Baden-Baden, Beauties, and Doncaster Delineations.

SEPTEMBER, the Month devoted to Partridges and the St. Leger, is ever welcome to all classes of the community—from the Norfolk Peer, with his miles of stubble, and army of smock-frock beaters, to the man with one dog, who 'gets a day' from a friend. But we regret to hear there never was so bad a year for birds; and from the scarcity of game in all parts of the country, there could be hardly that necessity for the passing of the Night Poachers' Act, that its originators seemed to consider. The Bill has been scarcely in operation long enough to enable us to speak of its working; but any measure that will prevent the fearful slaughtering of keepers in defence of their masters' property, cannot but be esteemed by the right-thinking portion of the community. During the month, races, regattas, archery meetings, cricket matches, and fishing sweepstakes have come off. But as our yachting days are over, and we are neither a Lillywhite, a Walton, nor a Robin Hood, we must confine the contents of 'Our Van' merely to those subjects with which we are most conversant. As is the case in other matters, small Meetings suffer by comparison with large ones, and the provincial gatherings were tame and insipid beside the Mammoth Doncaster. Still, without country racing, large inland towns would have but few sources of amusement; and money is now added so liberally to some of the Handicaps, and the Ring has become so extensive, that owners can win as good a stake over their horses as formerly they could only do at Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, and Goodwood. Moreover, country races furnish excuses for the exercise of hospitality by the local aristocracy; just as Exeter throws open the doors of Powderham and Mamhead, and Derby those of Bretby. Monmouth brings a goodly show of the Court Guide men to Troy House, and Wye is recruited by Eastwell. The results of the return lists either at Warwick, Leicester, Derby, or Weymouth, call for no further remarks than those which were appended to them when given to the public; but we think the Sporting folks of the latter place must have missed their old patron, Young King, who in 'plating' arrangements has no rival near his throne, and whose warbling of 'Mary, the Pride of the Moor,' was wont to be listened to at the Ordinary with the breathlessness of an Incledon audience. Weymouth, that has witnessed the triumphs of Mr. Parr's best horses, we also add, saw the end of one of his very worst, viz., St. Bernard, who, after breaking down badly, he got rid of in change for a fiver. Tired with the same faces, the same shouting, and the same names we have heard in the enclosures from March, we sought a change on the other side of the water, and resolved to watch the development of the Turf in Germany, as practised at Baden-Baden. But throughout our route, we found the St. Leger still the chief topic of discussion with our countrymen. Cologne, for the first time, received within its walls one of our heaviest bookmakers, and on a Rhine boat, the favourite or the outsiders could have been backed to win a fortune, so peripatetic are the Genii of the Ring. The luxurious ease of the German railway-carriages greatly diminishes the fatigues of travelling, and the contents of their refreshment stations we should like to see imitated with us; for any change for the conventional sandy sandwich, and acid stout, to which we are subjected, would be hailed as a boon, and

thoroughly appreciated. Still the practice of never opening a fresh carriage until every seat in the others is occupied, does away with that privacy we enjoy in England, and consequently rubbers are out of the question, and *tête-à-têtes* frustrated. On our arrival at the pretty little terminus of Baden, which, with its pointed roof and flowering shrubs gives one very much the idea of a Swiss cottage, the only symptom of a race coming off was the good-natured face of Count Waldstein, who kindly presented us to the Secretary of the Jockey Club of Vienna, a gentleman as fitted for the post by a thorough knowledge of horse-flesh and courteous demeanour, as those who fill the same appointment in Burlington Street. From them we learned that Medora had arrived for the Steeple-chase, and the Confederacy would have a large string of horses; that Victor Emmanuel was too much engaged with Garibaldi to send anything from his stable; and that popular favourite, Mr. James Weatherby, whose presence had been solicited, in order that the Meeting should be conducted strictly under the rules of our own Jockey Club, and to solve any knotty point of racing law, had been telegraphed to be *en route* from Paris. Fortunately, our rooms had been secured for us, or we should not have known where to pitch our tent. Every hotel was crammed; and in many sitting-rooms 'the chest of drawers contrived a double debt to pay.' Still we were not annoyed by any drunken blackguard thrusting a card into 'your Honour's' hand, or any touts telling us of 'a certainty' he had straight from the stable. All was quiet; the trout gambolled in the stream before our windows, little conscious of their approaching end; and as the declining sun was gilding the fir-capped hills on which the old Castle is situated, and Russian carriages with the Belles of St. Petersburg rolling down the Leichenthal before dinner, the change from the noise and bustle of an English racing town was peculiarly grateful. At the Rooms, those who sought excitement found it easily enough; but there was no Garcia to point out to strangers, as that celebrated player had, to use a sporting phrase, been completely cleaned out; and instead of the quires of notes he used to risk on the red and black, he had come down to a florin stake at Homburg. Baden seems, in reality, to be the paradise of actresses, who at their *al-fresco* dinners and *déjeûners* with their friends, cannot be accused of a want of reserve: and we fancy their manners would hardly find favour with the late Mrs. Trimmer. Isabelle, the fairest of Bouquetières, was speculating on the doctrine of chances, and asking her customers to put her on a dress on their respective horses, a practice which, if report speaks true, some of them have found to be too dear to be pleasant. For Isabelle knows full well the aid she derives from a judicious combination of colours; and on this occasion there was little to find fault with in the breadth of her skirt, or the shape of her hat, which would have done credit to Fontainebleau or Biarritz.

The next morning saw us *en route* to the Race-Course, amid a procession of every class of vehicle, from the Drag and team of Prince Menschikoff to the labourer's *char à banc*, whose one horse is driven by reins of rope. Most of the carriages were of English manufacture, and turned out well enough for Bond Street or St. James's Street. A Perth dog-cart with an American trotter attracted a good deal of attention; and we were glad to find the remarks we made upon them in our last, were generally approved of by those who had perused them. As we entered the Stand, and adjusted our pasteboard medal to our button, which was a passport to the Jockey Club Stand, we came across Mr. J. B. Morris gazing at the scene before him with silent but, undisguised admiration. And when Royalty beamed on him, and his eye was gratified by the sight of so large a proportion of the Court Guide of Europe, in ravishing

costumes, and his sense of hearing pleased with airs from the most popular operas, the great Better was fairly overcome by the scene, and he owned it was almost a sacrilege to bet upon the pair that were going down to start: and it was not until the second day that Germany heard his six to four. The portly figure of Count La Grange, with his English Commissioner by his side, only wanted some Romeo lords grouped round Mr. Hughes of Epsom to make us fancy we were at Ascot. Mr. Angell surveying the Steeple-chase brook, and sighing for Bridegroom, Burton, and The Coach, also helped to make up the picture, which, as we sketched last year, we need not further enlarge upon. The Queen of Prussia came as quietly into the Royal Stand as any private lady in her carriage on to Newmarket Heath; and on the second day the King came and 'poked about' among the crowd, not like one that ruled over millions, but as a quiet English nobleman. Judging from the curiosity to see him, and the disappointment that was felt at the simple nature of his costume, we thought the lower orders imagined that Kings always wore their Coronation robes of an afternoon, and walked about with a sceptre for a walking-stick, and an orb in the other hand. His Majesty, who always stood with one foot in advance—we suppose from the constant habit of receiving deputations—scanned the card and the horses as closely as Lord George Bentinck would have done; but we did not learn that he wished to have a pony on anything. Had he done so, however, Mr. Morris, we are quite certain, would have accommodated him, even if it made him 'stand a little over.' Mr. Mackenzie Grieves on a young chesnut horse which had scarcely been bitted, but which he managed as gracefully as a Saladin, was at once the Martin Starling and M^cGeorge of the Meeting, fulfilling his arduous duties in a manner that bespoke 'the lineage from whence he sprung,' and he subdued the most insubordinate of jockeys. The Continental St. Leger was the most interesting race of the first day, and Souvenir was thought so great a certainty for it that the few books which had been opened in front of the Cercle the previous evening were soon full about him; and just before running, a Member of our own Jockey Club, just to get a little excitement about the race, took 150 to 100 about him. The Germans all went for Arthur, a remarkably clever horse, and with that fine action which is so much liked at Newmarket. Count La Grange's money was, of course, on Stradella; and after a steady run race, in which the favourite was disposed of at the end of two miles, the colours of Baron Nivière, the Count's confederate, were seen in the van, and 'Stradella gagne!' was heard from hundreds of throats, and hundreds of laced handkerchiefs were waved in her triumph. Then came the Gentlemen riders, who, as we have before remarked, never on the Continent wait for the dressing bell to ring before commencing their toilettes, and long before the appointed hour Mr. Weih's office was filled with the contents of portmanteaus and valets. Small mirrors were stuck up in different corners of the room, that the white neckcloths might be properly tied, and caps adjusted to suit the countenances of the wearers. The Duc de Caderousse Grammont was the leader of the French division, and Mr. Fothergill Rowlands, by virtue of seniority, represented this country; and great was the surprise he created by riding in gloves corresponding with the colour of his jacket. Pooled, Owened, and Bartleyed from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he certainly presented the happy medium between the gentleman and the professional rider, which is so difficult to attain; and next year, we learn, the fashion of riding in gloves will be introduced at Chantilly and the Bois de Boulogne. His mount, however, was a very sorry one, but he made the most of it; and the race, which was a

Scurry, was won by Captain Hunt, who, taking hold of Montre Tout's head, slipped all his opponents at starting, and won cleverly, much to the delight of his backers, who went out to meet him like the owner of a Derby winner. The return home was signalized more by the cracking of whips than by any other symbol of Epsom, for the Germans have not yet been sufficiently initiated into our sporting manners and customs to take degrees in slang, and pelt unoffending bystanders with the spoils of Aunt Sally. On the Sunday afternoon a pleasant couple of hours were spent in looking over Prince Menschikoff's stables, which are very capacious, well filled, and well fitted up, the latest improvements in London saddlery being to be found in use. The Prince, who is very fond of the ribbons, handled his horses like a workman, and was, apparently, as safe to ride behind as Colonel Baillie or Captain Bastard. The Baden Derby day is, like our own, a grand one, and completely takes possession of the place. Like at our Regent Circus and Charing Cross, vehicles are in waiting at the corners of the streets to take people to the course; and tailors and milliners have a busy time the previous day. The Grand Prix, as the great race is called, being worth to the winner some fifteen thousand francs, naturally attracted a good field, and a dozen runners on the telegraph savoured strongly of Newmarket. Every chair in the enclosure was occupied, and when the sun came out the brilliancy of the toilettes was positively dazzling, and we really felt for the Paterfamilias, and *Cara Sposas*, and First Masters, who had to pay for them. In the Stand above, every niche had its tenant; and as the dozen of steeds went down the interest began to heighten, for there was not a lady present that had not a share in a lottery, or a dozen of gloves depending upon it; and the waiters ceased to ply their calling, and dragging their tables out of the restaurant, took their places with the rest of the spectators. The Royal Cards, printed in gold, had been previously marked with the runners for the benefit of the King of Prussia, who, with the gigantic but mild Baron Blucher, came in front of his Stand as soon as Mr. Grieves had balloted for the places. Stradella was, of course, the favourite; but as the Count took all the books, numbers were prevented backing her, and several went for the German horse, who was running with the winner of the Leger, on better terms, and also for Mon Etoile, as it was thought, unless the anchor was down, she would have a great chance. So far as the result went the talents were right, for, after a capital race, Stradella shook off Arthur at the finish as easily as she had done on the first day; and Mon Etoile, who was very much fancied by the Honourable Member for Nottingham, made her way through her horses in good style, and obtained what the English reporters term 'the barren honour of a place.' As for the prize itself, candour compels us to state it was far inferior to that of last year, and looked very much like a coffee-ewer, and, if won by any of 'the lads' in England would, in all probability, be early returned to the place from whence it came. The Gentlemen Riders' Hurdle Race led to a great deal of discussion relative to the qualifications of jockeys of that class; and in the mimic Parliament held outside the balcony of the Stephanie Bains Hotel the subject was discussed for several hours. The origin of the debate arose from Mr. Thomas, who came over to ride Rigoletto, being balloted for by the Stewards, a suspicion being entertained that the gentleman for whom he came to ride had paid his travelling expenses. The inquiry being answered in the negative, and he being a Member of the Bibury and Croxton Park Club, he was permitted to ride. His great offence, however, we believe to be his preferring the associations of those of an inferior position in life to himself, to mingling with the Dames de

Camelia of the Palais Royal, for to a French Gentleman Rider an actress is as necessary an appendage as a portmanteau. To moralize further on the subject is unnecessary, but still the debate was so earnestly carried on that we should like to urge a few words on behalf of those Gentlemen Jockeys who are fond of the sport, but are not blessed with affluence. According to one gentleman, whose experience in the piskin is second to none of his order, a Gentleman Rider is that curious being who is condemned to deprive himself of the good things of this life for a fortnight, and to live upon toast and water, with the occasional luxury of the lean of a mutton chop; to travel a thousand miles per rail, steamer, and coach, in weather which only Sir Leopold M'Clintock could enjoy; to risk his neck over a country, or on a twisting course with some half-broken, three parts bred mare, that breaks his collar-bone at the first post, and rails, on coming round the last turn. And if the offer of his bare fare for the journey were to be made to him, it would be an insult only to be atoned for by a duel of Corsican Brothers' intensity. It was in vain we urged on the other side, that Attorney-Generals with 500 guinea fees would not stir out of London without every shilling of their expenses being paid them. It was to no use, we argued that Lords of the Admiralty, in surveying the coast, have their table, and means of conveyance found them. Neither would they listen to the known fact of Sir James Clark and physicians of his eminence taking care to be paid beforehand when leaving London for a distant part of the country. No; the Gentleman Jockey was that rare exotic whom we have attempted to sketch, but whom we so seldom come across in our way. Another speaker—one of the best educators of the people that we know of—coolly maintained the principle that no gentleman should ride, unless he could do it without the slightest personal inconvenience to himself in the shape of time, and money. This is too close a borough system to listen to for a moment. And however a gentleman may feel disinclined to receive the slightest remuneration for the trouble and risk of life he has undergone for his friend, still it is trenching too far upon the confines of common sense to suppose he would forfeit his position as a gentleman, by receiving back that which he had fairly laid out for another. On the contrary, we imagine that it would require no ordinary amount of 'London Assurance' to invite any but a man of fortune to travel for our amusement at his own expense. But, in truth, the gist of the whole question lies, according to our notions, in a nutshell—that each case should be judged on its own merits; but the rule of prohibiting the reception of a farthing beyond the bare expenses should be rigidly laid down and inflexibly adhered to in every instance.

But to return to the Hurdle Race, which we have left too long, being betrayed into a more extended discussion on the subject connected with it than we had originally intended. Rigoletto 'came with an excellent character 'from his last place,' as also did Medora, the solitary jumper of the hurdles previous to the start. But her exhibition did not give satisfaction, as she slipped a little at it, but was picked up in a beautiful manner by her owner, who never moved on her. They had not gone far, however, before it was clear Rigoletto would have it all her own way, for Medora wanted speed for the hurdles, losing ground at every one she jumped; and Mr. Thomas, who was never headed, won very easily; Avalanche only beaten a head for second: though the way Captain Haworth rode her could hardly be recognized as the Pride of Wantage, which she was as a three-year old. And it would have 'drawn tears down George Hall's iron cheek' to have seen her as thick as a sandwich, and with a coat as rough as that of a New Forest pony. And so

ended the Grand Day of Baden, which we terminated satisfactorily by an entertainment worthy of the occasion. For the Steeple-chase many of the English visitors were prevented staying, from the near approach of the Doncaster St. Leger; and among those who took wing was 'Beacon,' whose thorough knowledge of a horse, coupled with his light-hearted disposition and boon companionship, caused him to be generally appreciated, and to make 'a successful first appearance on the Continental boards.'

The Steeple-chase Day presented a strange contrast to that of the day before, for the weather had entirely changed, and became as cold as at Aintree. Greatcoats were *de rigueur*, as they say of Opera toilettes; and the King of Prussia came out in an Inverness cape. Medora had all along been first favourite, from the way she had been seen to do her work; but when Captain Hunt had secured Mr. Thomas for the old Colonel, there was a rush to get on him, although he was only 'sweet seventeen,' and had broken his leg twice. These little incidents in his career his rider did not seem to pay much attention to, as he rattled him along as he would have done Anatis; but at the end of two miles, the Voigtlanders told us that the gallant Colonel had retired into private life, without asking the consent of his friends or the authorities, and his vacancy was instantly filled up by Mr. Rowland's putting Medora into it, who, seconding the wishes of her owner, took the fences like a bird, was first up and down the railway embankment, and into the race-course. Before coming to that point, 'Argus,' in imitation of Markwell on the Jockey Stand at Doncaster, when Frank Butler was bringing West Australian round the bend for the Leger, was heard to say, 'Let me down, I have seen enough;' and jumping the rails, he was the first to welcome the conqueror home. And never did gentleman or professional meet with a more heartfelt or deserved reception from his brother jockeys. In fact, it was a kind of 'International Exhibition,' from the number of those who assisted at it; and his sensitive modesty compelled him to beat an early retreat. But without jesting, both animal and rider were deserving of the utmost praise for the way they got through their work. In fact, 'the old Hague form' came out, and the King of Prussia saw as good a specimen of riding as the King of Holland some years back at the Loo. Byron has sung in immortal verse the affection of Conrad for his Medora, whose fate was such a melancholy one; but we doubt whether the handsome, aristocratic, and eccentric pirate felt more regard for the object of his affections than our Steeple-chase rider for his Medora, with whom we hope he is destined to roam through many a field again; for the tempting offer of a thousand for her he would not listen to for a moment. But the circumstance that caused the most amusement to the English Division, was the kissing and embracing of two of the French Gentlemen Riders as soon as they had got in, at having escaped 'les obstacles' of the race without coming to grief. With us the sight of Mr. Alec Goodman in Mr. Ede's arms after a Grand National or a Market Harborough Chase, would be received with shouts of laughter; but here it was regarded as a piece of the play, and not worth noticing. As a proof of the straightforward manner in which business is transacted at Baden, we may state that Mr. Rowland was not a second out of the scale, and before he could even apply his handkerchief to his forehead, when Mr. Weih was by his side, asking him if he would receive the stakes then. Might we add, in the language of American editors, English Clerks of Courses will please copy. We should add also that Ben Land's old Duhallow was second, mainly by the way Captain Haworth steered him, and that the Germans rode well enough to prevent even Jem Mason from pooh-poohing them, as he could learn from Mr.

Angell, who is a certain starter next year. In the evening the Tyrolean Minstrels, 'By the desire and under the immediate patronage of the Winner of the Steeple-chase,' gave a private performance at the latter's hotel; and with Plessy in *Tartuffe*, and a Ball at a Duke's, at which the King of Prussia assisted, the Baden racing season terminated; Messieurs Benazet and Weih being, if possible, which is hardly the case, better favourites than last year, and having secured a most influential connexion for their next anniversary of the holding of the Sports of Old England in the Black Forest.

Within twenty-five hours of these occurrences taking place, by pursuing the Strasbourg route, and availing ourselves of the tidal train, we were once more within the classic precincts of St. James' Street, and *au courant* to the movements of the St. Leger. What we could glean from the most eminent of legs, and the cleverest of Commissioners, was, that Buckstone had come again, and would run a clinking good horse, and had only The Marquis to beat. As these vaticinations coincided so completely with our own, we were enabled to put our feet under our mahogany, and try what '34 port and a sea-coal fire could do for us. And then twenty-four hours bring us to Doncaster, among that class whom George Augustus Sala describes as living on 'ponies and 'monkeys,'—rather a coarse diet, it must be admitted, but still one which we should prefer to that of Tothill Fields or Millbank, as it is productive of better spirits, and infinitely more amusement. Doncaster is certainly a strange town, and, although so small, has made and destroyed as many fortunes as the great Metropolis itself. By what has happened on its Moor, vast estates that have belonged to families from the time when King John was compelled to put his name to a Bill for the good of his country, have passed away from their rightful owners into the hands of the aristocracy of commerce, and every colony from Australia to Boulogne has been recruited by it. Peers, as well as commoners of distinction, have been obliged to give up their establishments by the fluctuations which the racing has caused, but still the St. Leger charm continues to exercise its wonted spell:—

'And so 'twill be when we are gone,
The Leger bell will still ring on.'

At the present moment we almost forget the name of the Nobleman who said he always liked to go to an inn, because they were so very glad to see him. But at Doncaster the luxury of the welcome could be hardly compensated by the sum he would have to pay for it. Of all hotels, do not commend us to that kept by 'A pious family,' or where there is an Angel in the house, for there the peeling, and not the skinning process is had recourse to in all its original purity. Could not Jacob Omnium for once have recourse to it? If his name did appear in the visitors' list, we should have some hope of a Reform Bill being carried. But we would have him gird up his loins, and put on his armour, for the abolition of the Palace Court will be a trifle to what he will have to encounter. The battle of the Seltzer and Brandy, in which one and ninepence was involved, will never be erased from our memory. An execution in the house, could not have caused greater sensation than the resistance of the victim to the extortion. The household was summoned, from the female commander-in-chief to the hired waiters and the boots of the establishment; but the hero of the drama, with what Albert Smith used to designate 'the common domestic shilling' before him, sat as firm and composed as Garibaldi in his island home at Caprera. Such a demonstration of moral force it was impossible to resist, and upon payment of the coin in question the gallant officer was permitted to march out with all the honours of war.

The next antagonist they encountered was the man we should have backed of all others against them. A gentleman and a soldier—not one whose marching had been confined from Portman to Wellington Barracks, but one who had braved the Crimean frosts, the Indian solstice, and had tamed Turkish contingents as Rarey had done Cruiser—was fit to meet a Doncaster landlady, whose form we always esteem to be 16 lb. superior to either a Margate or a Ramsgate one. And if our Handicap is too much in Lord Redesdale's scale, let our readers only prove us wrong, and we will acknowledge our error, and take off a little. Still we do not imagine we should have to make many alterations, and that the public would be on our side. With hair that required all the pomatum of Douglas to put straight again, he read the little bill sent into himself and friends, and a single glance at his countenance showed that it would not pass a second reading; and it was ultimately thrown out without going to a division. And so the matter ended. Of course it will be brought forward again, but the amendments must be numerous and serious before it will receive the Royal Assent. The company may be said to have included both the old and new schools of racing men, and every nation under the sun had its representative. Breeders were criticising their yearlings to intending purchasers, and trainers recommended those they thought would race, and were likely to come into their own stables. Mr. Richard Tattersall read himself up in his Weatherby, and prepared for action, and, with Sir Tatton and 'Beacon' for his supporters, he commenced his operations. His eloquence and learning were, however, flung away on the first day, for the public would not bite, and he had few rises, and all was flat, stale, and unprofitable. But it is time to leave the Horse Fair for the Course, the road to which was lined with the lowest style of gamblers, who offered every inducement to the million to try their luck with them, employing even children for bonnets. The march of intellect is, however, extended so much that we do not imagine much mischief was done; but the operators seemed to be under the impression that as a flat was born every minute, they had a fair chance of coming across some.

Champagnes and Derbys rarely go together; and, beyond Attila, Ellington, and The Dutchman, no Epsom horse of any consequence has brought off both the events. Still those who had begun their Derby books rushed to see Lord Clifden, to know if they had done right in laying, and those who had got on early to see if they should get out. For a light horse he could not look better, and we never saw one run gamer. Like all big and good horses he is very lazy, and requires a deal of getting out; but when asked the question he always replies in the affirmative, and the man that gets one before him on the Derby day must have got a rare prize. The race for The Filly Stakes between Cerintha and Bohemia was one of the finest of the week, and the noble owner of the former kept laying the odds on her, with as much quiet *sang froid* as if he had been directing an envelope. But there was a terrible squeak for it, as the Weatherbit blood of her rival was telling every stride against that of Newminster. The Great Yorkshire Handicap, although Cowley won it, contrary to the opinion of the Admiral, who never imagined he would stay, did Sir Joseph very little good, we fear, for Argonaut swallowed it all. Dulcibella's absenteeism was as unpopular as that of an Irish Lord. But we really think Lord Staniford must have been imposed upon when he was informed his odds, if he backed her, would not average 2 to 1, as one of the best commissioners in the Ring maintained he could have got 5 to 1 to any reasonable amount. But now the fashion seems to be to

wish to get turned loose in Handicaps, and have odds in proportion, as if the Ring were not just as capable of calculating the chances of an animal as the owner. The dream that this mare has lost all her form was unfortunately dispelled by her trial with Wallace, whom she beat in a canter having got wind, the public rushed on to their fate, and then had the indecency to murmur.

Before dinner, the paddocks in which the 'cracks' walked were visited by their respective friends. Buckstone, with Mr. Merry's string, came out after The Marquis had gone in. But although Mat, who was lecturing about him to Mr. Merry and Colonel Higgins, was confident of his winning, a stiff hock did not please other judges; and a strong suspicion existed he was lame. The Marquis had grown into a different horse since Epsom; and when Challoner had been got for him, his party's fondness increased. Still, when even Buckstone went back, he did not become a 'five to twoer,' which was what his party maintained he ought to be. And in consequence of his not attaining this position, the chicken-hearted ones hedged. Another thousand of Mr. Merry's proved quite an Elixir to Buckstone; and there was a sneaking fondness for Imperatrice. Why a Derby Day should be generally bright and sunny, and a Leger one grey and cold, we could never understand. But so it is; and the meteorologists should explain it. We will not inflict on our readers another sketch of The Leger Day, for those who have seen one have seen the others; and those who have not been to Doncaster must know it by heart, from the times it has been done. Therefore we will hurry on to 'the course thronged with gazers,' and see what is going on. Carisbrook is the first champion that comes out; and the usual preliminaries of putting Sam and Richard Boyce on their respective 'monkeys,' being completed to their entire satisfaction, Sam set him going, and the Jury of Trainers nod their assent to his condition and action, although he struck us as being rather full. Exchequer quickly followed, and went free and well; but 'Not big enough!' was heard in very many good quarters. Lady Alice Hawthorne, the inheritor of a portion of her dam's good looks, but not of her speed, was the third in rotation; but she was light enough to read 'Bell's Life' through, to quote a favourite simile of Tom Oliver's. Buckstone came out without any preparatory show or fuss; and Fordham walked him slowly along the rails, like a pirate cruising on the look, out for prizes. The Whitewall pair showed at last, Jem Perren at the head of the crack, looking deeply anxious, and wishing Buckstone was at home. The Marquis when seen was liked infinitely better than for the Derby, and what his enemies had mistaken for fat, turned out to be muscle. In his canter he went strong and well, and John Scott, who was accommodated by Lord Scarborough with a seat in his carriage, gave out Marquis would be first, and Buckstone second, which was echoing the prophecy of 'Argus,' who stuck to his favourite unflinchingly. The race has been described so often, there is no necessity for our going through it again: but of that terrible struggle from the distance, how shall we speak? Never have we seen Fordham ride more desperately, for both private and public considerations urged him to beat his rival, whose rise is enough to make any jockey jealous. Then were not the criticisms on the riding of Klarikoff for the Derby, which were supposed to be inspired from head-quarters, to be avenged, and the munificent reward of Mr. Merry to be won? Accordingly, he did all he knew; and it was clear which possessed the most patience would win. Riding with as much coolness as in a Fifty-Pound Plate, Challoner, whom Captain White told to wait to the last moment, exhausted the patience of Fordham, and let him have his run, which got his head

first, and 'Buckstone wins!' was the cry. 'No!' shrieked the followers of Scott, the next instant, 'The Marquis is coming!' and the run for which he prepared himself was just effectual enough to make John Scott win his sixteenth St. Leger, and send Yorkshire home rejoicing. A finer or truer race never was run on Doncaster Moor; and as both horses were trained and ridden in a manner that could not be surpassed, not a grumbler was to be found. Lord Glasgow's new favourite was of course before his real one, and the others require no mentioning. Tim Whiffler's performance with Asteroid was good enough to make him backed at odds for the most magnificent and classically-designed Plate ever run for at Doncaster. And so sanguine was Lord William of having it at Downham, that he told Mr. Ryder before the race, he might as well have brought a workman to inscribe Tim's name upon it. 'It is a long 'lane that has no turning;' and now Lord William has got a real prize, we hope he may long have the use of him. The Yearling Sales went off at last very well; and the Cookson and Pedley days were well attended. And so ended the Great Doncaster Meeting, the like of which we should wish to see again.

Among the new inventions of the month suitable to the Sportsman, the most ingenious is Melton's shooting hat, which is by change a tarpaulin strong enough to resist a deluge; and by turns a woollen hat, to shoot, or lounge, or travel in in a carriage. Light and neat, they must be seen to be appreciated; and once used, they will never be thrown aside.

ART AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

SEPTEMBER, in town, is the dreariest month of the year. The population of the capital is abroad—bathing, shooting, travelling, climbing, and grumbling everywhere; as far from home as money and unrest can take it. Fashionable London is silent, as the jackal-haunted ruins of Edfoo—as desolate as if Macaulay's New Zealander already stood on the broken arch of new Westminster bridge—as forlorn and woe-begone as Herculaneum or Thebes. The clamours of Westminster Hall are hushed. Pump Court is as much at peace as a world without lawyers might be presumed to be. Tom Pinch's fountain (albeit Tom Pinch's fountain no longer, as a new and highly-decorated model of the Trafalgar Square fountains reigns in its stead) sings to itself a quiet lullaby at the return of a golden age of rest, in which horsehair and brief bags are unknown. The classic purlieus of Hare and Fig Tree Courts look like a vast penal settlement; but the appearance of elderly Gamps, in wonderful nightcaps and curl papers, dissipate the illusion, in favour of the presumption that it is 'only a lunatic asylum.' Chancery Lane is haunted by a few unhappy bailiffs and process servers, who still linger about the happy scenes of their labours, brooding, doubtless, on the pernicious peacefulness and baleful happiness of mankind. The West-End generally is given over to blighted Marianas, who look out of barred and empty houses like some of Spenser's imprisoned demoiselles on unhappy knights, errant wandering by. The world, or the chief part, is plunging in that vast brine pit which laves our island shores, idling away the livelong day, lying, tortoise fashion, back uppermost on the beach, or wearily jerking stones to the monotonous accompaniment of the still more idle sea. What a blessed round of enjoyment once in a way, life at the sea-side is! How great was the man who first invented this species of dissipation as a duty! The very ocean sympathizes with him; a few big lazy waves creep like huge porpoises and tumble over each other as if they hadn't resolution to come to shore. The law courts are shut; everything there is as silent as the tomb of the Capulets. 'The

'house,' the picture galleries, the opera—all are closed; there is nothing to worry one, and nothing to think of, and but for voracious pleasure-seeking country cousins there would be no theatres open nor dramatic news to record, and one might at least for a minute enjoy ease and leisure.

The Pyne and Harrison management have commenced a winter campaign at Covent Garden, which is to be extended till next March, and have up to this time produced a selection of the stock operas—'Dinorah,' 'Lurline,' 'Martha,' and 'Sonnambula,' in which Miss Pyne, Mr. Harrison, Miss Dobson (a new soprano of but qualified merit), Mr. Santley, and Madlle. Parepa have taken part. They purpose in a short time, however—and when the 'world' has returned to town—producing a new opera, by Balfe, the libretto by Bridgeman, author of 'The Puritan's Daughter;' as well as new works by Benedict, libretto by Oxenford and Boucicault, and Wallace, libretto by Planché.—A brief series of additional operas have been given and are in progress at Her Majesty's under Mr. Mapleson's direction, to afford visitors the opportunity of hearing such artists of the grand opera as are not on tour, or bound for foreign service. An opposition English opera company is said to have been organized, and proposes to establish itself at Her Majesty's, though a rumour of promenade concerts at the same house suggests that the English opera season is not likely to commence till the end of this year, or the beginning of the next.

The theatres, generally, have been as crowded and well attended as if heat and discomfort, changes of time and temperature, were unknown. All seasons are the same to your resolute country cousin bent on seeing London.—The Princess's is still playing 'Henry VIII.,' with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, and is advertised till the 16th of October, when the engagement expires: the theatre is then to be re-opened, after a brief recess, with an entirely new company, management, and style of entertainment.—The St. James's has produced three new pieces during the month; one a most successful and admirably-constructed farce, by Mr. John Oxenford, called 'Bristol Diamonds;' the other two, a farce in two acts, by courtesy called a 'comedy,' by Mr. Morton; and a farce, by Mr. Spenser, withdrawn. Mr. Oxenford's farce, which is still running, is a translation from the French, but smart in dialogue and pleasantly constructed, and gives an excellent opportunity for the display of Mrs. Frank Matthews' admirable histrionic talents as a jealous matron, at once domestic and disagreeable, fond and foolish, and for a very natural delineation of pure domestic comedy.—At the Adelphi, 'The Flowers of the Forest,' 'One Touch of Nature,' and 'The Green Bushes,' have been revived. 'The Flowers of the Forest' is still attractive to Adelphi audiences by the admirable and unequalled acting of Mrs. Mellon, in the part of *Lemuel*, the gipsy boy, which is a dramatic creation of the artist's of the finest kind, and not approachable in the modern annals of melodramatic delineation.—At the Olympic, Mr. Robson has appeared in his old and well-known parts in 'Boots at the Swan,' and 'To Oblige Benson,' and is now again playing with his old vigour and ability, having recovered his accustomed health. Mr. Horace Wigan has produced a comedy at this theatre in one act—and which he modestly calls a comedietta—of considerable merit, clever in construction, and well written, admirably adapted to the company, and as efficiently rendered by Messrs. Cooke, Neville, and Wigan—Miss Hughes and Mrs. St. Henry.—At Drury Lane an American actress, a Mrs. Hough, made her appearance at the commencement of the month in the part of a Yankee gal, in a very slight, ill-constructed, and badly-written farce, called 'The Yankee Legacy.' The lady herself played with considerable discrimination and sufficient artistic ability to make it a matter of regret that some better piece had not been chosen for her debut. She has since appeared in 'The Rough Diamond,' but without success. At this theatre 'The Colleen Bawn' has at last been withdrawn, before its energies were altogether exhausted, and a dramatic spectacle, founded on 'The Relief of Lucknow,' and bearing that title, has been substituted in its stead. This is an effective spectacle, full of moving incidents by flood and field, written with some dramatic ability and

full of the strongest theatrical situations—or, as they are now termed, sensation scenes. An old and most effective *coup de théâtre* has indeed been revived, from a spectacle produced under Elliston's management, in 'The Cataract of the Ganges; or, The Rajah's Daughter,' to strengthen the otherwise strong surprises, escapes, and perils of the piece. Fulfilling the cardinal necessity of the drama of action, the piece, notwithstanding its defects of construction, slight constructive character, poverty of plot, and absence of characterization is already popular, and is likely to run to the end of Mr. Boucicault's management in November.—At the Lyceum, that worst of all sensation dramas, with its miserable dialogue, and inane plot, is, in spite of wretched acting and a long season, still attractive to a very large class of theatre-attending persons. Like the dramas produced at the minor theatres, or the highly-spiced narratives of 'Reynolds's Miscellany,' this piece, which was once rejected by a provincial manager, and produced after, at a country theatre, without success, is enjoying the sunshine of public favour. But it may fairly be said of it, that a worse-written or more miserably-acted drama never for any time held possession of the stage.—The Strand has during the past month awaked to new energies, and has produced in rapid succession a screaming farce, 'Marriage at any Price,' and a new comedy by Mr. Parselle, 'My Son's a Daughter,' a farce, 'Sam's Arrival,' and revived 'John Smith.' In the farce of 'Marriage at any Price,' Mr. Rogers appears in female attire, as a servant, and, by his grotesque acting and manner, produces the most extravagant laughter. In 'Sam's Arrival,' Mr. Belford appears as a counterpart of the great *Dundreary*, and by his very clever mimic powers, contrives to render the most approximate representation of that worthy who has yet appeared. The farce is a very slight one, turning on the promised incidents of *Dundreary's* brother Sam's appearance in England, but without entering on the ground mapped out by Mr. Sothorn for that gentleman's advent.—The Haymarket still nightly rings with laughter, to houses packed, like sardines, steamed and pressed and high dried, like dirty clothes in an American washing machine, to see and hear *Dundreary*, who will play till Christmas, and then, probably, after a brief recess of two or three weeks, reappear at the same theatre.

Up to this period the past year has been most eventful to theatrical managers. Apart from several unexpected sources of good fortune having redeemed managers from the gloomiest prospects and probable ruin, nearly all the theatres have changed hands. Drury Lane, the Adelphi, the Lyceum, the Princess's, Sadler's Wells, and the St. James's, have all been either transferred to new managements, or are about to be. The present management retires from the St. James's in October. Mr. Edmund Falconer, late of the Lyceum, will enter on Drury Lane in November. Mr. Boucicault will retire, and proposes, it is said, to construct a new theatre, on improved plans, and with continental conveniences. A new and altogether untried proprietary succeeds Mr. Harris at the Princess's. Mr. Fechter succeeds Mr. Falconer at the Lyceum, and will open his campaign with 'Romeo and Juliet;' Mr. and Mrs. Mathews being about to give up their entertainment, to join Mr. Fechter's company, which will include Mr. Phelps, Mr. Walter Montgomery, Mr. Widdicombe, and Miss Helen Faucit.

The Christmas pieces are already in hand, and include a pantomime, by Mr. E. L. Blanchard, for Drury Lane; a burlesque at the Princess's, by Mr. Byron; a pantomime at Covent Garden and the Adelphi, also by Mr. Byron; and a burlesque at the Strand by the same facile dramatist. Mr. Burnand writes a burlesque for the Olympic, and Mr. Planché a burlesque for the Haymarket Theatre, which will be illustrated by the pencil of Telbin, and set forth the wanderings of the Prince of Wales in the Holy Land.



A. Fillebois

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. VILLEBOIS.

PURSUING our sketches of Masters of Hounds, we imagine we could not offer to that class of our readers, who devote themselves to the noble science, a more acceptable person than Mr. Villebois, the Master of the West Norfolk Hounds. And we wish circumstances had enabled us to have procured his portrait prior to his late severe illness, which caused such serious apprehensions among his friends of his being 'driven to earth' before his time.

Mr. Henry Villebois is the son of Mr. Villebois, who was for many years a partner in the great brewery firm of Combe and Delafield, and was blooded to hounds forty years back by the celebrated Dick Forster, than whom a better huntsman never cheered hound with horn. From the circumstance of Mr. Villebois's uncle hunting the H. H. country, he soon became very fond of kennel work, and studied the Hound Book with as much earnestness as a candidate for the civil service would do Hallam's 'Middle Ages,' or Smith's 'Wealth of Nations;' and with the exception of Mr. Williamson, the brother-in-law of Lord Zetland, who, when at a private tutor's, used to make his fag hear him go through and cross-examine him in the 'Lambton Kennel Book,' a more enthusiastic lover of the chase was probably never known. Broke in in this manner, and with such examples before him—for while his father was keeping stag hounds and harriers in Norfolk, his two uncles were respectively at the head of the H. H. and the Craven—the eminence he has attained in the field and the kennel is not a cause for wonderment. And we have reason to believe there is scarcely an instance on record of three brothers being Masters of Hounds at the same time. In 1849 Mr. Villebois commenced on his own account as an M. F. H. by purchasing the Vale of White Horse Hounds of the Committee of the hunt, and added the Herefordshire to them. In the V. W. H. country he remained until the end of the season of 1854, when ill-health compelled him to give up, and he sold his hounds to the Earl of Portsmouth for a thousand pounds. On his retirement, which

was a subject of great regret to all those sportsmen who hunted with him, he sought to restore his constitution by yachting, of which he is passionately fond: and although while at Plymouth he met with such a severe attack of fever that his life was almost despaired of, he recovered sufficiently to take office again once more as the Master of the West Norfolk, a district in which his name had been for many years a household word. At that time Norfolk was divided into two sides, one being hunted by Lord Suffield, and the other by Mr. Villebois. But Lord Suffield retiring, the country was left without a Master, and rather than the occupiers should be deprived of their favourite sport, Mr. Villebois consented to hunt it until a successor could be found, which was afterwards done in Lord Hastings, who hitherto has given every satisfaction. To speak of Mr. Villebois's merits as a sportsman, we are happily spared the trouble, inasmuch as they are recognized by all whose opinion is worth having, and nothing we could add would enhance them. Bursting upon life before the iron age may be said to have set in, his taste naturally led him to patronize the road, and among the amateur coachmen of the day he occupied the very highest place, and the most timid 'unprotected female' need never have feared sitting behind him. Norfolk being a county in which coursing is such a favourite sport, Mr. Villebois has lent it every aid in his power; and among the numerous meetings that are held during the season, there is none so popular as the Market Downham, of which he is the patron. Frank, generous, and open-hearted, with a purse as open as his house, Mr. Villebois is as happy a specimen of the fine old English squire as we could point out, and that the race may never be extinct we are assured our readers will concur with us in hoping.

GENTLEMEN JOCKEYS.

BY THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

IN mooted this question I see before me an indefinite amount of trouble, arising not only from the nature of the question itself, but from the peculiar views which are sure to be taken by persons interested in it. I hope I shall not become tedious. Like the gentleman who wanted 'his hair cut at both ends,' I scarcely know at which side to begin: and as to the fine old-fashioned form of plunging *in medias res* at once, I feel satisfied that the assistance of the Humane Society would be unavailingly called for. If any apology is due to the readers of 'Baily,' or to the writer of the last 'Van,' I beg to offer it for recurring to the subject at all. But when a man sticks a spade into my garden, roughly digging up a small piece of ground, and leaving it to be completed by any one who pleases, I am sure that that efficient workman will excuse me if I take the business in hand *de novo*, and reduce to something like order the plot, which is at present not fit to grow a turnip.

I am proud, then, to confess that I am the real Simon Pure. I am the individual who in a conversation with several gentlemen took the now distinguished position of asserting 'that any money whatever passing between the owner and rider would vitiate the claim of the latter as a Gentleman Jockey.' I said so advisedly then, without any reference to names; I say so now: and I shall endeavour to support the position, not because I care one farthing about the matter individually, but because I see great harm to have arisen from the lax interpretation of that *nom de guerre*; and because I believe, though existing evils cannot be eradicated, many may be avoided by giving to that amphibious biped a position as respectable and elevated as it was originally intended he should hold.

In this article I shall endeavour to avoid the name of Gentleman *Rider*, and substitute for it the more comprehensible one of Gentleman *Jockey*. A Peer of the realm on a high-stepping hack at a couple of hundred, and a costermonger on a jackass, balancing himself by the weight of his boots, within an inch of the ground, are both of them *riders*, but possibly neither of them *jockeys*; whilst the one is certainly a gentleman, and the other as certainly not. Hence the propriety of Gentleman Jockey as adapted to those persons who, being gentlemen, have assumed for the time being, and for their own pleasure, the professional duties of a Newmarket boy. I remember years ago in the Pytchley country a writer, with whom I agree entirely—one Uncle Scribble—maintaining a theory against the existence of a gentleman farmer. And, upon examining the question logically, it appeared to be a difficult thing to define, although habit had given a certain meaning to the word, which was recognized, and tolerably comprehensible. Uncle Scribble, however, had the pull of the argument in his case over me in mine, inasmuch as the Gentleman Farmer was always a farmer; whereas the Gentleman Jockey is only the jockey when he puts off the externals of the gentleman to humour a caprice, or to gratify a pardonable vanity. The former, if he live by his farm, if he go to market with the produce of his brains, and that produce be the fruits of the earth, is neither more nor less than a farmer, be his social position what it may, be his manners those of a Grandison, or his acquirements those of a Crichton. Custom has given him a name to which we bow as to other dictates of fashion; but the Gentleman Jockey has been legitimately christened, if we can but keep him in his original form.

'Licuit, semperque licebit

Signatum præsentē notā procudere nomen.'—HOR. *Ars. Poet.*

If we had adopted the word 'amateur' in reference to the non-professional performance of certain duties, we should perhaps have avoided the necessity of a little explanation, very much of the Sir Lucius O'Trigger character, with our continental neighbours. Frenchmen have erred from an unfortunate though natural propensity to class 'Gentlemen Jockeys' in the same category as 'Gentlemen.' They seem to see a necessary connection between

the two. Need I say to the readers of 'Baily' that there is none whatever. Many Gentlemen Jockeys are gentlemen, and *vice versa*; but there is no more absolute relation of the one to the other than of the Attorney or Solicitor-General to a pickpocket. We can scarcely wonder at the general adoption of this notion by a foreigner. He knows an English gentleman to be a man in a certain class of society; he sees a Gentleman Jockey now and then, to be a very Pariah, to be in no society at all; or, on the contrary, to be the bosom friend, the Jack, Tom, and Harry, of the Fordhams, Grimshaws, Kitcheners, and Bottoms of racing society. I speak with no disrespect of those honourable persons: they are most estimable in their way: they have attained a grand position on the social ladder; but then it is not the same ladder by which you and I are endeavouring to climb. I know they forgive me: they have too much good sense to be offended with a palpable truth: and affectation, after all, is the only true vulgarity. So that a man need not be vulgar, even though he be not an English gentleman. Indeed, when we consider the extensively spread definition of that word we are not astonished that foreigners should be involved in a labyrinth of perplexity as to its real meaning. Whether it be a man who keeps a buggy, or one who uses a diurnal bath, or puts on a clean shirt daily, or is punctual in the fulfilment of his pecuniary transactions, or never pays his tailor, or is three clear descents from trade, it is impossible for us to say (for each of these definitions has been adopted by the horsemonger, the dandy, the honest man, and the rogue); and it is therefore excusable that a Frenchman should blunder in his notions of what ought to constitute a Gentleman Jockey. Indeed, the double word implies, if it does not demand, a duality of brain.

But the German language (in which we are not *all* proficient) has added materially to the difficulty of deciding who or what may be considered a Gentleman Jockey. The word 'Edel-Leute' has been used on the racing programme as a synonym to the English term; and as the strict interpretation of that word is 'nobility,' or persons of 'noble' descent, it has tended to elucidate matters, much as a handful of sawdust tends to the clarification of a bottle of port. The true spirit of the word 'Edel-Leute' touches closely upon 'gentle birth,' but has no more to do with an Englishman's idea of a gentleman than it has with a jockey. In a country where all the sons of noblemen are themselves noble it need hardly be said that that glorious institution the 'Edel-Leute' flourishes to a considerable extent; and as the branches spread themselves to so great a distance from the parent stem, it must not be wondered at that the fruit they bear is not always of the best quality. We have not yet arrived, then, at anything like the definition of a Gentleman Jockey—either as to what he is, or what he ought to be. It seems to me that the only real ground we can find on which to fight the battle will be on the *score of money*. Are the services he renders purely disinterested? Does he receive one farthing of remuneration

in any way whatever? Is his fare by the railway to be paid, as has been suggested by the writer of 'Our Van,' and backed by some not very formidable arguments; or is he verily a gentleman, whose love for sport will induce him to hand out his travelling expenses for the pleasure of a ride, just as willingly as I would give a couple of sovereigns for a mount with the Quorn? Or are we to go further than this, and take into consideration his manners, morals, education, and social condition? To ignore them *utterly* is as impossible as to make any one of them the standard of our faith. To go through the whole catalogue would require more time than our readers will give, and more paper than our Editor will allow. But it certainly behoves us not to leave out of our calculation a few comments which belong to such a subject.

For all practical purposes in a case of this kind we may class morals and manners together: for, unfortunately, in all countries a man may be more or less profligate, and yet, *cæteris paribus*, will be allowed the same status in society when the question is only one of communication with his own sex. We quote now, as illustrative of our position, the case which came before the Stewards of the races at Baden, suppressing the name, which has already found sufficient publicity. The author of those remarks writes as follows:—'His great offence, however, we believe to be his 'preferring the associations of those of an inferior position in life 'to himself, to mingling with the Dames aux Camelias of the 'Palais Royal,' &c. Without being in a position to state that the person in question did not prefer the Dames aux Camelias, it ought to be pointed out that the vulgar familiarities of the tap, and the *piquant* jokes of the saddle-room, are received by society as evidence of a low status and tastes; whilst associations of the other class have never been called as tests by which the world regulates the position of her children. 'An actress' may be 'as necessary an appendage to a French Gentleman Rider as his 'portmanteau;' but so long as society continues to be constituted as it is, and has been for many generations, it will take a very different view of such *mesalliances* from vulgarities, which have no stamp of fashion to save them from reprobation. The most refined mind in Athens had its moments of weakness, which are said to have proved the strength of his government. The greatest and strongest have had their Dalilahs, as well as Pericles and Samson. But early purl, beer, and pipes, and the eccentricities and language of stable life, are so devoid of the refinements of the most ordinary existence, that Frenchmen may be excused for trying the question. And if any additional argument were wanted for endeavouring to keep our Gentlemen Jockeys *sans reproche* on these accounts, it would be found in an anxiety to give foreigners sounder ideas upon the subject. What they clearly mean to ask is this:—Will you yourself, who plead for your countryman, ask him to your table, be seen in St. James's Street with him in the height of the season, introduce him to your wife and daughters, and put him upon an equality with

yourself and your friends? And will you, on the other hand, refuse to admit to your house M. le Duc de —, or le Chevalier —, because they have allowed themselves to be ensnared by the charms of a fickle and treacherous Aspasia? There can be but one honest answer to the question.

Is it to be wondered at that foreigners cannot understand us, when we can scarcely understand ourselves? when there are as many definitions of a Gentleman Jockey as there are classes of men. 'Quot homines tot sententiæ.' Naturally, when a foreigner sees plainly that a man is not a gentleman, and (what is more to the purpose) that his own countrymen refuse to recognize him as such, and that he professes not to be a jockey, whose language and manners he adopts, is it strange that he believes him to be neither the one nor the other? No man imagines it necessary to be a penniless Duc, or a Paris banker, to qualify for breaking his neck *en amateur*; but I am not surprised that something more of the gentleman should be required than we have occasionally exhibited to continental circles. Of course there are a few who have ridden, and do ride, without any possible suspicion; and that only envelopes the whole question in still deeper gloom.

Education and birth are hopelessly unavailable, in the present case, on which to build the simplest fabric, or to give a claim of any kind to the title of 'gentleman,' as understood by ourselves. A certain amount of the former has always been considered *quantum suff.* for those who are not compelled to work for their bread; and as to the latter, in a country with three distinct aristocracies, it seems ridiculous to entertain the question. Thus far the two may be made to affect the present point of view, that the universities and professions should be free from any necessity for proving their claim. All or any of these may contain men who have degenerated in manner or scale; but as a line must be drawn somewhere, it should be made there, and adhered to. In professions are included all mercantile classes and public offices, and every employment that would give the footing of a gentleman to its followers, if *individually* he had done nothing to forfeit his claim. But society must be the judge of that. The tradesmen of this country number in their ranks many estimable persons; men far beyond some members of our highest aristocracy in all that is honourable and loyal, and with tastes, pursuits, and knowledge of no ordinary character. But with all our difficulty to define what is a 'gentleman,' we can easily define what is not. We are not sticklers for the three descents before a man may figure in the pigskin in company with the *roué* nobility of France or Germany; but a tradesman is not a gentleman by any interpretation, though his son may, by education, or money, or profession, or general recognition, establish a claim to the title; and it is far better that you should be the first of your family who has been so distinguished than that your father should have been the last. No man expects an extraordinary amount of knowledge from gentlemen whose very tastes and pursuits have left them but little

time for the cultivation of literature : but my prejudices run in favour of some correctness of language in speaking and writing. I would rather my Gentleman Jockey should acknowledge his aspirates with that courtesy due to a creation as old as Cadmus of Thebes ; that he spelt 'terrier' with an *e*, though he called it 'tarrier ;' and wrote a note which should have externally, as well as internally, some evidence of the usages of good society. There is many a swaggering dog without one of these very moderate accomplishments, who would be perfectly astounded if his claim to the title of gentleman was disputed, because, forsooth, his father, a most respectable man, was a well-to-do farmer in the war prices, rode two or three good horses with the county hounds, and brought up his son to a life of steeple-chasing, badger-baiting, and rural profligacy. I know one instance, which happened many years ago, as illustrative of our theme ; and, without mentioning any name, it may amuse my readers to hear it. In a steeple-chase, so far private that it belonged exclusively to the members of a particular hunt, a professional man declined to ride if the son of a tradesman of the best position in London in his peculiar line, who had just left Harrow, and was intended for, and has since entered, a cavalry regiment, was allowed to ride as a gentleman. The question was referred to the Master of the hounds ; and, although with considerable reluctance, he felt himself compelled to admit the objection, should it continue to be urged. It was urged, however injudiciously, and the ex-Harrovian, as the son of a tradesman, was disqualified.

There are so many inconsistencies in social life ; so many considerations which make apparently the same case totally different ; there is so much that is indefinite ; so much that some men won't see, and so much that other men can't see,—that a continuance of this part of the subject is useless. Let us turn to what may be considered a *sine quâ non* in the qualification of a Gentleman Jockey. Whatever his social position, however in other respects he may fulfil the conditions of such an individual, he must receive no money in any way, either absolutely, or as remuneration for travelling expenses. It is useless to urge that certain men are fond of sport, but not 'blessed with affluence.' All I say is, they must look for a less expensive luxury than riding steeple-chases, unless they can afford to pay their own railway, coach, or steam-packet fares. Figure to yourself our friend Smasham of Trinity coming down to ride the Jigger in one of his famous races. The journey into the north, especially if you happen to be in the south, is not done for nothing. Smasham has a hundred a year, and expectations of fifty more on the death of his aunt. He has no money, but he has the soul of a lion and the pride of Lucifer. By way of thanking Smasham for his kindness, we shake hands at parting, and neatly rolled in a piece of white paper is his fee, 3*l.* 17*s.* 4*d.*, to a penny, the price of the railroad. Not a halfpenny more or less, for fear of hurting his feelings. Or better still : Smasham has won for us, and in the fulness of our heart we have, knowing his circumstances,

presented him with a cheque for 20*l.*; just a trifle for his kindness, and the trouble and expense he has been at. What is the consequence? Smasham grinds his teeth horribly; his face becomes livid; he tears the cheque, with as much deliberation as he is capable of, saying at every interval, with horrible distinctness, 'Do—you—intend—to—insult—me—sir-r-r-r-r?' And scattering the fragments on the ground, bangs the hall door in our face, never to be seen of him again. The only other alternative is too terrible to contemplate. Smasham, the high-minded Smasham, clutches our hand, thanks us with a gratified smile, buttons his coat carefully over the recumbent cheque, and becomes a professional gentleman rider. Yes, my good friend of 'Our Van,' you have nothing to do but to get in the thin end of the wedge and the thing is done. Whether your journey money amounts to 1*l.* 10*s.* or to 25*l.* makes no difference to any living soul. You may go from here to Cork by North America if you please, and pay your trip out of the pocket of your too liberal patron: you may call the payment what you please, but there is very little gentleman riding when the amateur has once become accustomed to present his 'little bill.' I wonder how Mr. Barclay, or Mr. Rowlands, or Mr. Burton would feel, when you inquired the price of the ticket down to Harborough, and proposed to add 3*s.* 6*d.* for the fly, and 3*d.* for the gate, which you had almost forgotten. I contended the other night, and I contend now, that amateur jockeyship is a luxury, notwithstanding our friend's picture of 'toast and 'water diet and the lean of a mutton chop,' 'the half-broken, three 'parts bred mare, the collar-bone, and the post and rails.' I say it belongs to *gentlemen*, who can afford to amuse themselves in any way they please; who do not find it necessary to accept from their *employers* even the price of the fare; who are at the beck and call of no man; but who, from a sheer love of horsemanship and risk, which some men do not understand, are happy to ride for a friend, or for any sportsman who has a horse that can carry them, and is willing to afford them a mount. When I cannot have a thing I want, I endeavour to do without it; and I recommend all so-called gentlemen jockeys who are inconvenienced by paying their cabs and railroads, and by the other incidental expenses of sport and fast living, to give it up, and take to an honest and reputable calling, for which Providence intended them. There are races in which the stipulations are that farmers or tradesmen shall ride; marking most distinctly this difference between them and those whom I have called gentlemen riders. But if the latter are to sell their services, and make a trade of their accomplishments, the difference will remain very markedly in favour of the former. Of course every man has a right to his peculiar notions of what a gentleman is; but I am still inclined to think that 'this close-borough system will be listened to for a moment,' particularly when I have examined the rather slippery illustration of my opponent's argument.

'It was in vain,' says our facetious collaborateur, 'that we urged 'on the other side that attorney generals with 500 guinea fees

' would not stir out of London without every shilling of their expenses being paid them. Neither would they listen to the known fact of Sir James Clark and other physicians of his eminence taking care to be paid beforehand, when leaving London for a distant part of the country. It was to no use we argued that Lords of the Admiralty, in surveying the coast, have their table and means of conveyance found them.' Indeed it was in vain to institute any comparison so monstrous. The Attorney-General is a lawyer, and as such he charges his expenses as well as his fees and brief. If the Attorney-General were to come and see me, and recommend Morison's pills, or a parchment blister, *en amateur*, and expect to be paid for it, he would be quite as great a robber as any other lawyer. Or if, as a simple gentleman, he treated us, a friend, to a legal opinion, which he was not in a position to offer officially, but which his acquired knowledge rendered valuable, I wonder what he would do with the six and eightpence we put into his hand? Sir James Clark is a physician, practising legally, and living professedly by his knowledge of that art. He is not a gentleman doctor, who has adopted that calling for his own amusement, and who declines to prescribe for any but those whom he selects. A parallel case would have been a certain Sir James Clark, who constituting himself a gentleman professor, without diploma, went about bolusing and hoccussing *'en amateur,'* and expecting you to pay the cab when he called upon you. The Lords of the Admiralty, I suppose, live, like other old women, upon victuals and drink, and when moving about on an official survey, have no more right to be put upon short commons than if they were so many Leicester sheep. If they went volunteering, I think Jacob Omnium would be down upon the estimates pretty sharply for travelling expenses and a table, and the ghost of Joey Hume would rise from the grave at the scent of so foul a job. When any of 'Baily's' readers want an article written, and apply to me for it, they will naturally be expected to pay for it. It is my business; I live by it. But when I volunteer to ride any friend's horses for him during the season, be it in Rotten Row or in High Leicestershire, he may be quite certain that I shall pay my own expenses. I think I have let my opponent down softly.

The origin of steeple-chasing may be appealed to in support of these views. The first steeple-chase in Leicestershire was ridden by Mr. Charles Meynell, Lord Forester, and Sir Gilbert Heathcote. When Mr. Osbaldeston challenged Captain Ross, there was no question to be raised about the riders. Steeple-chases then generally took place to test the qualities of two or more known horses, and if gentlemen were not trusted to steer their own, and none of their friends were considered sufficiently good, professional steeple-chase riders were engaged, and remunerated. We have had plenty of mixed fields; and the marquises and captains, horsedealeters and inn-keepers, rode without prejudice in the same race; but nobody dreamt of classing them together, under the name of Gentlemen Jockeys. Whilst writing this identical article, I take up '*Le Sport*'

for October 8th. It is full of steeple-chasing and flat-racing at Paris, at Nantes, at Saumur, at Strasbourg. The majority of these races are for 'gentlemen riders;' for the French have adopted our language, however little disposed to adopt our own interpretation of it. I see the names of Captain Hunt (he was an officer in a cavalry regiment, and by birth, education, and associations of all kinds, an English gentleman), M. le Duc de Caderousse de Grammont, M. de Saint-Germain, M. Blount, an English banker, but moving in the best circles of Parisian society, le Comte A. Murat, le Baron Barbier, le Baron d'Auriol, le Comte de Saint-Sauveur, and half a dozen more of the same position (I say nothing of rank). These men are, in the spirit, gentlemen jockeys. Long may France continue to exclude all who do not come up to the same standard! Steeple-chasing is newer to them than to us; and they have it in their power to make it, and keep it, what it was originally intended to be, an amusement in which the nerve and horsemanship of *gentlemen* were to be tested; and although, as I have shown, the difficulty of defining that peculiarly national word is great, there is a gentleman in Paris, Mr. Mackenzie Grieves, who is perfectly capable of appreciating my meaning, and who will be better able to explain to the members of the Jockey Club that the original intention of the distinction between gentlemen and jockeys is something more than between unpaid and paid. And I think Englishmen (who have a great deal of generosity in all matters connected with sport, and who are always willing to strain a point in favour of dexterity and courage where horses are concerned; who are inclined to deify Fordham, though they have rather reversed it in his *sobriquet*, and who, had they lived now, would have elevated to the peerage such victors as Castor and Pollux) should remember that a good fellow is not always a gentleman, and that the opinions of other nations deserve consideration, whenever the cock crows on his own dunghill.

In the question to which the amusing writer of 'Our Van' has alluded, the argument which struck home with the foreigners at Baden was certainly unanswerable; that the rider objected to was a member of a certain club, which in England literally bestows the coveted distinction. The fact proved, there could be no appeal. It was an inquiry into the subscription list of the club. It was, however, in the absence of documentary evidence, assumed, from the fact of the name appearing, as a rider, in races open only to the members of such clubs.

Of course, when a race is to be run under the certain conditions of membership of the Army, Navy, and such and such clubs, there can be no discussion raised. It becomes no man to demand how Mr. Smith became a member of the Dryberry Hunt. He must be accepted as member, and dealt with accordingly. But it seems hard that I am compelled to admit that Mr. Smith is a gentleman, when every antecedent of his life, and his associations, manners, and language convince me that he is not. By all means let Smith ride in the steeple-chases and races peculiarly selected for the Dryberry Hunt

Club ; but if the conditions are changed, and as at Oxford or Cambridge, or elsewhere, we are to have gentlemen riders, don't let us have a mixture of professional jockeys, all but in name.

I do not venture to state any facts which I cannot substantiate by downright proof. I do not mean to say that men ever are smuggled into sporting clubs for an especial purpose ; but I may ask whether it is impossible that it should be so ? Is there not an inducement either of personal good feeling, or of self-interest, which operates improperly in favour of those whose position scarcely warrants the recommendation ? And if so, we have no right to feel surprise when the claims are called in question. As I said before, the mistakes arise from the equivocal nature of the term. If the Duke of Beaufort, or Mr. Villebois, or Captain Cooper, or any of the thousand men who are fond of driving, have driven stage coaches for their own amusement, they might well have been called gentlemen coachmen : but when Henry Stephenson drove the 'Age' to Brighton, and when his eminent successors on the same road (and there were men of high rank and polished manners who were compelled to do so) took the coachman's fees from the passengers, and made it an ostensible means of existence, they became professional coachmen to all intents and purposes. It ceased to be a luxury, and became a necessity. For my part, nothing would gratify me so much as the establishment of the pure Gentleman Jockey in the strict integrity of the word ; it would secure steeple-chasing against numberless risks and difficulties, and preserve it from reproaches under which it too frequently suffers.

I can scarcely hope that these views will meet with general approbation. But I have great faith in a certain class of men who are readers of 'Baily,' and who would be glad to recognize the spirit of sport instead of its letter. Should, however, my ideas be considered impracticable, and possibly they are so, from the peculiar constitution of English society, I should be glad to recommend a change of name, which would render us less liable to misconstruction by our neighbours ; and as a change in fact is difficult, let us have a change of name, which will open the door as widely as you please, always remembering the necessary condition, that no excuse whatever shall be found for the remuneration or reimbursement of a Gentleman Jockey. Let the Gentleman Jockey henceforth appear as an 'Amateur.'

CHARLIE THORNHILL ;
OR, THE DUNCE OF THE FAMILY.

CHAPTER XXXV. PREPARATION.

' Shall I not take mine ease in mine own inn ?'

THREE days later (and the winter was far advanced) the silent little town of Sedgeley was all alive. Sedgeley was one of those places

that had been spoilt by a small aristocracy. A potent lawyer; a real physician with an Edinburgh diploma and nine daughters; a rector, who had been senior proctor; two medical practitioners; and a wealthy banker, who combined with his usury the advantages of chief linendraper of the place, had set their faces against railway intrusion. It was not to be, and it was not. The consequence was that a thriving town, of four thousand inhabitants, with a roaring trade in penny whistles, came to nothing. With a melancholy sigh, as they met on the market hill, Judkins the watchmaker would expatiate to the new curate upon the former glories of his native town. He would tell him how twenty-four coaches, besides the great North mail, changed horses at 'The Saracen's Head' every day. And indeed he said truly. There were nice little suppers, and whist, and oyster parties, among the topping tradesmen, who were all well-to-do, for the place was constantly full of customers. There were snug dinners among the would-be aristocrats; and a great deal of jealousy when Sir Charles Trimmer invited the doctor, but forgot the lawyer, or *vice versâ*. It is but fair to say that they all came in turn; for as he was member for that side of the county, and politics in Sedgely depended entirely upon the digestion, Sir Charles never forgot anybody who could enjoy a dinner at all, provided only that he possessed the requisite qualification. Now, however, all this was gone. The rail had been strenuously opposed, and in return had carried its passengers and its traffic, at four miles distance, to the next market-town; and nobody seemed to care much about penny whistles—at least not sufficiently to come out of the way for them.

In the midst of all this dearth of riches or amusement Sedgely had become eminently dull, save on one or two occasions. Once a year there was a ball, and the principal room at 'The Saracen's Head' was still in request. Whenever the hounds met within two or three miles (for Sedgely was in one of the best hunting counties in England) all the idlers became busy. The landladies put on their best caps, and the ostlers were ready for any little odd jobs that might turn up on such an occasion. There might be a marriage once or twice in the year, which sent half a dozen extra people into the street, or to the church, and a funeral or two; but the inhabitants had no real taste for gorgeous solemnity. Sir Charles Trimmer might have died himself, and there would scarcely have been a respectable house to welcome his hearse and coaches. The present occasion was not of that sort. Something more than common brought down Mrs. Bustleton, with a wonderfully smart cap, at four o'clock, into the bar. It was neither a funeral nor a wedding that produced a ringing of bells, and a rustling of chambermaids and cherry-coloured ribbons, on so sombre an afternoon; and when Ramsbotham the saddler rushed into the inn-yard with an old but very good-looking saddle on his arm, to which he had been doing something, quite a crowd of inquisitive boys and lazy apprentices surrounded the gateway of 'The Saracen's Head.' However, Rams-

botham was not a man to satisfy anybody but a customer or a creditor; and as to Tony, the one-eyed ostler, he saw more and said less than any man in Sedgeley. It was noised abroad that there was one of the horses already in the yard. The blacksmith had been consulted by the groom, a very superior sort of person, it was said, on the subject of a shoe, or a boot, nobody knew which; but what shape, size, or colour he might be was no more conjectured than if he had been smuggled in in a bandbox. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*. Those who had not seen him, and knew nothing at all about him, already declared he must win; and not a few of them backed their opinion that night at 'The Cocked Hat and Teapot,' one of the most sporting little cribs in the place.

'Well, Margaret,' said Mrs. Bustleton, between mouthfuls of hot muffin to her sister, 'I wonder the gentlemen don't come in. It's past five, and I'm sure they can't see to hunt.'

'P'raps they've gone the other way, you know; and then they'd have a good ways to come home. I heerd Tony say there was a good many 'orses already in; and I dessay the place 'ull be quite full to-morrow.'

'Yes, we must have the ordinary in the big room, after the race. Sir Charles must take the chair, and Mr. Thornhill and Mr. Dacre must sit on each side of him, I suppose. The rest must sit as they can.'

'I thought the other gentleman, Mr. Somebody Brown, ought to sit the other side.'

'Bother Mr. Somebody Brown, Margaret; how you talk! He don't belong to the county. We'll have Mr. Thornhill, and Mr. Dacre, if he comes, or some of our own people, and Mr. Charles Thornhill, all up at the top—— Lor! there's a fly.' And true enough, after paying the fly and the driver, a tall, well-made man, in rough coat and comforter, opened the door, and stood unceremoniously in the badly-lighted corner of the bar-parlour.

'Why, bless me! it's Mr. Charles,' said Mrs. Bustleton, colouring, and wiping her hands on her handkerchief.

'Right, Mrs. Bustleton,' said he, stretching out a hand, and advancing to the fire; 'let me warm myself a moment. I hope you are quite well, and the children?'

'All well, thank you, sir; and Mrs. Thornhill, and your brother, sir? We don't see so much of you as we did once, when you were boys, and used to ride over on your ponies. How's Miss Stanhope, too, sir? I hear she's a great deal with Mrs. Thornhill. But there's your room ready, sir, with a capital fire: isn't there, Margaret?'

'Thank you.' But Charlie stood with his back to the fire, a little preoccupied. 'And what time do we dine?'

'Seven o'clock, sir. You'll take a biscuit and a glass of sherry, Mr. Charles?'

'How many was dinner ordered for, Mrs. Bustleton?'

‘Six, sir, I understood. There’s Mr. Tom, and yourself, and Lord Carisbrook, and Captain Charteris, and Mr. Stapleton, and some one else; but I didn’t hear who. P’raps you’d like a cup ‘o’ tea, sir?’ Here Mrs. Bustleton made an attempt to squeeze the pot.

Charlie still looked down thoughtfully. ‘Is Mr. Downy here with the horse?’

Mrs. Bustleton rang a bell, which summoned the one-eyed ostler. ‘Tony, is Mr. Downy here with Mr. Thornhill’s horse?’

‘No, mum—leastways, sir,’ said Tony, first to his mistress and then to her guest. ‘No, sir; he’s coming this evening. The head ‘man’s here.’

‘Send him to my room.’ And Charlie, having picked up his overcoat and shawl, walked out of the bar, ushered by a tallow candle and bunch of cherry-coloured ribbons. ‘Come in;’ and William entered and the girl went out.

‘How did the horse come?’

‘He never was better, sir. It’s my opinion he can’t lose, if he ‘don’t make a mistake.’

‘But they do make mistakes sometimes—all of them: however, that’s as fair for one as the other. How’s the country?’

‘A little sticky, sir; just suit the old horse, I should say.’

‘I don’t know: the mare’s a thorough-bred one, and can stay.’

‘Well, *Œdipus* must be thorough-bred too, sir.’

‘He’s not in the Stud-book. But how’s the poor fellow?’

‘Not so well, sir. He’s been a bit delirious—talks a bit, sir.

‘They couldn’t keep his bandages on last night. The man’s, you know, sir.’

‘But they don’t think very badly of him?’

‘Oh! no, sir; I didn’t hear as they did.’ And here William scraped himself out of the room.

Charlie Thornhill looked at the parlour. It was a comfortably furnished room, with a good fire, and a dinner-table laid for six. He remembered it well. It was the room in which he and his brother met on the day of their eventful journey after the death of their father. He had been several times at the hotel since, which was only ten miles from Thornhills, but he had never been in that identical room till now. He looked at the pictures. They were the same. There was the famous American trotter, with the wonderful dog-cart, which looked like a wheeled spider. There was the late Mr. Bustleton, a short, red-faced man, in a dress coat and waist-coat, with his hands by his side; and staring at him—as he well might be—was a most extraordinary painting of his brown horse Solomon, the most striking points of which were the biggest head and the shortest tail in England. There was the Prodigal Son, with a hole in his hat, with nothing on but a shirt and a pair of knee-breeches, being welcomed by his father in a flowing wig and a court sword. His brother looks on in gloomy silence, while a groom in a blue livery leads a couple of saddle-horses up and down in front of

the house. The butcher in the distance is sharpening his knife ready for the calf, which has not yet left her mother's side.

The door opened, and the same cherry-coloured ribbons appeared with a lamp. She was followed by a heavy footstep and the smell of tobacco. Tom Thornhill came in, and shook his brother by the hand heartily. Then came Lord Carlingford and Harry Stapleton.

'Charmed to see you, Charlie. How are the nerves?'

'All right, thank you. What sport to-day?'

'Very moderate. We found at Dodford, and went down to Norton: it's a wretched scenting country. We got on better terms with him after crossing the Sedgeley road, but we lost him at Driffield. I suppose *Ædipus* is all right, notwithstanding the reports in town?' said Stapleton.

'What reports?'

'Oh! I don't know exactly; but they offered me three ponies to one against him yesterday. I was such a fool as not to take it, thinking there might be something wrong; and then we got the newspaper account of the skrimmage. I suppose you had a horrid row at Dunham? They've committed them.'

'Well! yes, we had, rather. Tom, if you fellows don't dress, we shall have the dinner up directly.' And they all four adjourned to their rooms.

When they met again Charteris and Baron Hartzstein had joined them. They sat down to a severe soup, fish, leg of mutton, and beef-steak pudding sort of dinner. They washed it down with some warm sherry, and ordered up some claret. Tom Thornhill's name was sufficient to get, at all events, the best the house afforded; and it may be remarked that gentlemen are the most easily satisfied, and the least preposterous in their requirements, of any class of persons. If I hear of an extravagant order in the way of dinner or wines at a plain country inn, I feel satisfied that, nine times out of ten, the consumer is a snob, and a savage delight that he is pretty certain to have everything as bad as it can be. Away from home the 'mensa tripes' should be the rule.

'Capital mutton, Thornhill,' said Lord Carlingford, with his mouth full.

'Yes; but not so good as the Southdown. We feed a few at Thornhills for ourselves.'

'And they cost us about eighteenpence a pound,' said Charlie, who had no opinion of amateur farming as a speculation.

'Who shows the ground to-morrow?' said Tom Thornhill.

'I do,' replied Captain Charteris, 'with Vincent of the 12th. He's coming with Robinson Brown in the morning. How much he's improved in his riding this last season or two! He's so much better a horseman than he was.'

'By-the-by, Thornhill, you were going to tell us about the row at Dunham, and the attempt on your horse.'

'Charlie knows all about it; he was there: not I.'

It must have become evident by this time that one of Charlie Thornhill's besetting sins was his modesty. If he had to tell a story of which he was the hero he made nothing of it. He loved a short cut to anything, and would gladly have said nothing more about the business. He seemed perfectly content that the horse was safe, and the perpetrators on the road to punishment.

'Let's have it, Charlie,' said Tom. 'I've hardly heard it properly myself yet.'

'Oh! it's nothing particular. We found out that something was going wrong, so old Downy set a trap for the fellows, and caught them.'

'But wasn't there something about *Œdipus* eating one of the fellows?'

'Well! not exactly: *Œdipus* is quiet enough. It seems that Downy had got a new boy, who mistook his orders. The boy ought to have changed that savage horse of Martin's—Homicide they call him—to an empty box; but he made a mistake, and put *Œdipus* into the empty box, and Homicide into our horse's place. They're not very unlike; and when Downy went round he never saw the mistake.'

'Well! but what happened?'

'Oh! nothing particular,' said Charlie, helping himself to sherry; 'we followed the men into the box without their knowing it. The horse was loose; and before we could get into the place, he rushed at one of the fellows, knocked him down, and seized him by the side with his teeth. Luckily, Downy was there, and got him off, by one or two violent blows on the nose; but the fellow was picked up half dead. He has broken several ribs, and his side is terribly lacerated; but I hope he'll get better. The other fellow is remanded, and will be committed, of course.'

'Where's the wounded prisoner? He won't get off, will he?'

'Certainly not. There's a policeman sleeps in the room. But he can't be moved; and Downy's man says he's not so well to-day.'

'So nothing at all happened to your horse?'

'He wasn't in the box at all.'

'What a fool I was to let those three ponies slip, to be sure!' And the recollection seemed to make a profound impression on Stapleton, who asked for the claret. 'And what are they going to do with Martin's horse, the Homicide?'

'Make a watch-dog of him, I should think,' replied the dunce of the family.

Tom Thornhill rang the bell, and ordered some cards and a backgammon board. Before long he and his friends had thrown some mains; and now that the Devil had once got possession, he armed himself to keep it.

'Come, Charlie, one main?'

'No! no!' laughed Charlie; 'not I. You know I never play. Besides, I'm going to bed.' This was a wise measure for a fool.

‘Bed! what at ten o’clock? Smoke a cigar: here’s a capital one.’

‘No, thank you: smoking at night’s a bad thing for the nerves; and I’ve got all your money on my shoulders. You’d better let me go to bed.’

‘He carries Cæsar and his fortunes. Well! good-night; and good luck to-morrow.’

‘Good-night.’ And then the play went on more and more furiously. And these bosom friends forgot each other, and gloated over their own interests. There is a substance and there is a shadow—of generosity. The substance is the habit of mind, the shadow is the impulse. The one costs much, the other little: but the former shines with but little lustre before the world. Perhaps the world’s eyes are not yet attuned to seeing in the dark. Be that as it may, the gambler has a reputation for generosity. He has the impulse, and grasps at the shadow. The substance is too hard for him. Not all this, but something like it, ran through Charlie Thornhill’s mind as he heard the silence below him, only heightened by the clang of the dice.

‘Ruined! irretrievably ruined!’ said Prodigus, as he turned from the inquirer to conceal his emotion.

‘Are you, by —? I’ll lay you a hundred to twenty of that,’ returned his most intimate friend.

A gambler never understands ruin till it stares him in the face, and then he strives to stare it out of countenance. We all harden in time: but there’s no fire like the dice-box. Wife, child, self, soul, are all too light to put in the balance with the turn of a card. Oh! Alice, Alice! what an intuitive knowledge of the world for one so innocent and so young!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE WALK OVER, AND THE RACE.

‘Si sors ista dedit nobis, Sors ipsa gubernat.’

CHARLIE slept well (it was his custom) when he got rid of his waking dreams about gambling. There was always one figure which occupied the principal part of the picture. Tom was altering: not to him, nor to his mother. Still he had become capricious in his moods. He wanted constant society: before, he liked it, but was equally cheerful without. It seemed as though he were putting a good face on something, but did not feel it the less. Why in the world didn’t he marry?

They were all off to look at the ground. Four miles from Sedgeley, on the Croppington road, equally convenient for Robinson Brown, who had a box for the season, not half a dozen miles off, and for the Thornhills, who lived in the county, ten miles from Sedgeley. Charlie drove out in a fly with Charteris, Lord Carlingford, and his brother. He intended walking the course. Vincent and Robinson Brown were at the public before them with a couple

of hacks. Lord Carlingford's man had horses there for the others. Three accepted them, but Charlie adhered to his opinion and his legs. He was essentially a shooting-boot style of man. Robinson Brown was patent leather all over. A man's character almost always resembles his boots.

The ground was already marked out with flags. It was plain and broad, as another path is said to be. A good four miles of it.}

'The riders will keep the flags to their right hands, if you please,' said Vincent, who was an excellent judge of such matters. 'It will be found a fair hunting country. You can go anywhere to the left of the flags, so that you may have a choice of places.'

Two or three gates let the horsemen in, whilst Charlie surveyed them on foot with a critical eye. The first four or five were good hunting fences, with nothing remarkable, and as easily seen from a pony as any other way. Then came a cramped place—the ground a little raised before taking off.

'Not to be ridden at too fast,' said Charlie to himself; 'and to be sure to get close up to it.'

'That's an easy fly,' said Robinson Brown, from his hack. 'A donkey could do that.'

'Here's the water, Charlie. It's a fair jump everywhere; but the banks are rather higher in some places than others above the water.'

Charlie stood between two willows, and measured it with his eye. 'What's the width, Tom?'

'Width? Oh! 'pon my word, hav'nt the slightest idea. You'd better ask the depth, Charlie. It looks quite big enough to get into.'

'Not with *Ædipus*. I think I could jump it myself.'

'Very likely,' said Carlingford; 'but that won't win the match. Come on. There's nothing but grass up to here, and the next field is the only bit of plough in the race.' And on they went, smoking and laughing, till they came to a ridge and furrow of more than ordinary inequality. It was almost like the sea, and 'A man overboard!' would not have sounded very *mal-apropos* in it. The way out of this difficulty was over a good stiff double post and rails. There was no room to land between; and it must be done at a fly.

'A most unmistakeable cropper,' said Charlie again to himself, 'out of such a field as that.'

Robinson Brown was chatting away with his friends, and surveying the scene with considerable *nonchalance*, seeing that he was going to play a prominent part in the drama to be enacted shortly. Either he had great confidence in himself, or his mare, or his luck: for the course was a decidedly stiff one, and nothing short of a fatalist could have regarded the last field and fence with indifference.

'Brown, that's a big 'un,' said Wilbraham, a good sportsman, and one of the leading men with the county hounds.

'Wather; ya-a-s. A-should say, a wegular yawner.'

‘Deucedly like himself. Near relatives. I hope they’ll agree.’ The speaker had backed the mare for a hundred, and called the owner’s attention to an obstacle or two, which seemed to escape him. ‘What did you think of the water? I suppose the mare’s ‘pretty good at that?’

‘Water? Oh! ah!—the bwook. Ya-a-s: to be sure.’

‘Yes, the brook. You saw it, I suppose? Because you’d better ‘canter back if you didn’t. That’s all.’

‘Ya-a-s, I saw it. I call it a wavine. It’s a jump.’

‘Jump; indeed it is a jump!’ added his backer, in hopes of reviving either his spirits or his attention. ‘It’s not unlike a family vault.’

‘You won’t get out in a hurry, if you once get in.’

‘Jump or vault, Weluctance will do it, Basset,

“Wise from the gwound like swather’d Mercuwy,
And vaulted with such ease—”

‘Your hundwed’s safe enough.’ And on they went. Beyond this the fences were fair hunting fences—timber occasionally; a thick bullfinch here and there, interspersed with a little child’s play; and a second arm of the same brook, but by no means a formidable place. They were nearing the finish, and had passed about five-and-twenty fences, when a flag, placed on a high bank over which it was impossible to see, attracted universal attention.

‘Hallo! Charteris. What’s this?’ shouted the owner of *Ædipus*.

‘That’s a bank,’ said the Captain. ‘A new line of rail coming.’

‘Then I hope it will break before these fellows get to it; that’s all.’

‘If they don’t like it, they can go round. But I’m going to explain for Vincent and myself. We were ordered to pick four miles of hunting country, and we agreed that that bank was an obstacle which might present itself whenever the hounds run across here. Besides, it’s as fair for one as the other. If ‘Brown don’t object—’

‘What do you say, Charlie? Capital place to see it from.’

‘Excuse me, Thornhill,’ said Vincent, ‘but you don’t understand that if they don’t like it they can go round. It only extends to the next fence, and on the other side of it there’s a regular passage through, which brings them into the straight running again. It’s rather out of the way, but not above a hundred yards or so.’

In the mean time the whole party rode to the top (the ascent was not very steep) to inspect the slope on the other side. It was an awkward-looking drop. The ground shelved at considerably less than an angle of forty-five degrees. It was about thirty feet high, and, being covered with a stunted herbage, looked slippery in the extreme. It was about one hundred yards shorter in distance, and there was a saving of one very easy fence in the corner of the field, immediately under the bank. As there was an alternative, to be easily adopted by either or both, nothing more was said on the

subject. The remaining fences had been inspected and approved of ; and as the course was arranged so as to form a semicircle, it was not a difficult one for the spectators. A large pink flag was carefully placed in every hedgerow, and the top of the bank was so conspicuous an object that it served for an excellent landmark for at least a mile beforehand. The time was getting on—one o'clock—and the start to take place at two—or as soon after as gentlemen can get into their breeches. They all turned towards the little village inn from which they had started, where carpet-bags, portmanteaus, horses, flies, groomis, and the various types of the fine old English farmer, had collected in great number.

‘Well, Charlie, what do you think of the course?’ said Tom Thornhill, whilst his brother pushed himself into a thinner and tighter pair of breeches than usual, and proceeded to pull on the very neatest pair of tops possible.

‘Very good course. That’s a sticker, that bank, you know. I suppose we shall both go round,’ said Charlie.

‘Most likely. If there had not been a road on the other side of the fence I should have objected.’

‘I’m glad you didn’t. It is a hunter’s course, after all ; and I dare say many a horse would go down safe enough. Shy us that boot.’

‘Don’t put that jacket on ; here’s a purple and white stripe,’ said Tom again, tossing him one from a chair-back in the room.

‘What an odd fellow Tom is ! who’d have thought it ! I wonder whether he likes the girl. I once heard Alice Dacre say something about——’ And Charlie began to brush his back hair, preparatory to the cap.

‘Now, Charlie, come on : there goes Robinson Brown.’ Tom was flushed and preoccupied when they got down ; and Charlie began to think it was an object to him to win this match, independently of the original bet.

He went down stairs slowly, as men must in boots and spurs, covered over with a light greatcoat of approved fashion. He found half the county ready to shake hands with him. It was a non-hunting day, and everybody within distance had come to see it. The betting was even—if anything, a turn in favour of *Œdipus* : a sort of reaction, after his knocking out. Or was it Charlie’s jockeyship ?

The crowd below was thick and anxious ; and the heroes of the day were not likely to be more than an hour late at the starting-post : in fact, it was only half-past two o'clock, and they were already on their hacks, and starting for the post. To judge by the crowd that accompanied them, and the crowd that was already gone before, steeple-chasing was in the ascendant in the neighbourhood of Sedgeley. All the farmers’ wives and daughters were there in flies, four-wheelers, dog-carts, and carts taxed and untaxed of every description. There were the county members, with their wives and their sons and their sons’ wives, one in a barouche, the

other, the younger and more dashing, in a mail phaeton : his private brougham, too, was drawn up behind him near the winning-post. The member for Croppington was there too, on a clever hack ; and the Master of the hounds. Upon this occasion they were on the most friendly terms : as a rule, politics divided them. A goodly company planted itself at the brook—decidedly the most sporting lot—and I must confess there is something sublimely pleasant in seeing another man get a ducking. It beats all dry falling into fits. At other misfortunes one grieves, as applying the Aristotelian theory to one's self, that it may be our own case. But whether we are so satisfied of deserving to be hanged, or from what cause soever I know not, the risk of drowning never affrights us in the case of a brother sportsman's mishap. So many hoped for a catastrophe, and remained at the brook to see. The post and rails was also a pet place : it numbered some of the ladies, who are always kindly and tenderly placed at the spot most favourable to accident. Besides the county families, the members of the neighbouring hunts, and the farmers and sporting tradesmen, there was a strong London division, who were pecuniarily interested in the affair. In a word, for a private match, not supposed to excite particular interest out of the county, it was the most marvellous success that had been known for years.

We have already stated that Tom Thornhill's colours were purple and white stripe ; Robinson Brown sported all white. *Œdipus* was a magnificent dark-brown horse, of great power ; but he has been already described. Reluctance was a racing-looking mare, a good golden chestnut, showing vast speed, and low and long. They were both capable of crossing any country, and their condition almost unexceptionable. The horse for choice in this respect ; the mare a little too fine. She had, however, a great turn of speed.

They are off ! Charlie would willingly have made running at his own pace : he could depend upon his horse to stay, and he suspected a turn of speed in the mare. Reluctance, however, was too fresh to be steadied at once, at least by Robinson Brown, and the running to the first fence was in his hands, I might say out of them. Charlie watched him, as did many more. Away they went, the mare lurching at her bridle, and her rider sitting a little uncomfortably to all appearance. Now her head was down, now up, and his hands were evidently full. *Œdipus* was fresh, but was held together in a manner that told him pretty plainly he had his master on his back. Charlie had the inside, and steered close to the flags. He remembered every fence, and knew pretty well where to have them. Robinson Brown was not a bad man on a good horse, a hunter ; but the mare was fresh, and he was up in his stirrups, and obliged to go faster than he liked. The first fence was nothing extraordinary ; but he went at it faster than he ought to have gone. Charlie sat down on his horse closely, just easing his quarters, and as near the middle of the saddle as need be. His power over his horse was manifest ; and *Œdipus* gave him a good hold of his head. 'Steady !'

said he, as the horse became excited by seeing the mare in front, and hearing the crowd behind. Crash, smash, flop, went the amateurs in the rear. They were well after him, but not anxious to show him the way. The white gates, which ran nearly parallel with the line, were of great service to the ladies, and to not a few of the gentlemen. The fourth field was ridge and furrow, and the mare began to settle. Robinson Brown is no great favourite of ours ; but he was not a fool in the saddle, and began to be more at ease. He still had to look back for Charlie, who kept his own line, at six or eight lengths behind. They were coming to the cramped fence, with a suspicious bank in front. 'I thought so,' said the Dunce to himself ; 'steady, *Œdipus* !' and he dropped his forelegs just in the right place, and landed well, as Reluctance pulled her hind leg out of the ditch, and shot Robinson Brown a little too forward to be elegant. There was no fall, however, and they were again side by side. 'Well saved,' said the crowd. 'She's a quick 'un,' thought Charlie, 'and won't fall for want of a leg to spare.' The horses now went stride for stride by one another ; and the riders eyed each other. Like two of Homer's heroes, they looked for a hole, but the joints of the harness were well riveted ; no weak spot was perceptible. The crowd was silent enough. No incident, no fun, nobody down yet. The ponies and hacks had turned aside and sought a shorter and safer cut to the water or to the goal. The Master of the Hounds, Lord Carlingford, Tom Thornhill, and a cavalry officer or two, were within half a field ; the rest sadly tailing. The pace had been good ; but both horses held their own. The line of willows appeared in the distance, and crash went the rotten wood of an old pleached fence, with the ditch on the taking off side. The mare cleared it all, and was a length into the next field before *Œdipus*. 'Bravo ! that's the way to do it,' said a warm-hearted tenant of old Robinson Brown, from the bough of a tree, who owed a half-year's rent, and wanted a new barn ; 'the young 'master wins for a hundred.' Nobody took him : there was nothing on his bough up to that mark. 'I'll lay you five shillin' on 'the squire's brother, Measter Chanticleer,' said one of the Thornhill party. 'Lor ! bless you,' added the old sportsman, 'see how 'he handles his horse : he's a savin' him for the water ; we ought to 'ha' been theare.' In the mean time they were nearing the brook, and a low fence and ditch brought them into the very field. Charlie marked his spot at once, and Robinson Brown, in advance about six lengths, diverged a little to the left, looking at what he imagined to be an easy place. It was not so big, but the ground was low on the taking off side, and the water was shallower, having fallen over an artificial dam. The mare put back her ears, and went round like a shot. The first refusal ; but no blood drawn. Robinson Brown held on by the bridle. Charlie kept the upper ground, and squeezing the old horse, sent him at it, where the bank was highest. The place was wide, but sound, and he landed well on the other side. The white handkerchiefs went up in the carriages, and a little buzz

of applause, but the interest was too deep for a shout. Just then he heard one, and hoped his competitor was in. Robinson Brown was just getting on his legs, the mare was already up again; he had fallen the right side. He took a pull at *Œdipus*, and looked at the mare. She was pulling double, and seemed all the fresher for her fall. Brown looked positively cheerful, and Charlie never liked him better than at that moment. He really could ride, and had plenty of nerve. It was only even betting still. It was anybody's race now, and they were entering the ridge and furrow field before coming to the double post and rails. Charlie well in advance, and *Œdipus* going up and down like a pony. Reluctance surely could not go over ridge and furrow like that. But she did; and Robinson Brown raced to catch him. 'Not a symptom of distress in either,' said young Dacre, as he sat on his mare, to some ladies in a carriage beside him; 'but 'Charlie looks like winning. What a horseman he is!' The taking off was not good, and Charlie knew it; so catching the horse tight by the head, and putting all his heart into it, he sent him at the most favourable place he could see. There's never a great deal of time to think when once in the air, and a faint shriek was the first intimation that he had smashed twenty feet of stiff timber, and was down. 'Lucky I held him tight,' thought our hero, as he jumped on to his feet, almost as quickly as *Œdipus*, and, shying the reins over his neck, threw himself into the saddle. He had just time to see that the mare had done it all safely, and was well to the fore, when he set his horse going. His situation was precarious, and he knew it. Wherever Charlie went he carried his head with him, even if it were not worth much. Three-quarters of a mile from home, the fastest horse of the two in front, by about a hundred yards, and heaps of other people's money on the event. There were five more fences, and whoever was round the bank first must win. Round the bank? there is but one chance for it, and it must be done. Reluctance still went on with the lead, and though the horse never slackened his pace, the mare didn't come back, as Charlie intended she should have done. He began to shorten the distance by a trifle. Yes, by Jove! she's getting shorter in her stride, and here's the plough. It's a sticker at the end of three miles and a half; and Charlie looked for a furrow full of water. Robinson Brown kept straight on. Flop, flop, flop, went the horse; but still he gained; and he entered the next field about sixty yards behind the mare. And there's the bank, right in front, which separates them from the winning field by a single fence. Crowds of people lined the ridge, even to the right of the pink flag they extended. What will the rider of Reluctance do? As he neared the obstacle he looked back, then he felt his mare, then he looked at the people. 'It's all over,' thought he; 'he can't do the bank, 'and I won't risk it.' He turned away to the left, and steered straight for the gap in the corner, that let him through to the opening in the purposed line of rails. As he reached the gap, Charlie steered straight for the hill; holding his horse firmly, and jogging him up

the ascent, the people in suspense cleared a road, and shouted applause. Straight over the bank he went. Slide, slither, slide! but with his head perfectly straight for the winning chair, *Ædipus* came towards the bottom of the descent; and just as he looked like falling, within ten or twelve feet of the bottom, Charlie jumped him into the course. At the same moment Reluctance, in full stride, appeared beyond the edge of the bank within forty yards of the horse, and right abreast of him. 'It's a race! it's a race!' shouted the people. And it was. But *Ædipus* was straight for the fence before him, and the mare came diagonally towards it. They both jumped it together, but the mare had shot her bolt; and as Charlie turned round to look at her, he shook his horse gently for a couple of strides, and cantered in a winner by about six lengths. Time eleven minutes and a half, and Robinson Brown quite pumped. 'That's a d—d good animal, Jane, dear, and I'll give you five hundred for her,' said the Hon. Smoker, from the judge's stand.

'You'd better wipe those scales,' said Charlie; 'they're all over dirt, and these colours of Tom's are quite new.'

As he was riding slowly off the course, an open carriage ploughed its way solemnly through the grass; it was stopped near Charlie by the crowd, and the well-known voice of Lady Elizabeth Montagu Mastodon, of whom we have lost sight for a time, was heard in congratulation.

'The first time we ever met, Mr. Thornhill, was after a steeple-chase, but I little expected we should ever meet at one. However, my friend Edith Dacre is too much of a sportsman to stay away; and as Mr. Mastodon is not enough of a sportsman to come, I have been doing penance. Let me congratulate you on your success. If it's worth doing at all, of which I'm very doubtful, it's worth doing well. I suppose you've made a fortune.'

'You forget that I never bet,' said Charlie, taking off his hat to Edith, and longing to get round to that side of the carriage, but wondering, at the same time, what everybody would think.

'Bless me! no. Your brother does that for both of you. We've not seen him for an age.'

Charlie apologized for Tom and himself. They had both been away, but he would ride over to-morrow or next day to take leave. He was going to leave England for some time. Charlie looked at Edith's face as he spoke, and he saw something which gave him hope.

When he got back to Sedgely, Mrs. Bustleton had a note for him. Sam Downy had been summoned to the room of the wounded gipsy, at the moment he was about to start for the steeple-chase. He begged Mr. Charles to come over; there was something to divulge, and he would tell it to nobody but Mr. Charles Thornhill. He could not live; he was injured internally, and in his spine. The letter begged him to come quickly.

He went as fast as posterns and the train could take him to Dunham Heath. It was too late: the poor fellow was dead. Tom

Thornhill followed in the morning. They went into the chamber of death, the two brothers. The woman drew aside the sheet from his face, and there, in the Gipsy George, and the Whitechapel Dogstealer, lay the mysterious visitant to Gilsland.

‘And he was there?’ said Tom.

‘Assuredly.’

‘But he came to warn me, and refused to take my money. I didn’t believe his story.’

‘You see it was true, sir; but lor’! we’d made it all right before he turned king’s evidence.’

And then they heard from Mrs. Downy, and the nurse, and the police, of a mixture of names, which seemed to startle, as a roar of very distant thunder: a storm that had passed away—Kildonald, and Burke, and Squire Thornhill, and the meeting on Bidborough Heath—a terrible night, and never mentioned amongst them; buried, forsooth, in profound mystery; and now for the last time, as it seemed, in the grave. How soft, placid, and beautiful the face of the gipsy was, as he lay in his long last sleep! His matted hair clustering round his white forehead, and his long eyelashes lying on the cheeks, from which all colour had at last fled. How little symbol of his noisy and criminal existence remained behind! Have we buried all his evil with him, or no?

Charles Thornhill rose from a seat in the drawing-room of Fossils Thorpe Park, a few days later.

‘Good morning, Lady Elizabeth. I must say good-bye,’ said Charlie, looking round the room, however, as if he missed something which ought to be there. It was getting dusk, and he had a sharp ride to Thornhills before him, as he justly remarked.

‘Miss Dacre will be sorry to have missed you; though, as she returns home next week, you may see her at Gilsland before you leave England.’ Here her ladyship held out her hand cordially, for Charlie was a favourite, and said, ‘You must ring for yourself, or walk round to the stables; I get so very lame, Mr. Thornhill.’

Charlie preferred the latter, and retired. In crossing the hall, Edith Dacre met him; she had just returned from a walk in the park. I know nothing so becoming to a girl’s face as the roses gathered from the fresh air of a fine winter’s day. Summer roses carry the seeds of their own failure in the heat that produces them; but hibernal bloom tells of health, vigour, animation, life. So thought Charlie at the moment Edith recognised him; and he stopped, absolutely perplexed by her beauty. It was nothing new to him to be perplexed, it is true. Still he floundered and faltered, till she fairly turned round, and walked towards the hall door. It opened on to a terrace which, at any other time than a raw winter’s afternoon, might have invited a walk. Her bonnet was still on, and very becoming.

‘My dear,’ said Mr. Mastodon, half an hour later, ‘who is the gentleman whose horse was just now being led out of the visitor’s stable?’

‘Just now? If you mean an hour ago, it was Charles Thornhill.’

‘Of course it was; the white-legged chestnut: but he is only this moment gone.’

‘Then he’ll have a very cold ride of fourteen miles, and scarcely be in time for dinner. I suppose he’s been admiring something.’

‘But it’s pitch dark.’

‘Perhaps he admires somebody. Did you see Miss Dacre, my dear?’

‘No, Lady Elizabeth. That’s an imprudent idea. He hasn’t a shilling.’

‘He may not be the worse for that. I don’t like monied men—at least they’re not all like you. Besides, he may make a fortune—one of his ancestors did.’ Her ladyship was partly in his confidence. After all, he was not such a dunce as they tried to make him out. To be sure, Tom was the genius, and that always makes a difference.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE TWO GIRLS, AND THE TWO WOMEN.

‘Now leave to talk of love,
And humbly on your knee
Direct your prayers unto God,
But mourn no more for me.’—*Dallad.*

IN one of the wings of Gilsland were three rooms *en suite*. They belonged to the Misses Dacre. There was a common sitting-room, shared by both, and a bed-room opening from it, on either side. It was at their option to share the same, or to retire to separate rooms.

They had dismissed their maid, and sat in demi-toilette before a fire which lighted up the warm-looking carpet and winter curtains. Edith had that day returned from Fossils Thorpe Park, and was resting her head on her sister’s shoulder. There was no lamp, but a small flat candlestick was, so to speak, thrown into shade by the fitful, but fine glare of the Derbyshire coal fire. There were tears gathering fast on her lids, and her cheek was flushed—at least as much as could be seen from the luxuriant folds of her rich brown hair.

‘Oh, Alice dear, what a weight of happiness in all this uncertainty!’ said she, as she let a tear fall upon her sister’s hand.

Alice kissed her kindly, and then said, ‘But why make a weight of it, darling? You must love him dearly. Who could help it?’

‘But papa and mamma. Dear mamma; what a disappointment!’

‘Come, courage! Edith. I know papa better than you. Act as you ought to act. Have no secret from them. All will go well.’

‘Ah! if I had but your courage, dear Alice. But you have no secret such as I: you have no trouble, dear. So it’s easy enough for you to advise.’ And here Edith was getting a little out of temper, and becoming by consequence unjust.

‘And how do you know that I have no secret and no trouble,’ Edith? said her sister, colouring to the temples, but making a bold effort to look her sister in the face. It was unnecessary; for Edith only buried her face deeper in her sister’s bosom, and sobbed the louder. ‘I have a secret and a trouble such as you.’ Edith raised her head, and her tears ceased to flow: surprise had dried them. Alice did not need to bury her head whilst she made the confession of her love. ‘I fear no confession to my dear father, nor to my mother, darling; but I fear to make it to myself. I have not told them what he said to me, nor what I said to him, for I have not accepted him; and it’s his secret as much as mine. But I tell you; and you must be cheerful and happy yourself, and help me to be so. Mine is a worse burden than yours, dear; yours will be light enough in time, but mine will grow heavier every day.’ And here the stronger leant upon the weaker, and took comfort from their mutual helplessness. They did not think with the prince of classic dramatists that

‘Τό τοι διπλάσον, ὦ γύναι, μείσον κακόν.’—*Ajax. Soph.*

‘Then you don’t love him, Alice, as I love Charlie?’

‘Why not?’

‘Because you don’t trust him.’

‘Does a mother love her child less because she will not trust him when wandering on the brink of a precipice?’

‘Then reclaim him, as the mother reclaims her infant.’

‘You shall have no secret to-morrow, dearest. We’ll both confess together. To-night, God bless and direct us both.’ But they did not separate that night.

The scene changes to Thornhills, and it is after tea.

‘Nonsense, Emily! why in the world should you be in such a hurry to marry him? You always talk of it as an universal panacea.’

‘It would be in his case. And how are you to know anything about it?’

‘I think I know quite as well what’s good for him as his mother, at all events,’ rejoined Aunt Mary. ‘You’ve always spoilt him; and now you want to punish him for your self-indulgence.’ Aunt Mary was given to warmth of temper as well as heart, and made considerable grimaces, according to her custom, at such times.

‘Spoilt him, indeed, Mary Stanhope. That’s rather good of you, who never allow him to be contradicted.’

‘Well! he’s coming here to-morrow; and, from all I hear, he’s not very well disposed to take his medicine.’ Here she groaned, and yawned, and put her hand to her side. She was always an invalid on these occasions.

‘He’d be much oftener here, if we asked some one to meet him.’

‘He would if you filled your house with sharpers, and gamesters, and——’

‘I shall write and ask the Dacres to-morrow: he was at Oxford with Edward Dacre, and I dare say he’ll enjoy the pheasant-shooting. As Charlie won’t be here, they’ll want another gun.’

‘Charlie’s worth a dozen of him, and much fitter to be married than he.’

‘I hope it will be to Miss Robinson Brown, unless you intend to support them.’ And here Mrs. Thornhill shook out the voluminous folds of her dress, and prepared for further combat. But Aunt Mary would not go on. She gaped, and looked at her cousin with considerable temper. Her sallow complexion and dark eyes were lighted up with a spark of uncommon fire; and, ringing the bell unceremoniously, she retired for the night, without a salute.

‘How stupid Mary Stanhope is! She thinks she knows everything, and is always giving her opinion about Tom’s extravagance. I’m sure, if he only got a good wife, he’d be the best husband alive. I shall certainly ask those Dacre girls for the shooting week.’ Here the soliloquy ended; and, ringing the bell, she followed the example of her cousin Mary, and went to bed. She thought, too, that a mother’s prayer would not hurt him.

SHOOTING IN ANDALUSIA.

BY ‘CAZADOR.’

THE scene was the mess-room of the South Barracks, Gibraltar; the time, eleven A.M. The officers of Her Majesty’s —— Regiment in all kinds of cool mufti (except the adjutant, who was buttoned up to the throat in a red shell-jacket), and a civilian friend much addicted to be ‘bored’—a complaint which had taken him all over the world—were trying to eat breakfast. It was the middle of September, and ‘Gib’ absolutely glittered with heat. Duty was done, as far as possible, before the sun had risen over the hills, and so there were long, dull, idle days, exceeding even the average of country quarters or Irish detachments.

‘What are you going to do to-day, Petre?’ asked a subaltern of his captain.

‘Why, if I was anywhere else I should say “that depends,” but here it don’t depend, so I’ll tell you exactly: I am going to eat this “grill,” then read the paper, smoke a pipe, and probably then go to sleep till it is cool enough to ride to the Alameda, listen to a band, dress, dinner, guest, night and much claret at Windmill Hill, and whist till all is blue. An active and improving life, tending to make one a good citizen, as well as a good soldier, but rather monotonous.’

‘ But, Petre, I’ve got an idea !’

‘ I’m very glad to hear it. I hope it is a cool one. Well, let’s have it.’

‘ Let’s make a party, and take our “bored civilian” out shooting.’

‘ Where could we go ?’

‘ Cork Wood.’

‘ What should we kill ?’

‘ Time certainly—pigs perhaps.’

And so, though too early in the season, leave was obtained, a party was made, and at daybreak, one hot September day, we started for the ‘forests of Spain,’ or at least one of them. Though only intending to be away a few days, and with no very great expectation of sport, yet we had to prepare as if we were going to the Steppes. It is necessary for the sportsman to carry his provision (like the ant) and his house (like the snail). A tent, guns, food down even to bread, furnished burthens for a string of mules. There are inns (ventas) in Spain, but they are now just as they were in the days of ‘Don Quixote;’ and if you ask, ‘What can I have to eat?’ the reply is still, ‘Whatever you have brought with you.’ And then the sort of first-floor stable (the mules occupied the ground floor) in which you may sleep, if you can ! The fleas, the garlic, the oil, and the curses, both loud and deep, of the *arrieros* and the *contrabandistas* ! No, decidedly the British sportsman will be better under canvas.

The Cork Wood is an easy ride from the Rock, and is the favourite resort of the officers of the garrison, who go there to bathe their eyes in the shade of its oak-shadowed glades. The holm oak is the prevailing tree, and mixed with it are thousands of ghost-like olives, the grey outlines of which contrast strongly with the green of the creepers, which in parts grow in wonderful profusion. It is a very strong holding covert, and I believe there is much game in it ; but from its enormous range, its thickness in parts, and from the difficulty of beating it properly, little game is really killed. There are certainly wolves, boar, deer, foxes (little short-running devils, hunted by the Calpé fox-hounds), woodcocks, rabbits, and a few hares, and round the outskirts red-legged partridges, quails, and at times plenty of snipes and wildfowl.

We pitched our ‘tent’ at a place called, I think, *Nada Hermosa*, where were cottages from which we got water. The place was chosen by our guide, an old Roman soldier of the First Napoleon, who knows something of the habits of game, more of the art of cooking it, and who has, I think, the thinnest dogs which ever pointed at a bird. Our expedition was catholic—we were equally willing to kill a boar or a rabbit, and we had rifles and shot-guns, dogs and beaters. Some of our party shot their way from San Roque to the ‘camp,’ and we thereby had divers, and sundry very tough red-legged partridges, and quails for dinner ; and here let me pause and dwell for a moment on the goodness of a *native* Spanish quail. Your

migratory bird comes over there, weary, and worn out, and never really recovers his condition; but a bird 'bred and born in Spain, 'and glorying in the name of Andalusia' (to paraphrase the speech of George III.), is as fat as an ortolan, and better than a landrail.

Next day we beat a portion of the forest, for which end we had to hire many beaters, most of whom came armed to the teeth. A long *escopeta*—i. e., a single-barreled gun, which looked all over like bursting—was the favourite weapon, and the charge they put into it would have frightened Armstrong. Buck-shot, bullets, shot, all rammed down together.

And now I must relate an episode :—There was a Spanish Don in the party, who was believed to be a 'mighty Nimrod.' An English sportsman of inquiring mind naturally tried to extract from the Don what really were our chances of sport.

'Are you sure, Senor Caballero, that there are wolves here?'

'I killed one last week.' (Later he showed us the skin, which, Spaniard like, he had left to rot.)

'But, Caballero, what is a wolf like?' asked the Englishman, who, as he afterwards said, had never seen one, except in the pictures of 'Little Red Riding Hood.'

'A greyish-brown animal, a little bigger than a dog, and comes 'along at a slow, slouching trot.'

'Shall we see one to-day?'

'*Antes!* Several.'

Half an hour later we were in position; there was a great shouting among the beaters. Our friend, all alive, cocked his rifle, and presently he saw 'a greyish-brown animal' trotting to him, which turned when it saw man in his majesty. 'Wolf, by Jove!' says the British officer; crack went the rifle, and dead as Julius Cæsar was the Don's best dog!

'So much for crying "Wolf!"' said the bored civilian.

A little later we got on the line of an old boar; the natives said he was as big as a donkey, and as savage as a tiger. We got him driven into a thicket, where he must either bolt or stand at bay. I was in a capital place, and heard the rush of the animal as the beaters advanced. Suddenly all was hushed. I stood with rifle ready, but no boar came. He had attempted to turn on seeing me in his path, and all the beaters fled before him and let him escape! They are awful cowards.

In turning the corner of a mountain one of our party killed a bare-necked vulture (*Vultur fulvus*), which came tumbling down the side of the hill with a noise like mild thunder. It was as big as a small turkey.

Later we got two deer, and should have got more shots but that either the beaters got right in the way, or placed us so that we must have killed one another. Then there was an awful scrimmage. The Spaniards absolutely mad, the English excited, and even our civilian roused to a state of mild interest. 'Boar! boar!' 'Jabalè! jabalè!'

A great brown brute came straight at us, its head down, charging resolutely, heedless of the dogs—pointers, setters, retrievers, and curs, which were following it at a respectful distance. Then there was a report, and a spluttering round us as if a shell had burst, and a Spaniard had fired and missed. Crack! a single rifle, and the boar was dead, killed by a British subaltern with single bullet!

That night there was feasting in the camp, and our Roman warrior surpassed himself in cooking deer's fry and wild-boar chops.

Total bag of the day: one dog, one vulture, two deer, and a boar!

I cannot follow out each day. One we killed small game, and had fair sport; another we killed deer; and another we killed—nothing. But it was very pleasant, and proved to me that, with proper arrangements, very good sport might be had in this forest. A party of English sportsmen, with their own servants for beaters, encamped in different parts of the Cork Wood, moving about, indeed, as game seemed to lead them, having plenty of time, and, I fear, a little money, might pass a winter's month in that lovely climate, and have good sport of a varied description. As for quails, if you can but hit the right day you may kill a sackful. In the winter, too, snipes abound on the shores of the Second River.

The ornithologist may also kill all sorts of strange birds, from the roaring quail, which makes a noise like a bull, to the flamingo, which may be seen perched on the neutral ground. The natives are no sportsmen, and cannot even be trusted to beat.

Sportsmen in search of a winter abroad might do worse than spend it at 'Gib.' It is a hospitable, dinner-giving garrison. If you get quarters with a friend, you are well put up; if not, I recommend the British traveller to encamp on the neutral ground, or do anything but trust to the hotels of 'Gib.' The climate is beautiful—green peas at Christmas!

Bathing on new year's-day!

Woodcocks come over in October, and stay till March.

There is a racket-court as long as a T. Y. C., and a library as big as a village.

These, though drawn in that country, are not 'Chateaux en Espagne,' but tangible facts and pleasant realities. I have done, then, and say, 'Go thou and do likewise' next winter.

CAZADOR.

Seville, 1st Aug., 1862.

CRICKET.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS AVERAGES FOR 1862.

To the courtesy of the Captains of the respective Elevens is 'Baily' indebted for the following tabular statements;—'Baily' thanks them, therefore, and trusts that past and present Etonians, Harrovians, Marlburians, Cheltonians, Carthusians, Brightonians, and old and young Westminster Boys, will peruse them with that interest they deserve;—To Wykehamists, 'Baily' expresses his regrets that the Winchester averages are not among the group: they would have been inserted with pleasure if sent, but two distinct applications failed to obtain them; Rugbeians also must excuse the non-insertion of the celebrated northern light-blue averages; it was no fault of 'Baily's,' inasmuch as the *ex-officio* reply was 'Not ready;' but what have come to hand, are given in their entirety and original form, and must be taken as an earnest of the annual and more detailed innings 'Baily' intends having with the public schools in future years. As to the present year's averages, the figures tell their tale so eloquently, easily, and forcibly, that comment on them would be an impertinence. 'Figures for me—bother your words,' exclaimed a well-known character, when he balanced his account, and found the balance deep in his favour; and in this case 'figures for us,' and like the famous 'tinted Venns,' we give the Public Schools averages of 1862, in all their unadorned beauty, as follows:—

THE ETON ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES (1862).

	Number of Innings.	Times not out.	Greatest Score.	Total Runs scored.	Average per Innings.
A. Lubbock	20	1	107	551	29
W. S. Prideaux	11	2	89	216	24
*S. F. Cleasby	20	0	89	463	23 and 3 over
J. Frederick	17	1	68	271	16 and 14 over
G. H. Tuck	20	0	43	287	14 and 7 over
E. W. Tritton	20	0	41	205	10 and 5 over
Hon. N. G. Lyttelton .	15	3	34	123	10 and 3 over
L. W. Dent	18	2	33	161	10 and 1 over
A. S. Teape	17	4	26	129	9 and 12 over
L. Garnett	19	0	40	176	9 and 5 over
H. B. Sutherland . . .	20	1	21	141	7 and 8 over

	No. of Innings.	No. of Runs.	Greatest Score.	Average.
THE ELEVEN	17	2499	339	147

BOWLING AVERAGES.

	Innings bowled in.	Total Balls bowled.	Maiden Overs.	Runs made from bowling.	Wides.	No Balls.	Wickets.	Runs per Over.
Teape . .	14	1362	146	447	10	0	41	1—107
Sutherland	16	1209	130	376	29	0	30	1—74
Tritton .	10	666	43	325	9	0	26	1—159
Frederick .	13	463	47	109	42	0	15	0—109
Garnett .	11	371	45	111	16	1	9	1—9
Tuck . .	3	151	5	76	0	0	5	2
Prideaux .	3	92	12	27	0	0	2	1—4

Professional, Frederick Bell of Cambridge.

* Captain of The Eleven.

THE HARROW ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES (1862).

	IN MATCHES ONLY.				IN GAMES AND MATCHES.			
	Number of Innings.	Total Runs scored.	Most in an Innings.	Average per Innings.	Number of Innings.	Total Runs scored.	Most in an Innings.	Average per Innings.
C. F. Buller . .	20	402	70	20 & 2 over	34	792	122	23 & 10 over
*I. D. Walker . .	17	255	70	15	29	377	70	13
R. C. Moncreiff .	17	231	52	13 & 10 over	30	390	54	13
W. F. Maitland .	18	208	73	11 & 10 over	31	367	73	11 & 26 over
C. L. Hornby . .	20	224	79	11 & 4 over	32	288	79	9
R. Dundas . . .	18	175	26	9 & 13 over	29	294	46	10 & 4 over
L. H. Edwardes .	14	102	30	7 & 4 over	26	237	39	9 & 3 over
E. W. Burnett . .	19	123	23	6 & 9 over	33	300	32	9 & 3 over
W. O. Hewlett . .	17	81	34	4 & 13 over	29	125	34	4 & 9 over
W. Saunders . .	11	30	10	2 & 8 over	19	51	10	2 & 13 over
F. V. Williams .	15	19	7	1 & 4 over	25	75	18	3

Professional, John Lillywhite.

THE WESTMINSTER ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES (1862).

	Number of Matches.	Number of Innings.	Times not out.	Total Runs scored.	Highest in an Innings.	Highest in a Match.	Average per Innings.
T. M. Yates . . .	9	16	4	205	32	45	17 and 1 over
W. W. C. Lane . .	10	17	3	227	36 not out	44	16 and 3 over
G. Dowdeswell . .	5	8	3	60	7	11	12
A. H. Winter . . .	10	16	2	139	20	23	9 and 13 over
B. Preston . . .	10	17	3	101	24 not out	25	9 and 5 over
W. S. Meyrick . .	4	7	0	65	16	18	9 and 2 over
F. Giles	4	6	0	48	9	12	8
*C. M. Barker . .	7	10	0	75	16	16	7 and 5 over
E. Bird	5	9	2	54	8 not out	10	7 and 5 over
C. Short	5	7	0	51	12	12	7 and 3 over
W. Winter	8	13	0	89	22	27	6 and 11 over

Professional, Wigzell of Kent.

* THE BRIGHTON COLLEGE ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES (1862).

A. C. Ross	33	G. Ward	12
A. E. Bateman . .	25	G. R. Thornton . .	11 and 3 over
E. Bourdillon . .	20 and 11 over	H. E. Master . . .	9 and 6 over
G. H. Wright . . .	17 and 5 over	H. Cotterill	9 and 3 over
*E. Lucas	15	J. M. McCormick . .	7 and 5 over
A. R. Margary . . .	13	H. V. Spragg . . .	7
C. C. Thornton . .	12 and 3 over	W. Rigden	5 and 4 over

Professional, H. Stubberfield of Sussex.

* The averages of '14' are given, because some of The Eleven left in the middle of the season, and their places were filled by others.

THE MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES (1862).

*S. C. Voules . . .	28 and 5 over	F. W. Butterworth . . .	11 and 23 over
J. J. Sewell . . .	23 and 4 over	H. Harbord . . .	11 and 4 over
J. B. Oldham . . .	15 and 30 over	E. L. Fellowes . . .	10 and 12 over
R. J. Cross . . .	15 and 20 over	J. F. Scobell . . .	10 and 9 over
F. C. Harvey . . .	14 and 7 over	W. P. Crawley . . .	10 and 2 over
E. F. Taylor . . .	12 and 2 over		

Professional, Charles Brampton of Nottingham.

THE CHELTENHAM COLLEGE ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES (1862).

E. S. Brander . . .	18 and 12 over	R. T. Reid . . .	12 and 15 over
*W. H. A. Truell . . .	17 and 6 over	W. H. Croker . . .	12 and 5 over
J. G. Grey . . .	17 and 4 over	A. Malet . . .	9 and 17 over
J. R. Robertson . . .	16 and 4 over	W. A. Aitchison . . .	8 and 1 over
A. L. Tickell . . .	16 and 3 over	J. A. L. Hamilton . . .	4 and 8 over
R. Garnett . . .	13 and 3 over		

Professional, James Lillywhite.

THE CHARTERHOUSE ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES (1862).

*C. E. Boyle . . .	22 and $\frac{10}{7}$	E. P. Eardley Wilmot . . .	7 and $\frac{1}{11}$
C. A. Borrer . . .	11 and $\frac{5}{21}$	G. J. Cookson . . .	6 and $\frac{1}{3}$
W. R. Carr . . .	11	F. R. Somerset . . .	6 and $\frac{11}{16}$
K. A. Muir Mackenzie . . .	10 and $\frac{8}{19}$	C. Hawkins . . .	6
J. Lant . . .	7 and $\frac{3}{7}$	H. Hawkins . . .	5 and $\frac{16}{37}$
J. T. Hodgson . . .	7 and $\frac{2}{39}$		

Professional, James Broomfield of Surrey.

HUNTING IN THE HIMALAYA, THE TERAI,
AND KASHMERE.

By H. A. L. (THE OLD SHEKARRY.)

CHAPTER II.

‘Ho for the mountains! ho! away!
For merry men are we.’

Camp struck.—Game *en route*.—The kallee, or silver pheasant.—Indian partridges.—Our new bivouac.—A turn up in the woods.—The tiger cat.—Our new bivouac.—Plans for the morrow.—A wild spot.—Game afoot.—A female panther wounded, and an unexpected rencontre.—Warm work satisfactorily concluded.—A cub caught.—More game.—We are early baulked of our pork-chops by another hunter.—Two of a trade never agree: exemplification of the proverb.—Return to camp.—Fred’s native guest.—The Doctor falls in with spoor.—Pleasant evening.—The start.—Signs of game.—The trail.—A herd in view.—Plan of operations.—Good sport.—The novice’s success.—Return to camp.

THE next morning, some time before dawn, we were apprised that it was time to be stirring, from the noise made by the Lascars loosening the pegs preparatory to striking the tent; and donning our hunting gear, we partook of an early breakfast, reclining on carpets placed near the embers of a huge log fire, whilst our people packed up our goods and chattels, it having been determined to move our camp to a valley in the Ghuriali Hills, which was considered by Fred’s shekarries to be a certain find for large game; moreover a herd of elephant had been seen in the vicinity a couple of days

before. As soon as it was sufficiently light to discern the track, our tattoos (ponies) and Coolies being laden, we commenced our march, ourselves and shekarries forming the advanced guard, whilst the baggage followed up in the rear.

Elk had already commenced bellowing, and their loud cries of defiance resounding from every side of the forest might by unaccustomed ears have been mistaken for the roaring of much more dangerous animals, so hoarse and hollow did they sound. At day-break pea fowl, jungle fowl, and partridge began calling in all directions; and as we did not expect to meet with any large game *en route*, some of our people having been over the ground the day before, it was determined to make a general bag, and, advancing in skirmishing order, we had excellent sport, killing several silver pheasants—then quite a new bird to me—besides black and gray partridge, chickore, and hares.

The kaleej, or silver pheasant, is about the same size as our English breed, being twenty-six inches long and thirty-two across the wings, and has a white crest. Round the eye, the iris of which is a brownish hazel, is a naked red skin, which, although it varies in colour, is peculiar to all the castes of Himalayan pheasants. The plumage of the male is almost black, having a bluish shade on the back of the head, neck, and breast, and on the body at intervals are rows of silver-white feathers, broad at the base and tapering to a point. The female is smaller than the male, and is of a brown game colour. Their general habits much resemble those of the common jungle fowl. The gray partridge we killed were rather larger than the ordinary birds of the plains, the male being over thirteen inches long, and weighed about eleven ounces, the hen twelve inches long, and two ounces less in weight. They are redder than the English bird, and more rapid in their flight, but are prone to run, being very nimble on foot. The female generally lays from twelve to eighteen eggs of a grayish colour, speckled with red and brown, and she hatches them in twenty days, the chicks getting strong within a week from breaking the shell. Their ordinary cry resembles the syllables 'Pu-tee-la! pu-tee-la!' repeated quickly. They are very pugnacious, and are often kept for fighting purposes, those being preferred that have double spurs, the second rising from the roots of the first. The black partridge is a most game-looking bird, the plumage being of a bright glossy black, speckled with white round spots. The cock is about fourteen inches in length, and often weighs fifteen ounces. They pair in May, the hen laying from ten to fifteen eggs of a light-blue colour. The chickore very much resembles the ordinary French partridge, the colours being rather brighter and the beak red. They are very hard to put up without dogs, being always on the run.

After a tramp of about four hours, during which time our people were laden with small game, we arrived at the Ghuriali Hills, and, skirting their base, made our way for a couple of miles up a densely wooded ravine, at the bottom of which flowed a turbulent mountain

torrent; and as Fred informed us that this was to be our temporary head-quarters, we halted the Coolies and commenced to reconnoitre the ground in order to select a suitable place for our camp.

Following up the course of the stream, which came tumbling down the gorge, forming a succession of black and deep pools connected with each other by foaming cascades and whirling eddies, we fixed upon a small elevation by its banks for our bivouac, and forthwith set our people to clear it with their axes. Whilst so engaged my attention was attracted by the shrieking of a troop of monkeys at no great distance up the valley; and leaving Fred to superintend the domestic arrangements, the Doctor and I, followed by Goo-gooloo carrying a spare gun, started off to ascertain the cause of the commotion amongst the sons of Haniman. Guided by the screaming, which still continued, we came to a patch of bamboo jungle, where we found a desperate encounter taking place between a tiger cat and a huge black monkey. They appeared to be exceedingly well matched, and at first the issue of the contest seemed doubtful; for although the tiger cat exceeded the monkey in size and strength, the latter managed to keep hold of his adversary's fore paws with his hind feet, whilst his arms were clasped tightly round its neck, and his ferocious-looking fangs were buried in its throat. The rest of the troop watched the contest with intense excitement depicted in their countenances; and, not contented with encouraging their champion with the most passionate vociferations, regardless of fair play, every now and again one or two of their number would drop from the branches overhead and give the tiger cat a sly bite, or attract his attention by making threatening grimaces and chattering within a few inches of his nose. One monkey, swinging down from an overhanging bamboo, instead of helping his companion, coolly commenced searching for fleas in the roots of the hair on the tiger cat's hind-quarters, grunting and chattering with intense satisfaction as he caught his game, looked at it for a moment, and then ate it with great gusto. Notwithstanding the aid Master Jacko received from his friends, the strength of his antagonist was beginning to tell; and growing faint from fright, he began to emit the most piteous cries of distress, which awakened the Doctor's compassion, and he terminated the contest by shooting his opponent through the head. As the fur was beautifully marked we took off the skin, and were much surprised at the mass of sinew and cartilage the body and limbs then presented, which accounted for its great physical power. The tiger cat is a perfect tiger in miniature; and its nature and habits much resemble that animal, for it is seldom seen in the day, but at night prowls through the forest far and wide in search of prey, which it shows great cunning and skill in seizing. The havoc these animals commit amongst game must be immense, on account of the great quantity of food they require. I had frequently heard their strange, harsh, unearthly cry after nightfall in the deep jungle before I could account for it; but one quiet moonlight night, as I was watching by a pool of water, the usual drinking-

place of a tiger, I heard two of these wild voices calling and answering one another close at hand, which Chinneah said was the cry of ghoonts or demons, but by the light of the moon I perceived that the noises came from a couple of tiger cats. When wounded, these animals will fly at their assailant in the most ferocious manner; and I think I never saw any creature fight so desperately, or one that is so exceedingly tenacious of life. It takes a very good dog indeed that will kill a tiger cat single-handed; and I have seen many a hound, that would pin a deer or tackle a bear without hesitation, fight shy of one of these wild-looking animals, for when they are enraged every hair on their body stands on end, making them look twice as large as they really are.

When we returned to our people we found the tent pitched, the dinner under weigh, and everything comfortably arranged for passing the night, so we adjourned to a pool at the foot of a small murmuring cascade, and refreshed ourselves with a most delightful bathe before sitting down to table; after which we assembled our people round the log fire, and held a solemn consultation as to the morrow's proceedings. It was determined that Fred and two of his people should go along the Tiri road and meet a Ghoorka chief, who had been invited to join our party, whilst the Doctor and I, dividing our people into two parties, reconnoitred each side of the valley in search of game. A brew of Glenlivet was made, tobacco served out, and, after two or three hours' agreeable conversation, in which our people freely joined, the night-watch was set, and we retired to rest.

The next morning, refreshed and invigorated by wholesome sleep, we breakfasted at early dawn, and shortly afterwards each set out on his way. Googooloo and most of the other shekarries went with the Doctor along the course of the river to look for elephant spoor, whilst Chinneah and two of the Phaidee Coolies with the dogs accompanied me in a clamber up the hills, where I hoped to get some venison for camp consumption.

We were obliged to follow the right bank of the stream for some distance, as the forest was too dense for us to penetrate; but at last, by creeping up the dry bed of a tributary torrent, and groping our way, often almost in darkness, under overhanging boughs covered with heavy foliage, we got into a deep cleft or narrow gorge in the side of the mountain, which seemed to have been caused by some violent convulsion of Nature. At first it appeared that all further passage was closed by a precipitous wall of rock, often quite vertical, although fringed in places with trees growing out of fissures in the sides; but as it was such a strange wild kind of place, I determined to explore it, and, after some very difficult travelling along narrow ledges and jutting shelves of stratification, where the footing was most insecure, I managed to scramble into a hollow basin, where the ravine divided, each branch appearing to lead up the side of the mountain. Here were some noble teak trees, and a few clumps of bamboos of enormous proportions, besides patches of fern and luxurious grasses. From a crack in the solid rock, about fifteen feet

from the base, issued two small streams, evidently having the same source, which fell into a beautiful natural basin, bordered with short green turf. The dogs immediately made their way down to this spot to drink, and were engaged in chasing and diving after a couple of saucy-looking little dab-chicks or lesser grebe, when suddenly I heard Ponto give tongue, followed by an unmistakable whine, which told me that we were not alone in the glen, separated even as it appeared to be from the rest of the world. From his attitude, as he stood snuffing the air with his fore paw raised, his head lifted, his lips apart, showing his teeth, and now and then giving a low growl, I knew by experience that some of the feline race were in close proximity, and made my preparations accordingly, bidding Chinneah fasten up the Poligars in their slips, and give them in charge of one of the Phaidee Coolies, whilst he kept near me with the second gun, for I only happened to have two out with me that day. A small hill dog belonging to one of my people kept running backwards and forwards about twenty paces in front, in spite of our endeavours to keep him back, to Ponto's great annoyance, as he and I were making casts about the place in search of the trail. A very few turns served to satisfy us both on this point, for we almost immediately came upon the *pugs* of what appeared to be a family of either panthers or leopards, which we were steadily following up, when suddenly a female panther, with a short low growl, pounced upon the poor Paharee dog, breaking his back with a blow from her muscular paw, and carrying him off as a cat would a mouse. At this moment my view of the transaction was partially obstructed by an intervening bush; but getting a momentary glimpse as she bounded along, I gave her the contents of both barrels, which tumbled her over, and made her relinquish her prey, but did not prove mortal, for in the twinkling of an eye she recovered her feet, and sprang towards us, uttering a savage roar, when the Poligars, who, on seeing the game, had forcibly broken away from the man who held them, dashed forward, and scared by their sudden appearance she swerved, raised her head, and looked round for a line of retreat, which action gave Ponto a chance, and the gallant dog rushed in and pinned her by the back sinew of the hind leg, whilst at the same time Hassan and Ali fastened on each side of her, one by the ear, and the other on the throat. I had received my second gun from Chinneah the moment my first was discharged, but I was afraid to fire lest I should injure my dogs, and was waiting for a fairer chance, when suddenly, with a scream of rage, the male panther appeared, and made a leap which would have very summarily disposed of poor Ponto if I had not luckily stopped him in mid-career by almost simultaneously giving him the contents of both barrels, killing him at once. The game was now becoming hot, for a violent struggle was still going on between my dogs and the wounded female, whose strength was so great, notwithstanding one of her fore arms was shattered and useless, that she twice managed to shake off the Poligars, although Ponto still kept his hold; and fearing lest my

favourite might get a mauling before I should have time to reload, I drew my hunting-knife, and, watching my opportunity, plunged it up to the hilt behind her shoulder-blade, when she reared up, gave a hollow groan, and dropped dead on her side. The Poligars, when they saw their antagonist was dead, lay quietly down, and began to lick the scratches and bruises they had received in the conflict; but old matter-of-fact Ponto, in a most cautious manner, went up to each of the carcasses, examined them all round as if to satisfy himself that there was no life remaining; after which he came trotting up to me as I was reloading, looked up in my face in a peculiarly knowing manner, wagged his apology for a tail, and lay down at my feet grunting with intense satisfaction.

Having rubbed the blood and dirt off the dogs, and examined their limbs carefully, so as to make sure that they had received no serious injury, we again took up the panther's trail, which led us to a shelving rock, where in a small cave we found two young panther cubs, one of which the dogs killed, and the other, a young male, we caught alive. He was not larger than a Clumber spaniel, but already very ferocious, scratching and biting at every one who approached; and as he would not walk, I had him slung to a bamboo so as to be more easily carried, having first taken the precaution of fastening up his mouth. I then sent Chinneah to despoil the dead panthers, bidding the rest of the people go to the water and there wait, whilst I, accompanied by Ponto, continued my survey of the glen. I had not gone far when I came upon the slots of a sounder of hog, and whilst I was following them up, I perceived the fresh pugs of a panther, to which I did not give much attention, supposing it to have been made by one of those I had killed. Ponto, however, was not so mistaken, but gave a peculiar whine, as if apprehensive of danger, which I not understanding, and fearing lest the noise might alarm the game, ordered him to fall back and lie down. Hardly had he done so, than I heard the grunting and shrill squealing of a young hog, and, guided by the sounds, I crept quietly forward on my hands and knees through some high grass, until I got near enough to see a fine sow surrounded by a numerous litter, turning up the soil and feeding upon the young roots of the grass. I watched her proceedings for a moment, and was considering whether to fire or not, being rather unwilling to kill the mother of such a numerous small family, when I heard a slight rustling noise within a few paces to my left, which at first I imagined to have been caused by the dog, but on turning round, to my surprise I saw a fine full-grown panther gathering himself up as if to make a spring. His attention was evidently entirely centred in the prospect of a pork dinner, for he licked his slavering lips repeatedly, and his green eyes were fixed intently upon the sow, who, strangely enough, had not yet caught the taint in the air. I quickly raised my rifle, and aiming behind the massive shoulder, which was fully exposed as he couched, pulled trigger, and the panther sprang into the air stone dead. The sow, alarmed, dashed forward most

courageously to protect her young, and in self-defence I was obliged to give her my remaining barrel as she charged close by me. The bullet passing through the body, 'grassed' her at once, and with the aid of Ponto, who came up immediately on hearing the report, I managed to despatch her with my knife. We now turned our attention to the squeakers, and Ponto and I soon managed to catch five of them alive, which I secured by fastening their legs together. This done, I made my way to the spring, where I waited until Chinneah came up with the skins of the animals first killed, when I sent him and the Coolies, under Ponto's guidance, to bring in the rest of the game. In the mean time I refreshed myself with a bath in the pool until their return, when we set out on our route towards camp, and by following a deer run descended the hill much more easily than by the way we had mounted. We got to the tent an hour before sunset, and found Fred and his native friend, the Ghoorka chief, enjoying their manillas, and superintending the taking up of nets that had been laid across the stream in order to provide our table with a dish of the finny tribe somewhat resembling small trout.

I was not at all disappointed with the physiognomy of our guest, who had a pleasing and animated expression when he spoke, with none of that servile, cringing obsequiousness which is the general characteristic of most of the higher classes of Natives in India. On the contrary, his manner was free and wholly unembarrassed, although he was quite unaccustomed to meet Europeans. He had very large eyes, which would have been fierce if it had not been for the very long eyelashes with which they were fringed, an aquiline nose, small moustache, and well-formed mouth. Fred had first met with him whilst on a shooting expedition, when he and several of his people were prostrated with fever; and luckily having a medicine chest amongst his baggage, he managed, by a judicious administration of quinine, to set them all on their legs again. Since then a reciprocal friendship had sprung up between them, and Fred had visited his mountain fastness, where he was most hospitably entertained. We had a second tent pitched a short distance from ours, in case he might prefer to eat alone, but he very quaintly informed us that he left his caste prejudices with the Brahmins when he went out either to fight or to hunt. The Doctor and his party had not yet arrived, although early in the day he had sent in a Cooly with a young spotted deer he had shot; so, after waiting half an hour—which was strictly against camp law—we sat down to dinner without him; but had hardly commenced than his musical voice was heard some distance up the valley troling the old air, 'Lochaber 'no more,' and shortly afterwards he made his appearance. Besides a couple of spotted deer, he had killed a large bear, and had fallen in with signs of elephant that Googooloo declared were not twelve hours old. We therefore determined to have a careful hunt in that direction the next day, and after dinner, when our people were assembled, gave the necessary directions.

The next morning, shortly after daybreak, our arms were overhauled, and as soon as there was light enough to distinguish our route, we set out for the spot where the Doctor had seen the trail, under Googooloo's guidance; and pursuing our way with difficulty, on account of the denseness of the forest, after a tramp of about three hours we came to it, and sure enough there was the spoor of a herd of seven elephant, which appeared to me to be about two days old. Following up the track they had made by trampling through the bush, we found easier than clambering up the rocky water-course, and in another hour we arrived at a grassy swamp, which bore traces of having very lately been frequented by elephant, as it was covered in all directions with spoor varying from a few hours to three days old. On further examination I found signs that led me to suppose that the herd had there passed part of the night, for in two or three places I noticed marks of their having lain down on their broad sides, and one must have been a bull, as I distinguished the indentation of a large tusk in the soil. As neither the Doctor nor the Ghoorka had yet killed an elephant, and both were most desirous of doing so, Fred and I agreed to reserve our fire, so as to give them the first chance; and to obviate the necessity of having more people about us than necessary, each slung a second gun on his shoulder, Chinneah and Googooloo, our best trackers, only taking up the trail, whilst the rest waited for our return. Roused to fresh exertion by the prospect of such noble game, we got over the ground very quickly, and following the trail up the side of the hill, at last got on some large teak forest, where we found much fresher spoor, and unmistakable signs that indicated the immediate proximity of the animals we were in search of. Here I thought it advisable to halt the party whilst I and Googooloo went forward to reconnoitre; and bidding them be as quiet as possible, we crept forward along the trail, and in a few minutes caught a glimpse of a herd of five elephant, one of which was a respectably sized tusker. We watched them for a few moments, as, unconscious of our presence, they browsed on the young and tender branches or tufts of grass, which latter they beat against the trees to free from earth before eating, making a curious tapping noise, that had attracted our attention some time before we caught sight of them. Having made a cursory examination of the ground, so as to mark the best line of approach, we returned to our companions, who were looking out for us most anxiously; and it was arranged that Fred and I should make a circuit, so as to get up the hill on the other side of the herd, whilst the Doctor and the Ghoorka, under the guidance of Googooloo, should creep under cover as near as they could, and take the first shots; which plan might give us the chance of stopping those that escaped. I then led them up to a clump of trees, from whence the herd were visible, and having counselled the Doctor to give us sufficient time to get round and take post before he commenced operations, Fred and I went back some distance before we began our circuitous route. Having

worked up the hill until we had got into the proper line to cut off any stragglers, we commenced to descend slowly towards where we thought the herd were feeding, for we were some hundreds of feet above the spot where we left the Doctor's party, when suddenly I heard a low sound and snapping of branches a short distance below us, and peeping cautiously over a boulder of rock, I saw a male and two females feeding quietly within fifty yards of us. I pointed them out to Fred, telling him to take the tusker as soon as the Doctor's party had opened fire. We remained a few moments in suspense, anxiously watching the game, and listening for the first shot, when to our surprise we heard a running fire some distance to our right; and as the elephants near us pricked up their ears and rushed forward alarmed at the report, Fred brought the male to his knees with his first shot, and despatched him with his second. I jumped up on the rock and shouted, to drive back the two females, who, struck with consternation at the fall of their companion, dashed up towards us too close to be pleasant, and I had just scared them off, when I heard Chinneah shouting, 'Kubadar, sahib, kubadar!' (Take care, sir, take care!), and a crashing and rending in the jungle below us at the same moment told us what to expect. Seeing nothing, both Fred and I were rushing down the hill in the direction from which the noise proceeded, when a huge bull, followed by three females, burst out of the forest, but, either seeing us or catching the taint in the air, they stopped short. Although the distance was far too great to make certain of hitting any vital part, I gave him the contents of both barrels in the ear as he was swerving round, and Fred gave him a similar dose, which rolled him over for the moment; but he soon was on his legs again, and, reckless of the injuries he had received, charged towards us, tail on end, when I got a fair shot, and brought him to the ground by lodging a bullet in his brain. Whilst we were thus engaged, a continued file firing was being kept up below; so, having made sure that our own game was secure, we joined the Doctor, who had killed a female and wounded a male (the one I subsequently killed). The Ghoorka had wounded another female, and, as he thought, killed her; but when he was about to secure the tail, to his surprise and consternation she got upon her knees, and would have made off, if he had not luckily managed to divide the tendons of her leg with a cut from his short sword, and prevented her from moving any distance. The continued firing we heard were his subsequent attempts to finish her, which at last he managed to do, to his own intense satisfaction. Having secured the tails as trophies, we returned to the swamp where we had left the rest of the people, and sending back some of them to watch the tusks until the bodies should be sufficiently decomposed to allow them to be pulled out, we made the best of our way to the tent. We remained hunting with various success in this part of the Doon for ten days longer, after which we returned to Fred's comfortable quarters at Dehra.

MY FIRST DAY'S SHOOTING IN BRITTANY.

THERE are, I think, few sportsmen who have not experienced, to a greater or less degree, an unusual excitement on their first day's shooting in a foreign country. The novelty of scenery; the novelty of beating new ground; the chance of finding a species of game new to you; the novelty, in short, of anticipation, if I may be allowed to use the expression, all give an additional charm to your sport.

It was, therefore, with unwonted alacrity that I arose with the dawn on the 28th of September, 185—, and eagerly sought the abode of a good-natured Frenchman who had invited me to shoot over a *propriété*, strictly *gardée*, of course, and where I naturally expected to find a fair proportion of game. I had heard much of the shooting in Brittany, especially from Frenchmen; and I had entertained rather elevated views about the amount of game, the fallacy of which I had not then discovered. Wild boar I understood were plentiful; roe deer abundant; partridges, red, gray, and mountain woodcocks, snipes, *et hoc genus omne*, were *en masse*; hares and rabbits *en confusion*. This last term, by the way, is the climax of a French sportsman's enthusiasm, and gives you to understand that the animals in question are literally fighting with each other for every square foot of ground.

But to return to my story. I arrived at my friend's house with some misgivings touching his habits of early rising, but was agreeably surprised to find that he was not only dressed but ready for breakfast, which said repast was also prepared. Now the coffee was hot, the wine excellent, the pie capital, but I could not do due justice to the viands, as my mind was occupied with agreeable anticipations of the day's sport. My friend, however, was not debarred by any such preoccupation, and acted for us both on this occasion. I ventured a mild inquiry during breakfast about the dogs that were to accompany us (my friend having informed me some days previously that he intended borrowing a friend's dogs, his own not being sufficiently broken), and was told that he had been unsuccessful in his application, a refusal I was not surprised at, as my friend was about to do his first season, and my friend's friend had a brace of really good dogs; but that I might set my mind at rest on the subject, as the keeper who was to accompany us had a brace of capital setters. Accordingly, I lit a cigar, and subsided into a pleasant reverie, while my friend proceeded to make some alterations in his dress. At half-past six the carriage arrived which was to conduct us to our destination, and a few minutes later my friend appeared in a 'get up' which was certainly regardless of expense, though in my eyes hardly adapted for shooting purposes. Attired in a closely-fitting, tightly-buttoned black frock coat, with a pair of highly fashionable trousers extremely suitable for a promenade in the Place Vendôme, but hardly so for an expedition amongst the Landes of Brittany, and a pair of the thinnest

boots, he looked the exact type of a Cockney sportsman. Across his breast, in the form of a cross-belt, were two quite new leather straps, to which were appended his powder-horn and shot-pouch, while a third sustained an extra burden of shot of a larger grain. Around his waist was fastened a black belt of shining leather, the object of which I never could divine, as, being fastened outside his coat, it could be of no service in sustaining his inexpressibles. A gun decidedly French in its construction slung over his shoulder by a banderole, and a black gossamer, painfully new, completed his costume. My satisfaction, however, in seeing him prepared to start prevented my giving vent to any criticisms.

We had driven about two miles, when my companion's countenance, which had hitherto been most lively, underwent a serious change. He tore off his belt, threw open his coat, put his hand into every pocket, and, finally, with a look of blank dismay announced the melancholy fact that he had left his caps behind him. I, however, had a good stock of English caps, far preferable, by the way, with me, though I had much difficulty in consoling him by the assurance, as he seemed to think that each of the same kind of instruments—a third of which would undoubtedly have missed fire—which he had left behind, would have massacred at least a brace of birds. However, after much strong language and many *nom de chiens*, he *was* comforted, and we shortly after arrived at the small town where we were to meet the keeper and make sundry other arrangements. My companion jumped out with alacrity, and in so doing tore open a hole in his coat pocket, whence issued a long and continuous stream of wadding. This, of course, had to be mended, and we accordingly repaired to the house of *un médecin* friend, who, my friend hinted, might be induced to lend me a famous sporting dog which he possessed. The dog turned out to be an unbroken water-spaniel; but the hospitable *médecin* insisted upon our returning to dine with him at 6 P. M., an invitation which my friend accepted somewhat too eagerly, as I thought, for a keen sportsman, as this arrangement threatened to bring the day's shooting to a premature conclusion. However, as I was the stranger, I could make no objection, so we bade a temporary adieu to the kind doctor, and resorted to the house of a *bourgeois*, where we were to meet the *garde de chassée*, which individual shortly after joined us. Now my readers will, perhaps, picture to themselves a fine, hardy-looking man, neatly clad in fustian and corderoy, accompanied by a brace of well-trained and finely-bred setters. Alas, for their imagination! I saw before me a short, good-natured looking peasant in the regular short woollen jacket and broad black wide-awake of the country, and a pair of pantaloons, without dogs, without gun, without a boy, without, in short, anything but a most voracious appetite, which he proceeded to develop by calling loudly for breakfast. The master of the house—who, by the way, gave himself a holiday, in order to see the *chasse*, as he said—accordingly proceeded to make a ragout, fry sausages, and boil coffee, while my friend, greatly to

my horror, prepared to disencumber himself of his various sporting appendages, with the evident intention of joining in the meal. 'What was the use of breakfasting at half-past five A. M.,' thought I, 'if we are to have a repetition of the same at eight o'clock?' However, remonstrance was out of the question, as they were all talking at the top of their voices on different subjects; so I chewed the cud in silent disgust, while my hopes of sport waxed fainter and fainter, as I considered that we had yet three miles to drive, and then a mile to walk to our shooting ground; that the detestable entertainment would not be finished before nine A. M., and that we should have to give up shooting at four P. M.

However, shortly after nine we effected a fresh start, and after a tedious drive of a league and a half, six people being crammed into a carriage adapted only for four, we arrived at another public, whence we were to walk to the keeper's house. On the way thither, by some destiny fatal to my hopes, we passed by a weed-covered reservoir, whereupon the keeper turned to my friend, and asked him if he would not like to have a shot at a water-hen. F——, I shall in future call him, was enchanted, and we proceeded to search for the said *poule d'eau* amongst the sedge that bordered the *étang*. At length one was discovered squatted upon a bed of rush about ten paces distant. F—— immediately unstrung his gun, knelt down upon one knee, took a deliberate aim, and missed. The bird, however, appeared to entertain no strong feeling against its pursuer, for it merely dived and came up again about five paces further off. My friend again went through the same genuflection, and, oh! feat remarkable, he actually winged the bird! It fluttered, however, still further, so, in order to put a stop to this wretched commencement of a day's shooting, I handed my gun to the keeper, who succeeded in killing it. Then arose the important question as to how it was to be got out; for F—— would as soon have thought of leaving a gold mine as of quitting the *étang* without the miserable *poule d'eau*. Now no one would venture to enter the water, or rather marsh, though I do not believe it was more than eighteen inches deep, so the keeper set off for the mill, some half-mile away, in search of fishing-rods wherewith to extract the unfortunate bird. This was eventually done; not, however, without considerable difficulty, and the wretched *poule d'eau* was laid upon the bank for my friend's admiration. Now my readers well know that in England the water-hen is not one of the illustrious members of the Game List, neither is it reckoned as a wonderful delicacy—the chief consideration always with a Frenchman in his search after game—and in the present case the victim having been torn nearly in pieces by the united efforts of two barrels at ten and fifteen yards respectively, was utterly unfit for culinary purposes. Nevertheless F—— deposited it in his bag with as triumphant an air as if he had shot a sanglier, and I could not find it in my heart to try and *desillusionner* him.

Onward—no, once again *en route* for the keeper's house, a

covey of birds that had been frightened at the massacre of the water-hen getting up wild on our left and flying into a thick cover, where it was hopeless to follow them, which Elysium we finally reached, greatly to my satisfaction, for now, thought I, we shall begin in earnest, as the keeper has excellent dogs and the ground abounds in game. Accordingly I asked permission to see the dogs, not, however, before the keeper had gone through the all-important ceremony of eating a hunch of bread and butter, in which, to my great surprise, F—— did not join. The *garde* therefore went to the door, whistled, and called out a name something like Turk, and a dog, for there was but one, presently bounded in,—an animal I should rather have called it. And, shade of Hawker, what an animal! Fancy a cross between a sheep dog and those white fox dogs with long hair and tails tightly curled over their backs, and, as the keeper said, a touch of setter—though, I regret to say, I failed to discover it,—and you have before you our *chien couchant* for the day. The sight quite stupefied me; and all the assertions of the keeper as to his excellent qualities failed to reassure me.

Away once more, but only to stop, after five minutes' walking, at an auberge, as our retinue was thirsty. In we went accordingly, the clock striking eleven in the mean time, and a bottle of wine was ordered, during the consumption of which the *garde* mildly suggested the expediency of our *breakfasting* then, 'As we should be certain,' he said, 'of killing more than a sufficiency of game in the hours that 'would intervene between mid-day and our dinner time.'

'Breakfast!' ejaculated I, as the word palled upon my recollection. 'Breakfast! Why I thought we had breakfasted twice 'already.'

Remonstrance, however, was out of the question, and my sporting enthusiasm for this day at least was waning very low; so I ordered another bottle of *vin ordinaire*, lit a cigar, and watched them eat their hunches of bread and cold sausages with a species of sullen resignation.

Everything, however, must have an end, and so had this wretched *déjeuner*, as the clock struck the hour of noon, and we sallied forth from the auberge in quest of our shooting ground. This, fortunately, was not now far distant, and certainly, as far as appearances went, it promised most favourably. Patches of heather, wilds of high stubble, covers of thinly scattered alder bushes, overrun with long grass, formed the principal characteristics of the country. We now commenced our beat. F——, who showed symptoms of shutting up, avowed his intention of taking the path, a shorter road, certainly, but one which did not promise to be productive of much game, while the keeper's object seemed to be to keep as far as possible away from us. This did not annoy me much, as it struck me that his animal would do more harm than good, and I therefore walked steadily on through the Landes, trusting that a fortuitous hare or partridge might show itself. I found, however, that I had made a mistake in not approaching the *garde's* beat, as the report

of his one-barrelled gun announced that he had stumbled upon a covey. While I saw the animal flying through the field in pursuit of the wounded bird, a second discharge shortly after gave notice of a second shot. The individual himself presently hove in sight, and by his various telegraphic signals I discovered that some crisis had arrived. The signals passed on to F——, who showed most unwonted agility upon this occasion, and even began to run. On approaching the *garde*, he gave us to understand that his dog *tombé en arrêt*. And sure enough there he was, with one paw up and his tail uncurled from his back, where it usually lay, and extended in due form. Wonders, thought I, will never cease! As the dog drew carefully on, and came to a dead point, 'whirr!' up got a brace of birds right and left. The latter fell to the keeper's duck gun, while I secured the former, having first of all given the shot to F——, who fired cleverly between the two. We now proceeded to beat a small alder cover, in which a single bird got up at F——'s feet. He fired, but, unfortunately, some two or three yards behind the bird, and an oak tree gallantly received the charge. On coming out of the cover a small covey got up wild, and was carried by the wind nearly over my head. I missed my right-hand barrel from firing too quickly, but made a long shot with my left. The keeper killed another bird, and then time was up. What a day's shooting for the first! The keeper had killed two brace of birds, I but one brace, while F—— triumphed in the slaughter of a water-hen and a kingfisher. But I will not trouble my readers with any further details, nor will I relate how hospitably we were entertained by the worthy doctor, nor speak of the capability my friend displayed in disposing of the various good things. At some future day I may give a further account of the *chasse* or the *pêche* in la belle Bretagne; for I have discovered by experience that there are salmon and trout to be caught, and great varieties of game to be shot. But I am wiser now than then. I indulge not in extensive expectations, for I can never forget the fond anticipations I had formed of my first day's sport, nor the cruel manner in which those anticipations were blighted.

Q. R.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.

Newmarket Notices.—Racing Gossip.—Stud Intelligence.—Turf Obituary.

OCTOBER, which finishes the long vacation of the Lawyer, and brings on that of the Racing Man, is not a month that furnishes much of 'a load' for us. For the Grouse having been done with, the Pheasants hardly touched, the Cricket Ground abandoned, and the Yachts laid up—Hounds also not having been advertised—Newmarket has been the sole resource of those who cannot do without excitement. And in truth three such exciting weeks have scarcely ever been known before in the annals of the town; and their incidents will long furnish food for gossip in the smokies of the Trainers, as well as in the Coffee-rooms of the Clubs. As usual, there were, perhaps, errors on

both sides; but Tarragona and Michelgrove have certainly earned more undying notoriety than many a Derby and Oaks winner. Fearful lest we should be thought biassed in our views upon this matter, from the fact of our being compelled so often to differ from the policy of the Jockey Club, we have confided the care of this important sensation piece to other hands. For it is unpleasant to differ in print with those with whom we are in the constant habit of rubbing against week after week, and for whom we entertain individually as high an amount of respect as they deserve apart from their legislative character. Judging by the aspect of the little Metropolis of the Turf, racing must be increasing to an enormous extent, as new streets are springing up in all directions, fresh trainers are registered, the country houses have larger parties than they were wont to have a few years back, and at the Terminus as many coroneted carriages are to be seen as at 'London Bridge' or 'Victoria' on the Monday in the Goodwood Week. New recruits among the Aristocracy are coming on, and on the Heath reform is making rapid progress. A new telegraph, the own brother to which we should like to hear had been purchased by Mr. Dorling, has been put up for the benefit of the Gentlemen and the Players opposite the Old Portland Stand; and a very proper edict is about to be published to put an end to 'cart betting,' as by its permission an immense deal of money is taken out of the Ring, and facilities given to a class of persons to bet which are dangerous for the well-being of the community. The First October is now reassuming the position it formerly held among the Meetings; and although neither The Michael or The St. Leger offered the slightest inducements, still during the four days there was some interesting racing, a very aristocratic assemblage to witness it, and, but for the last Match, all would have been *couleur de rose*. Glad were we that this unfortunate affair did not take place on the day when the Prince of Prussia came down; for he would have gone away with a far more unfavourable opinion of our Turf than he was understood to have expressed of it, and at the same time compared what he saw on the Heath with the manner in which racing in Germany is conducted. The Prince, who bears a striking resemblance to his brother, was accompanied by Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and ciceronized by Sir Henry Des Vœux and Lord Chesterfield; and we should have liked him to have been shown by them a better race than The Eastern Counties Handicap. For, although no complaints could be made about the weights, Biondella, with a coat as long as a sheep dog, had won all the way, and to catch her was about as useless as for a Parliamentary Train to catch an Express one. Her victory took every one by surprise that saw her; and well might Mr. Naylor have felt ashamed of her, and like Lord Glasgow, when he saw Pax go down for The Ebor Handicap, look out for somebody to bring her back. Speedy as she was proved to be in her Spencer Plate race, the wretched way in which she cut up at Doncaster in The Portland Plate stopped all but a few adventurous spirits from trusting her, and again the Ring threw in, and by their stentorian lungs, those Insurance Companies that hold policies on their lives may be congratulated, for there is little probability of any of them falling in for a long time to come. The Hopeful field was not a grand one; and, to give Gold Dust every chance, a telegraph from Alfred Day's chief employer met him at Cambridge *en route*, and in a couple of hours afterwards he was seen going down on her, and the money following her. But although her speed was as fine as ever, she shut up when squeezed quicker than any shop-boy anxious for Cremorne, and very nearly swerved right across Fantastic as he went up, and cut her down like a race-horse; and again the round was in favour of the pencil-men. From being beaten at Jenkinstown, Mr. Bryan

had no fancy for his horse, whose victory certainly enhances the character of the Irish Two-year olds; and, by all accounts, we hear they are better than they have been for many years past.

The second day opened, as the fourth closed, with a sensation piece, in which Fordham and Sam Rogers played the chief parts. It is rarely the former is caught napping, and it is particularly provoking he should have been served so on this occasion, for Amy was considered, in patrician language, 'A real sweetmeat;' and her friends purchased all the stock in the market. This they would have realized, but for Sam, who had been riding for a claim, knowing by his trial his mare had no chance; but when he saw Fordham had pulled up into a trot, he was obliged, for the sake of his own character, to snap a judgment, as the lawyers in Chancery Lane term it, and spoil the good thing. Then arose a burst of laughter from the Ring, the parallel to which we can only compare to the one which greets Clown and Pantaloon when they make their first bow at Drury Lane on a Boxing-night. This was, of course, gall and wormwood to the Sussex jockey, who is not yet sufficiently thick-skinned to put up with adverse criticism, and, following the precedent of Robinson in the Rockingham case, he wept like Niobe; and it was a long time before the consolations of Harlock could reconcile him to his position. Afterwards it was really difficult to say whether the jockey or the employer behaved best in the matter, for the former was so anxious to atone for the error he had committed, that he offered to pay the money Mr. Ten Broeck lost on her, as well as to repurchase the mare. More than this no human being could do; and Mr. Ten Broeck felt the proposition in the proper spirit, and wrote him a letter, in which he stated he was convinced the whole affair was an accident, and begged him to dismiss it from his mind, although, of course, the mistake was a vexing one. And so the matter ended, Sam assuring his young friend that nothing but a stern sense of duty caused him to beat him, and he might have been served in the same way himself. Many thought Fordham was to blame; but as he had beaten Aldcroft on Conundrum a long distance, and Sam was covered by him, he certainly had no right to expect opposition from that quarter. For The St. Leger, the easy way in which Carisbrook beat Welcome was very annoying to his Doncaster backers. But Welcome went so badly, we are quite satisfied in our own minds he has never got over that terrific race with Lord Glasgow's horse on the hard ground of York.

Thursday brought on another scene; but this time it was at the starting and not at the winning post; for the unfortunate Mr. McGeorge left a Little Lady at the post when she was twenty lengths behind, having proceeded back that distance at his especial request. Fortunately we are glad to state there was no spiteful reporter or sporting-writer present to overcolour the scene; but Lord Stamford and Admiral Rous were present, and neither could resist reading the Riot Act; and to add to the confusion of the affair, 'The Oracle' won with the 'wrong'un,' viz., with Fravola instead of Grisette. The Triennial ended in the best contest of the week, as Tornado and Early Purl fought a terrific battle for it, Fordham just doing Aldcroft by about half a head. From the Whitewall colt having been backed for a good deal of money for the Derby, a crowd galloped to see him pull up. And there was Mr. Hill ready to receive him, and see if he ought to 'take back,' or keep going on. The verdict on the Purl was neither favourable nor unfavourable; but the impression that seemed to prevail was that he was very neat, but without sufficient scope for a Derby horse. Tornado has been a fortunate purchase for Mr. Ten Broeck, and Media promises to be a comfortable annuity to Mr. Oliver, who, we believe, has given up the Turf for the Chase. The October

and another Handicap fell to the lot of Lord de Freyne, a nobleman whose colours are foreign to Newmarket, although he has raced for many years in Ireland. His lordship, we are given to understand, is in holy orders, but that does not prevent him from indulging his taste for the Turf and breeding some first-class stock. His representative on this occasion (Ophelia, which was placed under the management of Mr. Cockin) was a clever filly that will do credit to Hobbie Noble, who only wants a peculiar class of mare to make a first-class sire. Bedford filled up the week between the two Octobers; but as there was no party at Woburn—for the Foreign Secretary was not likely to care much either about the Cæsarewitch or Cambridgeshire—the attendance was very small, and the sport, with the exception of the Handicap for the Bedfordshire Stakes, not worth thinking about. Still there was the annual pilgrimage of the Ring across the fields from the North-Western Railway, and the same encampment afterwards on the line for the return-journey. And beyond seeing Custance driving a waggon off the course like a Dutch farmer in Caffraria, there was nothing worth noting down. The Second October opened and finished well; and the Hansoms, with the portmanteaus on the roof, which left St. James's Street on the Sunday morning previous to the church-goers coming out, spoke well for the nature of the company. Silkstone and Umpire were all the rage with the gentlemen; and even Lord Frederick was so satisfied with the chance of the former, that he put Garibaldi a hundred to nothing on her out of respect for his noble letter to the people of England, adding, as he did to us at the time, 'that it might possibly do him some good, 'and certainly no harm.' Accordingly, by means of a collaborateur, we put the illustrious hero of Spezzia in possession of how he stood, and regret it was not in our power to have placed it to his account. Balder was supported with great confidence by the Croome division, and his lordship would not dream of hedging, although Desmond on the first day should have made him suspicious. Treen could not believe Hartington could be beat, and Messrs. Smith considering with him, acted accordingly. Sir Joseph was not a bad prophet when he assured Lord Glasgow that Anonyma would beat all the three-year olds, and Asteroid everything else. Great, then, must have been his delight when he saw on the Stand his cherry jacket right in front, and looking all over like winning him fifty thousand pounds; and as Hartington and Myrtle shot out on the side nearest him, it was not until the very last moment that his day-dream was dispelled. Umpire, whom many anticipated being accompanied to the post by his donkeys, who were his *compagnons de voyage* from Ilsley, ran fast, but tired; Silkstone, on whom the Dorsetshire members were so sweet, and waited on as anxiously as on an elector who had not promised his vote, was winning down the Bushes Hill, but the instant she saw the crowd, it was all over, and she would not try another yard. The winner had always the reputation of being a good horse; and from his trial with Montebello and Dusk in the spring, the stable considered it was like running Dusk at 5st. 10lb., which reduced the race to a certainty.

Treen's luck brought back to us the days of Vitellius, Una, the Euclid colt, Deception, and numerous other winners he used to lead in before the Fickle Goddess went dead against him. And although still healthy, and in the full vigour of his intellect, it is pleasant to think that he has not only got in 'coals 'for the winter,' but something to render him comfortable for the remainder of his days.

The Clearwell, if it had not any great cracks in it, showed us one of the most taking Derby colts in Hospodar we have seen for many a day; and we little thought when we gave currency to the rumours of the splendid yearlings

Monarque had got in France, that they were so strictly correct. Barring a slight tendency to turning out his toes, which many say will prevent his staying, Hospodar is a genuine race-horse; and both Lord Clifden and Saccharometer will have to make haste to get before him in the Derby; for he made nothing whatever of the Criterion Hill when Grimshaw asked him to go. Blue Mantle in that race was out of all form, but we do not despair of hearing more favourable accounts of him in the spring. The Houghton was also a great meeting, and the Cambridgeshire had the largest number of starters on record. Still 'Argus' named the winner in the most positive terms, making the greatest hit he had ever done since Joe Miller's year at Chester, when, strange to relate, exactly the same number ran. A finer handicap was never witnessed; and the winner was perhaps the most welcome of the two to the Ring, which would have had a terrific facer had either Limosina or Gemma won. On the latter the Frenchmen stood a stoater on excellent terms, and Mr. Morris, their commissioner, would have won a frightful sum had it come off for him. Differing, as we have to do sometimes, from the policy of the Admiral, we are really and truly lost in the admiration of his handicapping; for no man has ever been like unto him. The crusade of John Davis against the Press, as manifested by his motion against 'Argus,' has not yet been determined, but we feel assured the mover of it will regret his impetuosity; for but one result can arise from it; and it is awkward that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales should be a member of the same regiment as Colonel Burnaby and Captain Annesley, inasmuch as he will hardly be inclined to approve of the treatment his comrades received, and must hesitate in according his patronage to a club whose leading members take such an extraordinary view of men and manners.

Our Stud news is not very great; but we learn with satisfaction that Lord Glasgow has sent his Young Melbourne to Rawcliffe, and from his foals he is certain to make his way, and we know the Admiral entertains the highest opinion of his yearlings. Mr. Phillips has sold the Dictionary horse Lupellus to Victor Emanuel, who we suppose will be too much engaged with the occupation of Rome by the French, and the state of Garibaldi's health, to care one solitary cigar whether the name is spelt *Lupulus* or *Lupellus*. The Drone, we believe, is also under orders for foreign service; and we are sorry to learn that Silica and Mary Copp, in crossing Mount Cenis, by the carelessness of their grooms, met with an accident by which the former was killed, and the latter very much injured. Weatherbound was for sale by private contract the other day, and there was a rumour Mr. Naylor was going to have her. But we have not heard if the purchase was completed; and if she is still to be had, the purchaser will not regret his venture, as so rare a brood mare is not often to be met with. Wild Rose has joined the happy pastures of Mamhead, and Thormanby enters on his matrimonial career at Croft, where Chanticleer has stood for so many years.

Of racing gossip there is little to detail; but Mr. Snewing's fête at Watford to the poor of the parish to celebrate the victory of Caractacus, must not pass unnoticed. Nothing could better testify the estimation in which the donor of the feast was held, than the presence of the clergyman of the parish. And his honest, manly, Christian sentiments did more to make an impression on the guests, than any Mawworm discourse; and we will be bound to state his congregation like him none the less for seeing a lot of fellow-creatures made happy by the winner of a great race. Caractacus we have always maintained to be essentially a race-horse, although there are numbers that cannot yet divest themselves of the idea that he won The Derby by a fluke. Mr. Spooner detailed

his treatment of him before as well as after the race; but we fear he is rather too sanguine, when he states there is a probability of our seeing him again before the public. Mr. Snewing must therefore content himself with the honour of having won The Derby, and the additional consolation of having made a great many poor persons happy by it. Mr. Gully, we regret to hear, is in a very declining state, and we fear he will never rally again, as that mighty frame, once the pride of Englishmen, daily gets weaker, and could scarcely be recognised.

Walter Day's death deprives Danebury of an excellent foreman, and John Day of a worthy nephew. He had long been ill, and Gilbert, who had lately done duty for him, and is one of the best of servants, we understand will fill his vacancy. A new Grand Stand at Winchester, which has been wanted as long as at Chelmsford, has at length been agreed upon; and last week Mr. Dear and the Master of the Harriers, and Mr. Heysham, so well known with the Hursley, the Tedworth, and the H. H., with a party of other gentlemen interested in the undertaking, and prepared to invest their capital in it, visited the spot and selected a site. The Marquis of Hastings' horses, we understand, will for the future be trained at Danebury, so there will be no misunderstanding for the future about any matches. Lord Annesley has been suffering from a frightful attack of rheumatic gout, which has prevented him being at Newmarket to aid his brother in the struggle he has had to make for his honour and integrity. And John Scott, by the advice of his medical attendant, has not come South again. The death of Mr. Dillon, the Editor of 'Le Sport,' pained us very much to read, inasmuch as it was only the other day he was assisting at the races at Baden in the highest spirits. Like ourselves, he took a strong view of the Gentleman Rider question, but we little thought it would have led to his death, and being deprived of the rites of Christian sepulture. The Duc de Grammont, his opponent, we have also had the pleasure of meeting more than once, and a more good-natured unaffected young *roué* is not to be found in Paris. The real facts of the case have yet to be given to the world; but of this we are quite sure that if he, instead of Mr. Dillon, had been the victim of this affair of honour, the theatres in the Palais Royal would have been closed, and every actress gone into mourning. The French papers we perceive state that Mr. Dillon was a barrister: this is incorrect, for he assured us he had been a clerk in the General Post Office in London before he undertook the direction of 'Le Sport.' The Old Peer, we are glad to learn, has at last been housed in a comfortable asylum with his sister; but any extra comforts his friends would like to supply him with, can be forwarded through our hands to him. William Chifney, we should not forget to add, has been gathered to his fathers, leaving nothing behind him but his fame as a trainer, and a moral for those in a similar station, to provide against the contingencies of a rainy day and a change of fortune.

ART AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

THE past month has been somewhat eventful in theatrical annals. The St. James's Theatre has closed. The Princess's has changed its management and passed from the hands of Mr. Harris, who entered on his career of lesseeship in September, 1859, into those of a Mr. Lindus, a person hitherto unconnected with the stage, and inexperienced in management. Mr. Kean's engagement, which commenced in May, ended with the close of Mr. Harris's season, the play of 'Henry VIII.,' in which he appeared as *Cardinal Wolsey*, having run for thirteen weeks. In other respects, theatrical affairs have experienced no great change. Mr. Bourcierault has superadded 'The Colleen Bawn' to the attractions of the spectacle of 'The Relief of Lucknow' at Drury Lane. 'The

'Green Bushes,' revived in September at the Adelphi, is proving most attractive, and is likely to run till Christmas. The September bill of the Strand remains unchanged, as do those of the Haymarket and Lyceum respectively, except that there has been a change in the farces which conclude the entertainment at each house.

We are not of those who deplore the 'decline' of the modern drama, or who are inclined to fix the days of dramatic perfection some fifty or a hundred years back: on the contrary, we think that the career of the stage in England has always been a struggle qualified by a great many ignominious shifts, many undignified expedients, and much general calamity. In the distance, we lose sight of the petty details, and are struck only by the illustrious names, whom history has dignified, and who grace its annals, the Keans, Kembles, Youngs, Siddons', Dowtons, Mathews', and Farreus, without recollecting that these were but little honoured in their own day, were often temporarily ousted of their hard-won position by some trifling show, unworthy entertainment, or some miserable *ad captandum* device, which sent the legitimate drama for the instant to the wall, leaving Shakspeare and comedy to shift as they could for themselves. For these reasons, we do not think the career of the stage during the year, which is now so rapidly passing away, is one to call for any special regrets, although the long run of two melodramas, 'The Colleen Bawn' and 'Peep o' Day,' at two of the principal theatres, and the extraordinary success of 'The American Cousin,' have been almost phenomenal, as incidents in the history of the English stage. 'The Peep o' Day,' as a very clumsily-contrived drama, depending on two most meretricious sensation scenes for its effect, and being little in merit of dialogue or art above the stock pieces of the Richardson show period of dramatic development, or the pieces played at the penny theatres, has undoubtedly achieved its extraordinary success, through the number of provincial visitors in London, and has, moreover, established its sympathies in the *bourgeoise* class merely; but 'Our American Cousin,' and even 'The Colleen Bawn,' have been popular with superior audiences, and their long-sustained success evidences a peculiarity, if not a change, in the dramatic tastes of the day as well as in that of the drama itself.

'The American Cousin' has succeeded wholly by virtue of Mr. Sothern's exceptional and meritorious acting: the part of *Asa Trenchard*, the Yankee cousin, which was the attraction in America, not unnaturally, perhaps, considering how preposterously it glorifies the Yankee character, having been quite dwarfed and lost sight of, though played by so great a public favourite as Mr. Buckstone. After twelve months' success, the popularity of Dundreary remains undiminished. The houses are as absolutely crowded as during the height of the Exhibition season, and if the absence of any symptoms of decline justifies prophesy, it seems likely to hold possession of the stage till the same season next year. So curious a feature as one actor retaining the same part for more than twelve months is certainly unprecedented. Not less unprecedented is the crowded nightly attendance, no less than its purely fashionable character. To amuse London for so long a period without cessation is a feat greater than has ever been accomplished by any actor. Some persons have been inclined to undervalue this success, account for it as a mere mania, or to attribute it to the general folly of mankind; but, after all, we consider length of success a less exceptional phenomenon than the nature of the audiences who have been attracted. Before all the metropolis can have witnessed a sight twelve months may well elapse. Once create an exceptional excellence and all London that attends theatres at all must witness it. The success of 'The Peep o' Day' and 'The Colleen Bawn' attest most recently that a theatrical hit may run the year round, while admirable modern comedies, like Mr. Brougham's 'Playing with Fire,' and all the stock resources of the stage for the past two hundred years, will draw for only a few nights together. The fact that Mr. Sothern's audiences have included the most intelligent and educated portions of the community, is therefore more purely exceptional testimony in favour of his success than his sustained popularity, and, undoubtedly, the cause is well grounded. For every success there must

be some adequate and satisfactory reason. It is idle to say that it is the folly of the public. In Mr. Sothern's case the reason is simple: he is an artist in the true sense, not by filling a part, which, like a dress of cloth of gold, will sustain itself by the mere richness of material, which 'acts itself,' but it is by making a small part a great one that he has succeeded. This should be a lesson to the English stage. Of late years it has been impossible to cast a good play strongly, because every actor wished to play a leading character, and because it has been impossible to fill the minor parts with good actors. Thus also translations of French pieces for the English stage have to be deprived of half their *dramatis personæ*. Mr. Sothern has shown that out of a very small and trifling character great capital can be made, and the public has most unanimously endorsed his belief. By accumulating a variety of peculiarities in elucidation of one idea, and concentrating his attention on one subject, by mere labour at detail and minutie, he has, so to speak, perfected his conception. This is, in brief, his merit and the cause of his popularity. Perfection is made up of trifles, and it is in contributing these trifles Mr. Sothern's merit has been shown. The character he portrays is so slight, so absurd, that every person who sees it feels annoyed that he has been cajoled out of his money and admiration. Yet his applause has been extorted. He laughed in spite of himself; and this is the key to the whole affair. The success hardly won from the public, in spite of itself, reflects the more credit on the artist, and although we would wish that it had been gained in a more worthy field, we cannot withhold our tribute of admiration, or in any wise deprecate the success.

There are few pieces promised of importance before Christmas. Mr. Robson will appear early in November in a new drama by Watts Phillips, and a new farce is likewise promised at the same theatre.—Mr. Fechter opens at Christmas at the Lyceum with a very strong company, which includes both Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Widdicombe, and others.—Mr. Bourcicault will shortly open Astley's Amphitheatre, his management of Drury Lane drawing to a close.—Miss Amy Sedgwick is playing in comedy at the Princess's, and a new drama is being written for this house by Mr. Oxenford. A burlesque is also promised at the usual season, with the scene-painting by Beverley.—At the Haymarket it is proposed to continue 'Our American Cousin' over Boxing-night, notwithstanding a magnificent burlesque promised at this house, founded on the story of 'Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia,' but which is to illustrate, not so much the journeyings of the Prince of Abyssinia as of the Prince of Wales in the Holy Land during the past: the scenery for which has been sketched on the spot by Mr. Telbin, and is to include all those marvellous ruins about which the imagination and sympathy of the civilized world so fondly cling as those of the land which cradled alike civilization and Christianity. That this burlesque will not be ready at Christmas is, however, quite possible, and 'ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope,' will not be able to 'attend to the history of "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia,"' till early in January. Mr. Falconer is said to be engaged on a new drama, to be produced at Drury Lane under his management, on which he shortly enters, and Miss Polly Marshall, an old Strand favourite, is to appear in a monologue at that theatre, being her first appearance after her return from America.

The burlesques in progress for Christmas festivities are—'George Barnwell' at the Adelphi, by Mr. Byron; 'Ivanhoe' at the Strand, by the same author; and the pantomime, 'Beauty and the Beast' at Covent Garden. At this last a new opera by Wallace is in course of rehearsal, and will be produced on Monday, which is to be followed by another by Balfe, which is from report likely to eclipse any of his more recent works, the libretto by Bridgman, and the music being alike admirable; a pantomime by Mr. E. L. Blanchard at Drury Lane, and a burlesque by Mr. Burnand at the Olympic, concluding the history of the future.



Chas. Monck

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

SIR CHARLES MONCK, BART.

SIR CHARLES MONCK's Portrait is one that we flatter ourselves will be truly welcomed by all classes of our readers, especially those resident in the North of England, in which district his colours have for so many years been conspicuous in the battle and the breeze of the Turf.

Sir Charles Miles Lambert Middleton Monck is the sixth Baronet of his race, and was born April 7, 1779, and, with the exception of Sir Tatton Sykes, who saw the light in 1772, is probably the oldest Sportsman in England. The family name of Sir Charles was Middleton, and he succeeded to his father's baronetcy in 1795, and four years afterwards assumed the name of Monck, in compliance with the will of his maternal grandfather, Mr. Lawrence Monck, of Caenby. Sir Charles received his education at Rugby, and, although he did not follow up his studies at either of the Universities, he made such good use of his time at that celebrated seminary, as to achieve the reputation of a distinguished Classic. And so little impaired are his powers of memory, that up to this day he will be found ready to answer any question that may be put to him relative to a Greek or Latin quotation, however abstruse. And as a proof of his fondness for the ancient languages, we may instance that his eldest son, who was born when Sir Charles and his wife were travelling in the East, is called Charles Atticus, and he never travelled without a Horace. Gifted with an accomplished mind, and a fortune that permitted him to indulge his tastes in every respect, Sir Charles made the tour of Europe and the East, rendering himself acquainted with men and manners, and all the wonderful monuments of antiquity that were to be found scattered over Europe. For this step he is the more to be commended inasmuch as at that period sportsmen preferred the grosser habits of the table to the pursuit of the Belles Lettres. To architecture Sir Charles was especially

devoted, and having studied severely the best styles, on his return to England in 1809 he commenced building his family seat, Belsay Castle, a magnificent structure of the Doric order, and which has successfully undergone the criticisms of the first architects of the present day. In 1814 Sir Charles solicited the suffrages of the freeholders of Northumberland, for which county he sat until 1818, when he retired from Parliament, although he did not cease to take an active part in all that concerned his party. But country pursuits engaged the whole of his attention; and he preferred the improvement of his farms and cattle to the wordy wars and angry disputes of St. Stephen's, although a Canning and a Brougham took part in them.

Sir Charles Monck's connection with the Turf dates back from the commencement of the present century, and, as we shall show, has been a most successful one, considering the general dimensions of his stud. The first racer he ever possessed was a young Marske mare, from which he bred a colt who won a King's Plate at Newcastle and several purses at country Meetings. But it was not until after he purchased Twinkle at Mr. Pierce's celebrated sale at Bedale that we find many horses running in Sir Charles's colours. Twinkle was a long, low mare, not bigger than a pony, and was by Walton, dam by Orville, out of Lisette, and laid the foundation of that celebrated stud which was dissolved in York in August last. In describing Twinkle as the foundress of Sir Charles's fortunes on the Turf, we do so because the progeny of Cast Steel, which was out of her by Whisker, won for him no less than one hundred races, exclusive of her own share of victories. The first of this blood worth noticing is Garland, which filly came out in 1838, and, under the care of Martin Field of Richmond, won six times. In 1842 Sir Charles changed his trainer, and went to Thomas Dawson's at Middleham, with whom he remained four years, winning during that time The Great Yorkshire Handicap with Galanthus, who afterwards ran third to Millepede for The Chester Cup, giving her a year and four pounds. Galanthus he afterwards sold to the Emperor of Russia for a good price; and in that country he has distinguished himself highly as a sire. In 1843, with only five in training, we find Sir Charles winning nine times; but in 1844 he had only Flagsman and Glossy running; but even they paid their expenses by winning twice. In 1845 he added to his lot Flattery and Vanish, and thirteen times did the Judge declare them winners. In 1846, for some reason or another into which it is not necessary to dive, Sir Charles left Dawson, who had been as successful for him as could be expected, and sent his stud to White-wall, where John Scott commenced by winning ten times with Vanguard and Gulliver, but, beyond The Chesterfield Handicap at York, none of the races were of any great repute; and his share of the larger honours was to come. Ewart, however, his private stud groom at Belsay, who had been brought up under Isaac Blagden, with his assistant, Harry Deans, the coachman, strange to say,

did most for him in 1852, as they introduced Vindex, the finest two-year old, perhaps, of his year, and who, it will be recollected, won The Champagne at Doncaster, The Colt Sapling at York, The Newcastle Produce at Newcastle, and would, doubtless, have also carried off the Eglinton at Doncaster, had he not run away with Nat for over a mile previous to starting, which of course, in such a race, must have been destructive to his chance. In spite, therefore, of the sneers that were indulged in at the time about Vindex being trained and ridden by a coachman and gardener, we must assert our opinion that the manner in which he got through these performances was in the highest degree creditable to the parties in question. Vindex afterwards beat Kingston, weight for age, at Newcastle, and, but for his temper, would have had a more distinguished career as a race-horse. In 1853 John Osborne, to whom he had sent Gadabout, won The Metropolitan for him, while George Abdale, who had then the care of Lord Zetland's horses at Ashe, won the Derby Trial Stakes for him with Gossamer, and got him third for the Oaks with Gossamer when dead amiss. Sir Charles's good fortune at Whitewall continued for the next four or five years, if winning an ordinary amount of races may be so considered. But in 1858 John Scott had a very strong team of his in training, viz., Vanity, Hepatica, Gamester, and Prelude. The former, it will not be forgotten, won The Chester Cup very cleverly, beating The Peer, her stable companion, who was much the greater favourite. Hepatica, one of the most beautiful mares ever seen, was, at the same time, one of the most unlucky, being beaten by a short head by Governess for The One Thousand, and by Fisherman for The Stewards' Plate at Chester by the same distance. These reverses, but for a very serious illness which she had at Malton, she would, no doubt, have overcome. But, notwithstanding all John Scott's care and attention, she became such a wreck as to render it necessary to put her out of training. In addition to The Chester Cup, Sir Charles was credited with The Champagne with Prelude, and two rich Two-Year Old Stakes at Stockton with Gamester. In 1859 Sir Charles increased his stud, having nine in training, and achieved with Gamester the great object of his ambition through life, The Doncaster St. Leger. Beaten for The Great Yorkshire by the shortest of heads by Napoleon, as well as by Volatile for another race at the same meeting at York, it is surprising the staying qualities of Gamester did not attract more attention for The Leger, which he won, not by speed, but by stoutness; and a gamer animal we never beheld run, or Aldcroft take hold of. The cheering among the Tykes when Gamester's number went up, was more than usually demonstrative of the respect in which his owner was held, for Yorkshiremen always backed Sir Charles, even if he had half a horse, merely because they knew he would be run out, and no tricks suffered to be played with them. In the following year, although Sir Charles had ten running in The Calendar in his name, the majority of them were trained at home; and as they

won ten times, including The Stockton Handicap, Ewart's form must be acknowledged to have improved, and Sir Charles's good fortune to have stuck to him. His best two-year olds then were The Gardener, the recent winner of The Liverpool Cup, who beat Kettledrum and Russley at York for The Colt Sapling, and Prudence, a mare which won some small stakes. After this the rumours which had been for some time in circulation relative to Sir Charles's total retirement from the Turf assumed a more tangible shape, by the advertisement of the whole stud coming to the hammer. And on the second day of the York August Meeting this fine collection was dispersed to all quarters of the globe. From the pure and fashionable blood of his mares the competition for them was very great, and they fetched such prices as very soon choked off the French Commissioner. Still, if more care had been bestowed upon their condition, we have no doubt they would have realized a much larger sum. In fact, it was a pity Ewart had not imitated the example of 'Londesborough Scott,' who had the Grimston mares, when they came before Mr. Tattersall, in as fine a state as race-horses or carriage-horses. As it was, the whole lot realized 3,595 guineas, and the mares were thus distributed:—Vanity, with a filly foal by Voltigeur, was secured by Lord Stamford for 750 guineas; and Colonel Maude got hold of Hepatica for 500 guineas, for the Hampton Court Stud. For Gadabout Mr. Blenkiron did not hesitate to give 400 guineas; and Mr. Jackson's nods for Gaiety, with a filly foal by The Cure for 320, and for 270 for Violet, with a filly foal by The Cure, were accepted.

In conclusion, we cannot describe Sir Charles Monk in any other terms than as one of the best living specimens of The Fine Old English Gentleman, a race now gradually dying out. And although other Noblemen and Gentlemen have done as much on the Turf as the veteran Northumberland Baronet, few have achieved the same reputation as a breeder. In truth, the only injudicious cross Sir Charles ever made was with St. Bennett, who, although a fair racer, never got a winner. Still he may well be proud of the fact that the descendants of his brood mares Twinkle and Cast Steel have won between them no less than two hundred and eighteen races.

As a magistrate Sir Charles has ever been held in the highest respect for the manner in which he administered the laws; and a more convincing proof could not be had of it than his brother Magistrates requesting him to sit for his Photograph to Messrs. Downey, the celebrated Photographers of Newcastle, and from which picture our portrait is taken. Although in his eighty-fourth year, Sir Charles is as hale and active as many men of half his age. And when he is gathered unto his fathers he will leave behind him a reputation undimmed, a fortune unimpaired, and a character for having possessed in an eminent degree every attribute of the British Sportsman.

THE RESULTS OF THE LATE JOCKEY-CLUB INVESTIGATION.

BY THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

NOTHING short of a sense of absolute necessity would have induced me to enter upon my present task. There are so many subjects interesting to myself, as well as to the sporting world, that I could have been at no loss. But inevitable destiny drives me on my passage, and I can only hope that, in avoiding Scylla, I shall not fall into Charybdis. At the same time that I admit my willingness to have left the Tarragona Case, and all things belonging to it, where it was, still I cannot help feeling that a recapitulation of the business is demanded at our hands, not so much for the turfite and the sportsman as for those other readers of 'Baily,' who, though less professional, are the more critical commentators of the two. Daily or hebdomadal journalism is too diffuse; the subject itself has taken so wide and unlooked-for a range; the evidence extends over so many pages, and occasionally at so long intervals; there is so much repetition and apparent contradiction, that probably few persons now have a just conception of the whole, and still fewer have been able to come to a settled conclusion on its merits. It is to supply this deficiency, to usurp the place of the judge, if I may so speak, to give, in as concise a form as possible, the evidence that the last month has produced, that I take my pen once more in hand. It is not to make matters worse, to add fuel to fire, to gratify morbid curiosity, to degrade this man, or to exalt the other, but to afford a certain facility of arranging the facts and the evidence scattered over so wide a surface, a thing which has hitherto scarcely been attempted. Nor can I conceive any pages so fitted to receive these labours as those of 'Baily's Magazine,' a magazine without party, without purpose to serve, without any ill-feeling to gratify, either towards individuals or a class, without prejudice, and with a sufficiency of independence to speak honestly, though kindly, on a subject particularly interesting to the higher ranks of society. So important has the discussion appeared to me, relatively to the condition of the Turf, and considering the position of the persons concerned, that I might almost indulge in the language of Thucydides, 'ἀξιολογώτατον τῶν προγεγενημένων,' or describe its alternations by the description of the combats of the Homeric heroes.

It is quite impossible to close one's eyes to the fact, that there is a portion of this world so determinately opposed to the claims of the Turf for any good action or purpose as to render explanation futile. The slightest discussion, *à fortiori* a case involving a suspicion of wrong, is sure to call forth its remonstrance, or abuse. Thus we have heard of 'Turf Scandals' as the name by which to distinguish the late discussions, and have been compelled to witness too general an onslaught on the Turf itself, instead of on the practices, which certainly have no more necessary connection with it than the man in

the moon. If I may be allowed to offer an opinion, there are circumstances connected with the present case which set forth the *morale* of the Turf in a higher light than it has usually been regarded. At least the world has seen a determination on the part of the Jockey Club to investigate strictly every falling-off from the paths of rectitude, be it in what class it may. The very orders given to their starter, accidentally coming out in the evidence—to report every case of apparently unfair riding—prove their impartial determination to be guided by no personal predilections of their own; and the comments which private and needless betting called forth from one of the most influential members of the Turf are certain evidences of innate soundness. I, for one, have never doubted it. And it will be an evil hour for the English Turf when the authority, now exercised in high places, shall seek refuge in a lower and wider base—when an oligarchy of honour, sense, and feeling shall dwindle before a democracy of vulgarity and cunning.

There are two lights in which the Tarragona Case, and the circumstances springing out of it, may be regarded. It may be examined legally, according to the strictest interpretation of a Common Law Court; or after the manner of the *jus honorarium*, or the classical Equity—the *ὁρθότης τοῦ νόμου*, the Court of Honour. For obvious reasons the legal mode is unsuited to the subject-matter of such inquiries, to the position of the parties, or to the awards proposed. We turn, therefore, to the recognized mode of Turf Investigation by a Court of Honour; and our readers may rest assured that the high reputation in which the Jockey Club is held is a tribute to its good sense and integrity more valuable than could be claimed for any legitimate tribunal whatever.

On the last day of the first October Meeting, at Newmarket, in the present year, a match was run between a horse called Michel Grove and a mare called Tarragona. The general account given of the match is summed up in a few words:—‘Any odds on Michel Grove’ (they were really three to one), ‘who made all the running, and won in a canter.’ This looked simple enough. The match was run on Friday, the 3rd of October, and on the 6th inst. there appeared at Tattersall’s a suggestion to the Committee to postpone the settlement of all bets upon the race, and an intimation that the Stewards of the Jockey Club would call upon Colonel Burnaby to explain several incidents connected with the running of Tarragona in the match with Michel Grove. In the meantime the Colonel himself invites an investigation at the hands of the Stewards of the Jockey Club, ‘in consequence of certain rumours afloat,’ &c., &c.; but as his letter did not reach the gentlemen for whom it was intended until the following morning, the suggestion above mentioned was the gratuitous work of the Stewards. I shall offer no opinion as to the advisability of this step. It seems, at least, to be in defiance of their own rule 10, which precludes their interference with bets; though it is pretty clear that the investigation threatened could not have been altogether unexpected by the Colonel and his

brother officer, Captain Annesley, with whom the bet in question had been made.

In due course of time, that is, on Tuesday the 14th, the case came on for investigation. The evidence tendered by Mr. Steele, a well-known Turf-man, was to the effect that Colonel Burnaby and Captain Annesley had made a bubble bet of 100*l.* even, whilst the current price was at least 2 to 1 on Michel Grove; and that upon his offering those odds they were not responded to by the Colonel—inferring that the bet between these two gentlemen was a fictitious one, only made for the purpose of deluding and defrauding the Ring. This view of the case was confirmed by the Duke of Beaufort, one of the members of the Court, who stated that he could corroborate the evidence of Steele. At this period we may add that it was solemnly denied by the two gentlemen themselves; that Mr. Steele himself utterly broke down in his cross-examination, admitted the possibility of a mistake, and upon the examination of the two betting-books, the bet was manifestly booked at 200 to 100, instead of at even, as had been asserted.

Much stress has been laid on the manner in which these books were examined—*i. e.*, by means of a strong telescope, and by the presence of an expert from London. Such a proceeding could not fail to be sufficiently galling to gentlemen; but it is only fair to suggest that, as the investigation demanded was to be as searching as possible, it is difficult to see how the Jockey Club could have satisfied their own consciences, and the feelings of those without, by a mere casual or formal examination of these books. I really think that, as an honest man, I should have rejoiced in the strictness of the inquiry, as tending the more fully to establish my innocence.

There then arose the question of the running of Tarragona, with the evidence of the accusers, in the face of the jockeys and others, called for the defence. To follow, step by step, the evidence offered is not our province. Our readers have probably seen, at different times, the material parts of it. It remains only for me to state that there was not any reason whatever for supposing that orders had been given to pull the mare; but, on the contrary, she appears to have run, and to have been defeated, entirely on her merits. If we append to this the fact that Colonel Burnaby was willing to take Michel Grove and run him against the mare, if any gentleman could be found hardy enough to accept the challenge, I believe I have said enough to acquit these gentlemen of any sort of complicity whatever. The evidence of Mr. M^cGeorge and his subordinates was of that negative character, to say the least of it, that it could have no weight at all against the positive declarations of Fordham and Nightingale, the jockeys employed. The evidence thus far finished on the 16th of October: the Court rose, and declared their intention of delivering a verdict at the Houghton Meeting, and which was accordingly delivered in the following terms:—

‘The Stewards of the Jockey Club having noticed the extra-

‘ ordinary expression of public feeling just before and during the match between Tarragona and Michel Grove, when Tarragona’s jockey was loudly hooted, considered it would be their duty to investigate the cause of such a demonstration. They were glad to find that Colonel Burnaby and Captain Annesley desired such an inquiry; and the Stewards, feeling it might be difficult and painful, begged the assistance of three other members of the Jockey Club. The assigned causes were, that a false bet had been made, and that Tarragona had been pulled by her jockey.

‘ The Committee having duly considered the evidence, and the written statements sent to them by Colonel Burnaby and Captain Annesley, are of opinion that it is not proved that Colonel Burnaby intended that Tarragona should be pulled in her match with Michel Grove, or that he made a fictitious bet with Captain Annesley.

‘ Signed	C. ALEXANDER	BEAUFORT,
	‘ (for LORD PORTSMOUTH),	GLASGOW,
	‘ COVENTRY,	STRADBROKE.’

This tardy acquittal gave but little satisfaction. The press, generously, but, I am compelled to admit, imprudently hasty in forming a conclusion, almost unanimously condemned the proceedings and the verdict. Colonel Burnaby wrote a long and elaborate letter to the Jockey Club, and the points of that letter most worthy of attention are the following:—

The want of due notice of the intended posting at Tattersall’s, or information as to the *points* on which explanation was required.

The want of courtesy and consideration during the investigation.

The animus of the committee, especially on the part of Admiral Rous, the Duke of Beaufort, and Mr. Alexander; and that the former, notwithstanding the open enmity of the parties, continued to sit as chairman.

The prejudice which had been excited against Colonel Burnaby by Admiral Rous on the subject of a bet previously made about the spelling of the word ‘Reindeer.’ His omission to remove that prejudice, although he had apologized by letter to a third person for that statement, made on the evidence of another gentleman, who contradicted himself afterwards.

That one of the committee, at least, had a bet upon the match.

That the report of the evidence, as originally given, was not a fair and impartial one—concluding with a general imputation of unfairness in the investigation and in the verdict, which was its result.

Before making any comment upon these remarks (for further defence was needless), let us dismiss Captain Annesley.

There does not seem to have been, in any explanation of either side, the slightest reason for an imputation of any kind. From the moment the investigation was at an end, that gentleman stood before the world without, as it seems to me, even a *souçon* of tarnish on his character. If he went into that Court with clean hands, he has

certainly nothing to regret from the evidence that was adduced against him there : and although to a man of his position the verdict of 'not proven' can scarcely be regarded in a satisfactory light, I think he may safely leave the vindication of his reputation to those who know him, and to the enlightened judgment of an English public. With his temporary anxiety and inconvenience I believe most will sympathize ; and I cannot doubt but the members of the Court themselves are honestly partakers in a general feeling of regret.

To the main points, however, of Colonel Burnaby's letter answers have been given—answers which unhappily involve a very painful and uncertain termination, and which have brought to light circumstances surrounded by suspicion. To a certain degree it is our duty to go into those matters, because, trivial in themselves, they provoke a state of feeling hostile to the best interests of Sport, and to the reputation of the Turf. If I can help to remove that hostility, or to show that the question at issue involves no determination of Turf morality, I shall have performed a duty, however disagreeable, which, as a humble director of public opinion, I owe to the world at large. If I could soften asperities and reconcile apparent difficulties, I should do more.

As both parties admit that they were equally anxious for investigation, it matters little who posted the motion, or that it was done before Colonel Burnaby's letter reached the Stewards of the Jockey Club. When two men mean to fight, it signifies little who hits the first blow. The allegation of discourtesy has never been attempted to be disproved ; and the questions as to the habit of 'running horses 'straight,' and the inquisitorial nature of the demand, why the accused should have 'backed his mare for so little money,' had been better left out of the investigation. We must consider the notice at Tattersall's to have place in the general charge of discourtesy, and as such the public must deal with it. Some things have transpired since, which, without exactly excusing, serve to account for it.

The animus of the Committee, the chairmanship of the Admiral, and the assumed bias of the judges from their previously expressed opinion, has received from Admiral Rous a full explanation, in the circumstances connected with the Reindeer betting. They are prejudiced against the accused, and on a legal tribunal would not have been allowed to sit. Here, however, it is desirable to consider the nature of the court before which these gentlemen were standing. It is one in which no question is ever raised as to the legality of evidence : how it shall be tendered, or how far, and in what form it is admissible. Not only will a court of honour entertain every tittle of suspicion which attaches to a defendant ; but it is bound by its very title to accept all reasonable evidence as to general character, and to weigh scrupulously anything that is adduced as touching his reputation. It reminds one of the old Saxon Court of Compurgatores, who, in the failure or absence of definite proof of guilt, were called upon, as the twelve nearest neighbours of the accused, to

speaking to his antecedents. Legal tribunals do not travel out of the main facts of the cases before them : a court of honour is bound to wander into any by-road that seems to lead eventually to the end proposed, or to be connected in any way with the main road to it. It seems a hard case that a man should be judged by a prejudiced bench ; but the very fact of the investigation, and the requisition to attend, prove nine times out of ten the existence of the animus. The Stewards of the Jockey Club are presupposed to know the features of the offences which they are about to try. The Club itself is usually instrumental in demanding the inquiry ; and it seems almost impossible to conceive a case in which a certain amount of prejudice will not exist. But it does not follow that a prejudiced person (in this sense) is an unjust one, nor fully as capable of admitting innocence, as one who was perfectly ignorant of the whole transaction. The very accusation creates prejudice, which, in the present case, *as far as evidence could go*, ought to have been utterly expunged. When, therefore, the verdict showed that it still existed, it required no Solomon to ascertain that something remained behind ; the *arrière-pensée* was shortly to come to light.

Admiral Rous explains the nature of his movements and position on the Committee by stating that, in defiance of his own wish to leave the Chair, his co-members of the Court refused to allow it. How far he abstained from removing or endeavouring to remove the prejudice against Colonel Burnaby which his previous statements had excited, I am unable to say, or how far he would have succeeded. There is no answer to this charge at all. But there is no doubt that that gentleman did write a note of apology for his own share in the imputation, under the most extraordinary circumstances that have ever been heard. That that apology could have been nothing but a gentlemanly sacrifice to a sense of what might be right, is as clear as the sun at noonday ; for the Admiral could have no more divested his mind of his previous convictions by the two contradictory statements on which he had acted, than a man can imagine himself to be in the middle of the summer only because he feels warm. As some sort of extenuation for what appears to us, generally, a hard and almost unprecedented case, it must be borne in mind that this prejudice, which is supposed to have acted unfairly against the accused, arose from the facts of the case itself ; and though, if practicable, it is desirable that a court of inquiry should be unbiassed, the difficulty of attaining that object in a Jockey Club investigation is greater than at first sight appears.

I address myself with considerable reluctance to the Reindeer question. It has become public from the necessity of explanation forced by the letter of Colonel Burnaby to the Jockey Club. An allusion to it, and the vindication of Admiral Rous's apology, brought it on the *tapis* ; a court of law would have ignored it altogether ; it never could have come into the consideration of the bench at all. In a court of honour it was the main point—the hinge on which the inquiry turned—and which accounts probably not only for the mode

of investigation, but for the very investigation itself. In a few words, the facts are as follows :—

Colonel Burnaby and Mr. Randolph Stewart made a bet on the spelling of the word ‘Reindeer.’ That a man of education should have had a doubt on the subject is nearly incredible. This took place in a country house, at that time full of company. The question was agitated anew at dinner, and on the road to and from Exeter Races. Several bets were booked to various amounts; and the layers of odds were all against Colonel Burnaby and Mr. Stewart, who had decided upon ‘Raindeer’ as the correct orthography. It must be remarked that Mr. Stewart, who had previously backed his opinion against Colonel Burnaby for 5*l.*, now took a bet of 100*l.* to 1*l.* on the Colonel’s side : it is stated as a hedge, by which he must win 4*l.*, and might win 95*l.* So much contradiction has arisen as to the question of authority—*i. e.*, whether these bets were saddled with a condition, referable to Johnson or not—that it is difficult to arrive at a clear idea upon the subject. Johnson died in 1784, and I should be sorry to adopt the spelling of 1775 as the orthography to be submitted to the readers of ‘Baily.’ At all events, the bets were not decided, nor have they been paid; and so much difference of opinion prevailed on the question, and so much unfortunate suspicion attached to it, that the matter was referred to certain gentlemen for decision.

The expression of ‘abhorrence’ on the part of Admiral Rous, in regard to Colonel Burnaby, arose from a somewhat intimate acquaintance with these matters; and it is only fair to state that the charge of officious meddling brought against the Admiral is entirely without foundation. He became interested in the affair only as ‘joint umpire on the part of Mr. Ten Broeck and others respecting’ these bets. His duty and his wish was to save scandal, and to ascertain facts. In pursuit of that laudable object, he endeavoured by means of a mutual friend, Mr. Lawley, to induce Mr. Stewart to abandon his claims. I omit to mention a letter from Mr. Stewart to Mr. Lawley, which the latter told Admiral Rous was of some importance, because it has never been forthcoming, and proceed to a direct interview. Leaning over the parapet which connects the Ladies’ Stand with the Jockey Club’s Stand, at Doncaster, the Admiral entered into conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Lawley on the subject. They were joined by Mr. Stewart; and in that interview it is asserted by Admiral Rous, and was afterwards, on October 18th, stated on paper by Mr. Lawley, that Mr. Stewart had then admitted that he and Colonel Burnaby had made a *bubble bet* on the spelling of ‘Reindeer,’ prior to the wagers which were afterwards made on the same subject. On the 23rd of October, five days afterwards, Mr. Lawley retracts his former written statement, and writes to Admiral Rous a direct contradiction of what he had previously written. He speaks of wrong impressions: that the word ‘bubble’ was not mentioned; that the bet still exists as a *bonâ fide* bet; and, in fact, swallows every syllable he had written on the 18th

instant. Upon being taxed by the Admiral, in the presence of two members of the Jockey Club, with this 'wonderful change' of opinion, Mr. Lawley accounts for it by certain impressions he had received from Mr. Ten Broeck and another gentleman who was present at the original laying of these wagers; the former of whom writes a most damnatory letter as to the decision of these bets affecting Mr. Stewart's character, as his opinion; and the latter is astonished at the mention of his name by Mr. Lawley at all. Under these circumstances the Admiral apologizes for his previous expressions of 'abhorrence,' but without, as may well be supposed, troubling himself to remove the prejudices from the minds of his friends of the Jockey Club. It is impossible for a candid mind to regard this apology as any expression of opinion as to the truth or falsehood of the facts.

Colonel Burnaby and Mr. Stewart have declared solemnly that there was no 'bubble' bet, no collusion, no attempt at unfair advantage. God forbid that we should hesitate to accept that assurance, and that society should not give due weight to the assertion. Mr. Stewart sought the Admiral as his friend, expressed his regret at having participated in a disputed bet, and declares his willingness to allow the bets to be drawn. This may be the language of innocent regret, or of retreat from a disagreeable position through fear of consequences. It ill becomes a public writer to decide upon so delicate a point; and I should be sorry to make the pages of this Magazine a vehicle for even unintentional injustice. I may say the same with regard to an expression attributed to Admiral Rous, that 'he must carry the whole thing through, or he would 'never be able to show his face at Newmarket again.' This language is urged against Admiral Rous as indicative of a determination to carry his point in the face of honesty and truth. Will any man alive believe it? Is it like him? Is it like an English gentleman, who for years has filled most responsible positions, with a character for straightforward dealing, not unfrequently making temporary enemies, but characteristic of the honourable profession to which he belongs? I see in those words only this intention. A sad necessity for exposing thoroughly what he, justly or unjustly, regarded as a scandal, but the exposition of which was becoming necessary to the confirmation of his own reputation for consistency and justice. If Admiral Rous was to forego the publication of his experience of the 'Reindeer' business, how could he, argued he, honestly look in the face a man whom he had so cruelly and unmeaningly calumniated? I confess that this appears to me to be a much more probable solution of such an expression. If not, society is asked to do a violence to its feelings, which the antecedents of the Admiral can never warrant.

Great stress has been laid on the fact that the Admiral dictated the letter to Mr. Lawley, in which he ascribes a bubble bet to Colonel Burnaby and Mr. Stewart. That the Admiral received that letter from his own hands, in his own house, and for a special pur-

pose of refutation or proof, is quite certain; but I can hardly conceive that society will endorse such a position, or credit the possibility, in the nineteenth century, that Mr. Lawley was compelled by external pressure to take away the reputation of an intimate friend by the distinct enunciation of a deliberate and malicious falsehood. *Credat Judæus!* And if his original statement was the result of undue influence, it is but justice to imagine that the counter-statement was the same.*

I approach the termination of this exceedingly important case. Several letters have been addressed by both parties to the newspapers: one to Colonel Burnaby, chiefly bearing *negative* evidence as to the reference to any particular dictionary; the absence of which reference would do away with the most suspicious part of the transaction. But in saying this, it is only fair to add that the Admiral has forwarded copies from three gentlemen (two noblemen and a baronet) which bear *positive* evidence to the reference to Johnson; and the letter of the latter, dated the 8th of November, placing the fact beyond all cavil, quoting the very words of Colonel Burnaby (who referred to 'Johnson, as published in his own time'), and speaking of his desire to bet on the word 'referable,' is unanswerable, excepting by flat contradiction.

I make no comment on the facts I have endeavoured to bring together, beyond those that spontaneously arise from the necessity of the case. An honest caterer for the public feels no pleasure in gratifying curiosity at the expense of the happiness or reputation of another. One opinion I will venture to state: that the original bet between Colonel Burnaby and Mr. Stewart might have been a *bonâ fide* bet; with the consequences of that bet I shall decline further to deal.

I cannot close this article more profitably than by saying one word on the subject of the press, more especially in connection with the turf. That upon very rare cases it has exhibited an over-zeal I am willing to admit. Perhaps in the present case it has, in some respects, been hasty and inconsiderate in prejudging. It may have taken a too generous view of what certainly appeared hard. But these are slight blemishes to set against its universal integrity, manliness, and consideration; its general prudence and good feeling; its fearless exposure of wrong; its determination to uphold right; its defence of the oppressed; and its independence of external influences. To the Turf, and to everything connected with sport, it has always shown itself a cheerful and willing ally. It endeavours to direct public opinion upon those questions which, without it, however important, must fall to the ground; or which, if touched in a servile spirit, would tend only to mislead and to degrade. And as a timid and calculating tone, or a degraded and corrupt press, would

* Something has been said about Admiral Rous's deafness. He is deaf. But it is my duty to assure the British public that in conversation, at table, or elsewhere, there is no man more capable of appreciating every word that is addressed to him.

be the greatest curse that could exist in a land where free discussion is the birthright of every man, so the honest and fearless expression of sentiment, though occasionally uninstructed or imprudent, is deserving of the highest encouragement. I am fully of opinion that the thorough ventilation of this subject, so far from affecting the prospects of the Turf, will exhibit a phase which it is desirable all should recognize : a jealousy for its integrity in high places, and a disregard of all consequences in a determination to cleanse it from all impurities.

CHARLIE THORNHILL ;
OR, THE DUNCE OF THE FAMILY.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

RETROSPECTIVE.

‘ Et sa présence, ainsi qu’à vous.
M’est un cruel supplice.’—MOLIÈRE, *Mal. Imag.*

THE pleasure of writing a novel has its drawbacks. The necessity for going back, as the only means of getting forward, is exceedingly troublesome. But it must be done. We seem almost to have taken leave of some of those with whom we opened our story ; and we never knew the value of our friends, nor our creations, till they seem to have left us for ever. This is just the case now. We would willingly leave every one to tell his own story in his own way, more by ethical than by historical development : but before we can do so, we must retrace our steps. Just to make the place tidy we will sweep up the crumbs.

After the strict investigation, and hopeless mystery, which succeeded the assassination of Geoffrey Thornhill, Kildonald had disappeared from the scene. Circumstances had placed him in so questionable a light, that many persons were not without their suspicions that he was directly or indirectly concerned in that affair. Those, however, who were best informed, entirely exonerated him. The whole circumstances, the intended duel, his return to Henry Corry’s house, and information of the murder, the improbability of the thing, altogether, and his uniform explanation, served to acquit him in their eyes. His absence from England immediately after the final dismissal of the case could easily be accounted for. He could show his face no more amongst his former companions. The clubs, St. James’s, Newmarket, and Melton, were henceforth closed to Kildonald, as thoroughly as if he had been the archfiend ; and there were none behind as bad as himself. He had committed the unpardonable offence of being found out. The Jockey Club pronounced on the case with a zeal and honesty of expression, quite edifying, and made such a raid amongst the suspected of the betting fraternity, that no one was found out again until very nearly the end

of the season. However Kildonald got his ill-earned money from Burke, and retired to that Paradise of Sharpers, the Continent.

Kildonald was a man of quick impulses ; some generous ones ; and not all bad. His errors had been those of education ; strong temptation ; and an incapability to resist. The loss of his property, and the ties he had contracted—his false position in the world, and the evil influence of a man like Burke, who, as we have seen, held him by some secret power—were the rocks on which he split. He had never felt his position before this time : he had done much that was dishonourable, but it had never recoiled upon him, as his present disgrace. If we were all found out, I wonder whether we should most despise or pity one another !

Geoffrey Thornhill's death affected him very seriously. It made him think ; and the Tyrol, not then so *recherché* as it has since become, is a great place for solemn reflection. Kildonald was not hardened, depraved ; but he was not one of those erring, but fine minds, which can make reparation at its own expense, or take vengeance upon itself. So he carried with him the money, the price of his dishonesty, and lived quietly, cheaply, and unknown not far from Salzburg. He thought highly of his self-immolation, and the mausoleum in which he had buried himself alive. There are many like him. His reasons for this seclusion were manifold, and did credit to his head and heart. It was not expensive : it was out of the world : was not unlike the wilder parts of Ireland, on a larger scale ; afforded good, but inexpensive education for his children ; and was not so unpleasant to his wife, as a life of exile might have been.

When he left England, his wife, Norah Kildonald, whom he loved very sincerely, had decided upon going with him. During his hours of prosperity she had borne his absences without complaint, under the impression that he was happy. In a season of adversity, when the world frowned, she insisted on her right of comforting him : what woman does not ?

She came : and the household of Mr. and Mrs. Kildonald was small, but gracefully administered—after the fashion of woman. She brought her son and her stepdaughter. She had never inquired further than the fact, which she had learnt piecemeal, that her husband had made an early and imprudent marriage. Kathleen was the sister of Gipsy George.

For a length of time, they grew old together. But by degrees Kildonald pined for the world, not exactly of London nor of Paris ; but for an approach to its suburbs. He had forgotten his peccadillos, as easily as the world had forgotten him. Besides, to be boxed up in a Tyrolese village, for Norah and Kathleen never to see a soul, and the boy, who wanted to see something of society before he went into the Prussian service ! His father preferred it to Austria. Norah sighed : she knew the meaning of 'seeing a soul.' Kathleen was glad at any change that promised to break the monotony of a very dull life : Kildonald himself felt like a returned convict, or

ticket-of-leave man—on his best behaviour, but with an unmitigated taste for housebreaking, with violence.

‘What’s the matter, Arthur? you look tired,’ said his wife kindly.

‘Tired? I’m ill, Norah. This place doesn’t agree with me. I can’t stay here any longer. I should like to get back into Germany.’

After some discussion Frankfort was fixed upon. Here in an obscure street, not far from the Jew’s quarter, they rented a small flat. Kildonald was pleased for a time: then a run to Wiesbaden or Homburg was easy, and on one or two occasions he came back smilingly—occasionally a reverse happened. His means of subsistence to you and me was a mystery. Norah believed in the old Kildonald estate. The facts are simple.

Some money he had. It did not last for ever. Two years after his expatriation he heard of the losses on the Kildonald property, by reason of the noncompletion of the sale by the Thornhills. He certainly had had no money, nor was he receiving the rents of the estate. He applied in Cork, by means of friends, for a statement, a settlement, a something. He could get neither of the two first, and there were reasons why he could not employ law. But he got the something. He got money, when he wanted it, doled out at intervals, by Burke. It seemed that Burke was receiving the rents, and claimed the estate, by a mortgage upon it for the greater part of its value. He was unwilling to foreclose; and he was not a man to be forced into explanations, at any rate by Kildonald. To say truth Kildonald cared but little for anything, if he could gratify his passion for play, which had only lain dormant, for want of opportunity. Each year since their absence from their cottage in the Tyrol had seen them on a downward course. Norah tried hard to stem the tide; but the devil was too strong for her, and ruin was running its course. Norah was a woman; and as her husband sunk in her esteem he seemed to have risen in her love. What could she do? She began to teach in Frankfort. An English governess, resident in the town: so charming a manner; so sweet a face; always a smile to cover that aching heart, could not fail to make friends. But teaching is not highly paid anywhere, least of all in Germany: a few florins monthly to help her boy, who was at Dusseldorf, or Kathleen, who was not old enough to help herself, found their way to the gambling table. But Kildonald was not himself—there was always some evil influence behind him: silent, unknown, but secretly felt. Norah felt it, knew it: Arthur was so changed: it was Ireland over again, with the weight of years added to its pains. And so we have brought them down to this present time: and the evil influence is again upon the stage.

There had been great doings at Mainlust. It was a fine evening in autumn, and the gardens had been full to a late hour. There had been music and ‘weissen wein,’ and ‘rothen wein,’ and smoking and flirting. It was very late, and all good and quiet citizens of the

free city had left long ago. There lingered some ladies of the old town, some noisy Fuchs from Heidelberg, and two or three officers, finishing their last bottle. They were not all. At a corner of the gardens, not now so well lighted by the coloured paper lamps, as half an hour previously, sat two mysterious-looking persons, smoking, not drinking, and conversing in low tones. They were not Germans, still less Frenchmen; and the contrast between themselves was even greater than that between them and their late comrades. The former was stout, short, vulgar; without beard, but portentously whiskered; and singularly over-dressed. The other was tall, thin, pale, and iron-grey. Singularly aristocratic-looking, prematurely old: he wore a drooping moustache and large beard. He was remarkably quiet in his dress, and but for a certain nervousness would have been equally so in his manner. It would have been difficult to have recognised in him the former *Gaudin* of London, and the finest horseman of his day. They rose at the same moment. The one saying with a vulgarity of Irish accent somewhat rare in society, 'I wouldn't have known ye anywhere, Kildonald. Sure, you're changed, man!'

'And you, not at all. I should have known you, Mr. Burke, if I'd met you in the streets of Pekin or—or—Cork.'

Burke winced under the allusion to his native city, and was silent for a minute—'how much did he know, or how little?' thought he.

'Shall we be going?' at length said he.

'With pleasure,' rejoined Kildonald.

They took their way from the gardens, as the last waiter, extinguished the last lamps and carried away the last empty bottle, along the quay. It was a warm night, and they walked slowly, distrustfully, without the cheerfulness of friends, or the energy of open enemies. They were useful to each other, mutually suspicious, and mutually fearful.

'Which is your way to-night?' asked Kildonald, assuming an air of coolness, and turning a cigar in his mouth.

'To the Mayence railway.'

'You have come the wrong road—it lies the other way.'

'I have an hour to wait for my train, and will accompany you home.'

'Impossible! my lodgings are not—not exactly——'

'If there's a chair to sit down upon, I'm content; faith, I know what roughing it is, since we knew one another before.'

'But it's—there are reasons——'

'Pooh! pooh! what, an old friend, Kildonald? Come, bedad, we must talk the matter over: between us, sure, there's no ceremony.'

Kildonald stopped at a turning which led on the left towards the Romerberg and the Cathedral; he hesitated a moment, and seemed suddenly to make up his mind: then said deliberately, 'You forget that Mrs. Kildonald is with me, and my daughter—let us turn towards the station.'

‘And pray, sir, have you forgotten to whom you’re indebted for that same lady, whom you call Mrs. Kildonald?’ Kildonald turned pale; he felt it, and his companion must have felt it too; for he as suddenly added, ‘but, there, man, let us talk of something else. What about the young Englishman? when will you come to “the Mount?”’

‘I cannot assist you further than I have done,’ said Kildonald.

‘Then thank you for nothing; you’ve found our fox, which any one might have done; but I can’t kill him alone,’ rejoined the other.

‘Without hounds, I suppose you mean to say,’ and the tone in which Kildonald spoke had a bitter irony in it.

‘Perhaps I do: but at least we hunt in couples—I share the risk——’

‘And take the whole of the profits. You must find another dog to bear you company in this matter, for I cannot.’

‘Say—will not. But, come, Kildonald, you throw fortune away from you at the very moment she is at your feet. Listen; there’s enough for us both to be got out of this wealthy Englishman, this Carlingford. He plays high, and eagerly. He wants no persuasion, has no skill, not even common prudence. Sure you or I may profit by our knowledge: we’ve bought it.’

‘And I have paid for it, Mr. Burke: it costs you nothing. Have you one soul to drag down to infamy besides your own? have you a wife, a son, a daughter?—yes, I repeat it, a daughter; for she’s as dear to me as the rest, who might live to curse the infamy of a father who sold them all to misery and vice, because——’

‘Because he wouldn’t see them starve. Where’s the infamy? We play as thousands more. We are successful. Why not? Are we accountable for the losses of a young fool who thrusts himself into the way of danger? Come, you take this too seriously. What is it? The whole of these rascally pettifogging foreigners live by play. What they call play—some half-dozen florins a day. The young Earl does not care for the tables: they’re not quiet enough, nor high enough for him. He likes hazard. Lord Carlingford can bleed enough in one night to—what shall I say—to enable you to—ay!—to pay me the whole of the debt on the Kildonald property. With good nursing it can be made to pay twice its present income; and you may return to Ireland, be yourself again, and leave it to your boy——’

‘Saddled with his father’s dishonour.’ And the sigh was one of decreased resistance.

‘If it was so, bedad I think he wouldn’t refuse the offer,’ said Burke, who saw that he had made an impression, and became less guarded in his brutality.

‘What!’ said the other, hoarsely, ‘with the education of a gentleman and a soldier——’

‘Which are you speaking of?’

‘Ah! stop, Burke; true, true. You remind me, cruelly, very cruelly. But—another time; not now, sir—how hot and suffocating the air is.’ And here Kildonald took off his hat, and wiped his brow. He stood still, looking on the waters of the Maine, as it ran rapidly towards the Rhine. In that moment a thousand contending thoughts flitted through his brain. He tried hard to collect them—to arrange them. He thought he ought to resent something, and yet there was a cogent reason for not offending. He tried to be dignified, but a strong sense of degradation, a weight of previous necessity, kept him down. At last he said, ‘I’m not well this evening; to-morrow, or the next day, we may meet again: but pray leave me now.’

‘Then dine with me to-morrow. No. The day after, then. Come; and bring Mrs. Kildonald and your daughter. It will do them good to run over to the Mount.’ (The Mount was the name given to a cottage in which he lived half a mile from Wiesbaden.) ‘I’ll ask Lord Carlingford.’

‘Yes; the day after. There; good-night.’ And, as if fearful of further parley, he turned round, disappeared up one of the narrow streets leading from the river.

Burke turned away, and returned by the river-side. ‘I have him safe enough,’ thought he. ‘With Kildonald’s assistance we shall manage Milord admirably. He’s not half out-at-elbows yet. Lords never know when they are ruined. There’s but few of ’em been through my hands.’

The street up which Kildonald turned was one of those very old, picturesque parts of Frankfort which have been enlivened by Prout and Roberts, but which, without the bits of bright green, blue, or scarlet, never seen in the original, are brown and dingy-looking enough. The houses overlap one another, and the upper stories overhang the lower, so as to render it very artistic-like, but dangerous and dirty in the extreme. The confusion of his mind, the conflicting hopes and fears, his anger, and the necessity for restraining it, battling in a not-over-strong frame, had a very painful effect upon him. He had not recovered himself, and, though perfectly conscious of it, he could not prevent himself from reeling. Once he stopped short, as if about to fall; but he recovered himself again, and proceeded towards his own house. It was in a mean back street, not far from the cathedral—between that and the river. At that moment he felt a hand on his arm, and a good-natured voice said, ‘Excuse me; I followed you from the quay, and seeing you were a countryman, and evidently unwell, I thought I might offer you an arm. Lean on me.’

The assistance was very timely, and too kindly offered to be refused. Kildonald took the stranger’s arm; and, after a silent walk of a few minutes, he halted at the corner of the street in which he lived. He thanked the stranger gratefully for his assistance.

‘And are you certain you require no more?’

‘No, thank you, I feel better. A sudden faintness overcame me. Besides, I’m at home. Adieu ; and many thanks for your kindness.’

‘I wonder how much of our conversation he heard?’ thought the last speaker.

‘Well, that was a dismissal, at all events,’ thought the good Samaritan. ‘Now who, in the name of fortune, is he? and who was the man I met by the water-side. They were after no particular good, by the little I heard. This fellow looks like a gentleman. Confound these streets, how dark they keep them! A Jew’s eye ought to have been a bright one.’ However, he was soon in the ‘Zeil,’ and let himself into a handsome house with a latch-key.

The next day Kildonald was ill of paralysis ; and it was many weeks before he left his room.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

EXPLANATORY.

‘Ich führe das nur an, Euch auf die Spur
Zu bringen. Setzt euch selber nun zusammen.’—SCHILLER, *Macb*

DURING this time Burke was not idle. His career had been chequered since last we met him. Sudden suspicions of his honest dealings had been followed by heavy losses, the estrangement of friends, and the attacks of enemies. He was observed to be uneasy, and absent ; his once flourishing business became less respectable and less lucrative. Some transactions connected with the turf, and some heavy speculations in the money market, helped him on his downward course. His vulgarity no longer stood for honesty, his brusquerie for talent. He quitted Ireland for ever, comparatively a ruined man—if so great a scoundrel could be ruined in a world where there are so many fools. He had not been very unsuccessful, however, at the various gambling tables to which he resorted : he only felt his inferiority in private play, where his grossness of manner and vulgarity of appearance were against him. When he accidentally met with Kildonald a few months previous to their last conversation, he was not too blind to see that he would be a most valuable ally.

Latterly he had begun to suspect that his hold upon Kildonald was looser than it had been. But Kildonald was one of those men who could not face want ; and Burke, however unjustly, held the purse-strings in his grasp. Impaired as his own fortunes were, he contrived to live well and ostentatiously, wherever he was. Strange to say, whether with ulterior views, or from fear of detection should his victim be driven too hard, he also contrived to supply Kildonald with a pittance at intervals, and with some regularity. This was always supposed to be a portion of the Kildonald rent-roll, the rest finding its way into Mr. Burke’s pocket in the form of certain heavy

charges upon the property for moneys advanced and never paid, and for which Mr. Burke still held the acknowledgments. These were presumed to be in the handwriting of the late Kildonald.

Another force besides the fear of want, however, had up to the present kept the sufferer quiet, and induced him at least to offer no strong opposition to the schemes of rascality of his countryman. Now Burke was positively generous. He came frequently to Frankfort—always, apparently, with inquiries for his old acquaintance. He did not always come empty-handed. He appeared to force on the sick man's wife a more liberal allowance. He talked boldly and blusteringly of the pleasures of doing good, as the roar of the wild beast before an attack. The wife and the mother's heart was gained. Hubert Kildonald was home from Düsseldorf, and Burke was loud in his praises of his fine figure and his noble appearance. Perhaps his admiration was sincere: for the boy was all he said, and more too. The mother's culture had not been thrown away.

There was another, too, whom he had seen once or twice, but whom his bold, bad gaze had sent blushing from the room. This was Kathleen. She was just bursting into womanhood, and, though not the daughter of Norah, she had so much acquired her look, her manner, her softness, and simplicity, that the face was imperceptibly being impressed with a great likeness. But she was brighter, gayer, and less regular in feature than Norah: she had wit, intelligence, and great apprehension; she had a well-cultivated mind as far as her seclusion would allow it to be so. Her eyes were large and lustrous; her hair abundant and glistening, of a dark brown; her nose only piquantly *retroussée*; her mouth full and dimpling, not very small, but very characteristic of her country; her figure was perfection—not tall and stately, nor drooping, as the manner of some is, but light, active, and round, of middle height; her very step denoted vigour of purpose, the companion of high health and physical development. She had a charming smile, and was an impersonation of dimples and blushes. Such was Kathleen Kildonald at eighteen years of age.

The winter was gone: Kildonald's health was better, but he had grown prematurely old. He had scarcely quitted the house in the cold weather, but an early spring and the pleasant sunshine of a brighter day than usual strengthened him. He began to move like himself again. He walked more uprightly, and he was beginning to be as careful of his dress as heretofore. Norah had nursed him well; and, in her own views of economy, managed to afford him many comforts and some luxuries. Burke seemed to have left the neighbourhood for a time. Letters from England had arrived during his illness which had interested both him and Norah; and though they contained some intelligence that could scarcely be called cheerful, it relieved him of a great anxiety. He learnt the death of his unhappy son George, who had, at least, never borne his name, whatever his title to it; and the wreck of a vessel in which George's

mother had sailed for Australia, and in which all on board perished, left him free from a clog which had long galled him.

When Kildonald was a young man under age he had fallen in love with a beautiful girl much below him in rank, and of no very good character, called Mary Connor. A secret marriage, through fear of his father, had been arranged between them, and George and Kathleen had been the results of this connection. Whether by his own neglect, or the woman's depravity, she had proved false to him. She left him with her son, then a boy of four or five years of age, and sunk by slow degrees into nothing more nor less than a common tramp. The girl had been preserved from a similar fate by accident. She had been educated by his friends as a child; and when he was married again to his present wife she was taken to his home, and had the same affectionate care bestowed upon her as his son, the only fruit of his second marriage. By the management of Burke, his first wife, still alive, had been bought off by the payment of periodical instalments; and caring nothing for Kildonald, and fearing the loss of her means of enjoyment, moderate as they were, she had felt it to her interest to keep scrupulously to her promise of secrecy. It was this power which gave Burke his influence over Kildonald. The fear of exposure, whilst in the world, had made him a willing instrument in the hands of the lawyer; and though time and distance, and his absence from society so long had weakened the bond, still the pain that the knowledge would have inflicted on Norah, whom he sincerely loved, as far as his selfish nature was capable of loving, made him anxiously fearful of an exposure. The death of mother and son so far lessened the chance of detection that he felt almost at ease on this score. The only remaining evidence was that of Burke himself; and although he would not have provoked it heedlessly, he felt himself at liberty to assume an independence of his tyranny. The question of the money and estate he now thought might be submitted to the lawyers with some hope of successful issue.

The summer passed slowly on. The pittance forwarded from time to time served to keep them from want, and to purchase some luxuries needed for a convalescent. Norah was, as ever, patient, unflagging in kindness, and self-sacrificing to the whims and caprices of the sick man. He recovered slowly. His native air was recommended. He answered, drily enough, that he 'didn't think his 'native air would agree' with him. Kathleen was increasing in beauty daily: all that could be spared for the purpose was being spent on her education; and amongst other advantages, good instruction is cheap enough in the Hanse Towns. It had been almost decided that she should seek employment in the City by way of meeting the increasing expenses.

Illness had much altered Kildonald. He began to think again; and a weakness, physical as well as mental, had had a salutary effect on the *morale*. Many circumstances assisted to produce this effect; for the wind is not the less there, even though the mill may stand

still. It is not sufficient that abuses should only be destroyed: the moral tone must be modified.

Autumn had arrived, and with it might be expected the usual locust herd at the German baths. It affected Frankfort much. The English, Russian, Viennese, Parisian (I mention the two latter municipally, for I do not mean Austrians nor French), all who had lost money, and would retrench, and many who had a few thousand francs to spare, took the place *en route*. The Hotel de Russie was always crowded; and the celebrated Johanisberger, at seven thalers the bottle, seemed to be almost a widow's cruse. It was always going. In due time Burke reappeared.

He was not long in seeking the humble street in which Kildonald lived. He had the same game in view as last autumn, and his previous disappointment only sharpened his appetite. He would, and might perhaps, have found another and more tractable accomplice; but he could have found few so *habile*, so fitted for his purpose, and none to whom he could apply without exposing much that he would rather confine to as few as possible. It was an object, therefore, to make a favourable impression; and he had paved his way by some pecuniary advances more liberal than usual.

'You have been seriously ill: you don't recover as you should,' said he, after a few ordinary expressions. 'You must take rooms at Homburg, or Wiesbaden, Mrs. Kildonald. Have you no influence? It's not fair on you for Kildonald to insist on looking so old.' Burke was self-satisfied.

'But we're not so young as we were, Mr. Burke,' replied she, with a rather wo-begone smile, 'and he's not so easily persuaded to move as he was.' Mrs. Kildonald would have moved into a worse place than purgatory to have relieved him; and she regarded both the places mentioned in that light.

'The baths are fuller than ever; but you'll, maybe, get rooms a little way from the town, which will be better for your husband. He'll get some fresh air, and a little society.' Here Burke appealed to Kildonald himself, who sat nervously turning in his arm-chair. Now and then a spasm seemed to pass across his face, and a peevish 'pish!' was the only answer he gave to each new suggestion.

The room in which they sat looked uncomfortable for an invalid. A strip of carpet did duty for a whole one: the polished boards underneath were very clean, and very cold. The stove was not yet in the room. The piano occupied one side, or rather end; and the size of it, and the old-fashioned, but handsome, cornices, gave it an air of cheerless grandeur. Kildonald sat at a table, on which were many letters and papers. Of books there were none but a few of the Tauchnitz edition of English novels, and some German and French school-books, which belonged to his daughter. After a little time Mrs. Kildonald left the room.

'Letters from the ould country?' asked Burke.

'They are,' replied Kildonald, with a cold and distant manner.

'They bring no good news, I'll go bail. There's nothing but ill

'luck there; and as to that estate, faith, I'm entirely out o' pocket by it this two years.' Burke spoke deprecatingly.

'It's a misfortune that my family has been accustomed to longer than that. It would be satisfactory to know what does become of the rent. The tenants must be in clover.' And here the speaker turned round, and looked Burke in the face.

'I own I—don't—quite—understand, Kildonald.'

'Probably not, Mr. Burke; but it's hard to find comprehension——'

'Oh! here's Mrs. Kildonald just in time,' said Burke, as the door opened, and she and Kathleen entered. The latter, however, seeing her father engaged, stepped back, and Mrs. Kildonald crossed the room, and went out by an opposite door. They were again alone; but the interruption enabled Burke to evade the former discussion, and he continued: 'But, come, you want something to do. Your health will be the better for the change. I want money, Kildonald; and if I want it, you will want it.'

'Then I must continue to want it if you depend upon my assistance; but, at least, you are in receipt of my property.'

'At present I'm in receipt of nothing. I've lost my last florin; but I've borrowed a hundred. Share it with me. Come to Wiesbaden. I've a goose there that lays golden eggs.' And Burke chuckled.

'And I'm to be the decoy-duck. You assign me an honourable post.'

'Decoy-duck? Nonsense! Come, come, be reasonable. You were not so particular once. We've rowed in the same boat too long to upset it now. It won't be many years before we shall be doing a little racing here: the foreigners are very keen about it. It will be well to keep your hand in whenever you get a chance.'

During this speech Kildonald had slowly risen: he appeared to find a difficulty, and sat down again, whilst a bright flush lighted up his pale cheeks, and his still handsome eyes nearly flashed fire. As Burke, however, terminated with the allusion to his hand, he rose suddenly, and resting his left hand upon the table, he drew the right suddenly from his bosom. 'Hand, did you say, hand!' and he held up, to the astonished sight of his visitor, a withered and useless limb. 'There, sir! is that a hand to deal a card, or a blow, to *sauter le coup*, or pull a horse? Is that, sir—answer me—a hand to help you in your tricks of *leger-de-main*, and to transfer gold from one pocket to another? Would to God it had withered before it ever lent its aid to your schemes of villany and fraud—the hand that has made me an exile and a byword! Ay, look at it! ye may well stare! Would to God it had been employed in digging the acres it has striven to secure, but which have slipped from its grasp, as if it had always been thus weak and powerless! Look at it! and if prayers could restore it, its first act should be to avenge itself upon the cowardly miscreant who fattens on the blood of his victims! I know you, sir; and I'll unmask you.' Whilst he was

yet speaking, Norah had opened the door, but he had not heeded her. She stood still, and he continued: 'I fear you not, now. Do your worst. Your secret is worthless. Where are your proofs, sir—your proofs—and your word—the word of a robber: who believes it?'

'Oh! Mr. Burke, Mr. Burke! heed him not: it is his health—his irritation. He does not know what he is saying.' And Norah stepped between them as Burke's face assumed the passions of a demon about to spring upon his prey. 'Leave him, sir, to me—to his wife—I beg,' as the other stood motionless with passion and surprise.

As Burke turned to leave the room, Kildonald threw himself into the arms of Norah, sobbing—'Yes, my wife, my wife!' and sank fainting upon the floor.

Burke was already gone; and as he walked slowly down the wide, but dark staircase towards the street, he clenched his hand, and muttered, 'He shall pay dearly for this! but, first of all, how much does he know?'

CHAPTER XL.

'MAN OVERBOARD!'

'Omne animi vitium tanto confectius in se

Crimen habet, quanto major qui peccat, habetur.'—JUV. viii. 140.

As Burke closed the door of the house in a narrow street between the Cathedral and the Schnur Gasse, Charles Thornhill threw open the folding-door of a large banking-house in the Zeil, and took his way to the left in that confident manner which proclaimed him perfectly at home in the city of Frankfort. Englishman as he was, and looked (for he reserved to himself the sacred privilege of a clean chin), he was neither looking for the Hotel de Russie nor examining his 'Murray,' or foreign 'Bradshaw.' He was not in search of the Juden Gasse, nor even of the Ariadne, and no *valet de place* addressed him with the hope of employment. He walked sturdily and steadily forward with a rather business-like air, and attracted no notice from any one, excepting that universal admiration which is given to size when accompanied by grace and good looks. It is almost two years since we had anything to do with Charlie. He has employed them well; and with the exception of a short visit to England on business in June last, which he made one of pleasure also, he had stuck to his work with a perseverance which confirmed the judgment of his friend Palmer. He was about to cross the street to his 'mid-day' dinner at the house of his chief, M. Meyerheim.

'Dornhills, by Jove! my goot fellow, how are you?' The inquiry proceeded from our old acquaintance the Baron Hartzstein. Having had a very successful season in England, he was in a central position for a little foreign gambling.

'Well, Baron,' said Charlie, who was always amused with his

friend, though by no means holding him in great respect; 'tired of 'England?'

'England for me is London, and London is gone away.'

'That is to say, come abroad: and who's here? Who has lost his money, or his wife, or his digestion? You can get them all back somewhere in the Black Forest, or on the Berg Strasse.'

'Yees! you have right. And you—you go to Baden, or Hom-burg?' the baron not conceiving that any of his acquaintance could be at Frankfort for any other purpose.

'Neither: you know I'm a banker now—in Meyerheim's house: delighted to hold your winnings for you, Baron: safer with us than you.'

'Ah! I see: you will hold the money what your brother spends. But why not go to drink the waters? Waters is very goot.'

'Wine's better; besides, what would our clients say?'

'Say! nothing—no! My friend Baron Goldstock, the great banker of Vienna—bless my soul, Dornhills!—he's allways breaking the bank; and then he breaks my sleep. I live in his hotel, and am not so lucky: so I go to bed, and at two in the morning he wakes us all up to tell us the news; and the next day all the world send their moneys to Goldstock and Co., of Vienna.'

'I think I should close my account. Have you been long in Frankfort?'

'Last night only. I have been in Wiesbaden. There is an Englishman there, a man with a scarlet face and whiskers, who plays very high—and he wins: one Burke.'

'Burke, Burke,' said Charlie, soliloquizing: 'where have I heard that name?' and Charlie rubbed his nose, and smoothed his chin, a system of mnemonics cheap, if not efficient.

'Yes, Burke! He is a friend of one Donald; but Donald I never see: he was to come to dinner, many times, but Providence befriended him. You know I am strong. But I have seen you yesterday.'

'Really! and where?'

'At the Thier-Garten: and, come, Dornhills, who was your pretty friend?'

'Some German lady, probably; but I forget at this moment.'

'No, no! not of my Landsleute: it gives no such pretty women out of England. You cannot dress, and you have no manner. You are not *rusé*, nor *spirituel*, nor *bien ganté*: you sing not, and you dance almost on what you call all-fours; but—ah! Gott bewahr—you have lovely women, and long-legged horses. I could add some of both to my collection: but, come, you will not tell me?'

'Yes, I will, Baron,' said Charlie, who had no great fear of the Austrian's powers of fascination. 'That was the governess of the two little girls, and the other was Madame Meyerheim; but I think she sat down whilst we walked about.'

'Oh! the governess!' and here the baron meant to be intel-

ligible. 'What! of my good friend Meyerheim? I must bank 'with Meyerheim and Co. I shall keep a large balance. Madame 'shall ask me to her evenings. Come, Dornhills, you shall introduce 'me at once.'

'But I am not going back to the bank at present. I am going 'home to dinner. I am become quite a German.'

'So much the better: you shall present me at once to madame.'

'No! baron—that's out of the question. She doesn't receive.'

'Then take care of yourself. You are jealous. You know I am 'sceptic about women. They are all bad, that is, good, when there 'is a "rapport." You believe in magnetism; mesmerism. No?'

'I believe in honour among men, and chastity among women.'

'And if your intentions are as serious as you would have me think, 'don't forget that this is an Englishwoman. Adieu,' and Charlie crossed the street.

The baron continued his walk: and the beautiful English girl, whom he had seen with Thornhill became a settled idea. It took its place with dice and the Derby winner. Nothing of this sort presented difficulties to Baron Hartzstein.

'Mr. Thornhill,' said Madame Meyerheim, in German, 'we 'almost gave you up: we are sorry to have begun, but Miss 'Donald and the children are going out after dinner, and we were 'anxious not to be late. The band plays at Mainlust to day.' Charlie apologised good-humouredly, and took his seat opposite to Miss Donald, by the side of little Bertha; Mr. Meyerheim was at the other end of the table.

'Where's Heinrich?' said Mr. Meyerheim, looking up from his soup.

'Gone for a ride on one of Mr. Thornhill's horses,' said mamma.

'You'll make him quite English; you are too kind to him: and 'he'll want to go to London, whenever we lose you.'

'I shall be glad to help him, whenever I can,' said Charles Thornhill; 'but I don't know that I shall be wanted in London 'this year at least—but we must talk English now for the children.'

And accordingly they did so.

Mr. Meyerheim himself, was the best and mildest of continental bankers. He was more simple than a child, which is strange when we take into consideration his knowledge of business, and the opportunities presented him of studying rascality in its happiest garb. He was one of those good men, who from the deep well of worldly hardness, avarice, and scepticism, saw nothing but the blue sky above him. He loved Thornhill because he was honest and true. He did not know how he found it out; but he felt that it was so. Charlie was originally like him. The clay, the humanity of both was the same. Associations had altered them, or acted more upon one than the other. The impressions had been different, and stronger. No person could be less like Charlie's male friends than M. Meyerheim.

Madame was an excellent person. Stout, fair, with good hair

and blue eyes. The best housekeeper in the world: a practical cook, and not ashamed of it. Admirable housewife; who religiously collected the table napkins after dinner, and ordered them to be pressed and put away for the morrow. A reader, and great philosopher on the science of the education of women; a little speculative, which was to the credit of the Bourse; it however never practically developed itself. She often wondered why her husband had not made his fortune in one coup. She was an intense admirer of him for all the excellencies which he did not possess. She was kind, amiable, economical, and a match-maker: and as little like Charlie's female world as a woman could be.

'You are going too soon, Mr. Thornhill: another glass of Mar-
'cobrunner?'

'Work, Mrs. Meyerheim: your husband sets me a good ex-
'ample.'

'But it is a model you have improved upon,' said he.

Charlie went at five o'clock to Mainlust. He found the children and Miss Donald. He smoked his cigar, and chatted cheerfully with them, until he was joined by Baron Hartzstein.

That gentleman joined in the conversation with an indomitable energy which repelled all coldness. He would take no denial; and though not formally presented he made the acquaintance of the pretty governess by force of eloquence. Charlie was not a talker, so the Baron had it all to himself.

The following evening the banker's lady had an 'at home.' A few friends dropped in, and Charlie remained at home to help to be entertained. About nine o'clock a very gay gentleman in a white uniform, Comte Degenfield, had the honour to present his friend, the Baron Hartzstein of Vienna.

London society had not much changed since Charlie Thornhill had left England. Sir Frederick and Lady Marston dispensed their usual hospitalities in the country, and participated in the pleasures of legislation in the town. Lady Elizabeth Montagu Mastoden was as great, as vulgar, and as good as ever, and continued to revere the mighty master whom she had married. Robinson Brown, père et fils, were as gorgeous as ever in their separate lines: the former the solemn and gloomy larva, the vital principle of the latter, the useless and tawdry butterfly. There were the same balls, and the same people at them night after night. The same opera, and the same singers. The Rotten Row more rotten than ever. The same Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot and Goodwood, and the same horses, four years old instead of three. A few men, supposed to be good, were gone, gone to the bad: others, long supposed to be bad, were still to the good. Wilson Graves had never been heard of more; his servant was amusing himself in the Penitentiary. Lord Carlingford told every one he was ruined, and gone to Rome to retrench. The same lady headed his establishment, and with the exception of his Melton expenses, it was difficult to believe him. There were drawing-rooms, and levees, as usual; and a few new scandals.

Here and there really a man or woman overboard, but the great vessel of the state passed on its way. Excepting by Mint, Chalkstone, Palmer & Co., Charlie was nearly forgotten. Tom still kept his head to the wind, and breasted the opinions and the innuendos of the British public. And what did it say of him? That he was almost ruined: Impossible! Listen however to excellent authority. Scene, Punters, at 2 A.M.

‘What’s Thornhill lost this season?’

‘Five and twenty thousand.’

‘You don’t say so:’ the speaker sighed, that he had not twenty-five thousand to lose.

‘Fact: Thornhills is mortgaged all over. Came from old Stamp the lawyer: Tom goes to Como at the end of the season.’

‘Sorry for it: he’s a capital fellow, and always stands a rattler on a good thing. Is there any truth about him and Dacre’s eldest daughter?’ Here the speaker looked at his own person, boots especially, by the flaming gas-light.

‘Not a word: the old lady did her best, but caught the younger brother, which wouldn’t do at all. I should think they’re sorry they let him go now: he’s the best spec of the two. He’s gone into Mint and Chalkstone’s house, and he’ll have all his uncle’s money.’ *Magna est veritas et prævalebit.* Mrs. Dacre was, and had been, in piteous plight. Both husband and daughters thwarted her schemes and ruined her hopes. Mr. Dacre would not see the miseries of a match with the younger son; and supported Alice in her semi-rejection of the elder. Tom Thornhill with a clear unencumbered estate was the man of his county. Tom Thornhill deeply dipt, with a reputation growing worse, and a passion for gambling, which not even the heaven-born beauty of Alice Dacre could subdue; Tom Thornhill, of Thornhills, unable to live on his estate; with the place coming to the hammer, and his affairs in the hand of Stamp, the great family lawyer and agent to half the nobility. Tom Thornhill, on the steps of Crockford’s, cursing his fate, or sitting dolefully in his rooms in the Albany, was a different man to the Tom Thornhill the world beheld at St. James’s; at the Clubs; at Tattersall’s; on the Heath; or in the field. Cheerful, generous, charming; no man saw the invisible spectre, that walked arm in arm with his prey.

One only, and she most interested in never seeing it: Alice Dacre. From the earliest day of their intimacy she had seen it all. It was the vice that most shocked her, as incurable. And in spite of it all, no sooner was she assured of his preference, than she loved him. And then she hoped against hope. He surely cared less for play. He was more in society, less at the card-table. She saw him everywhere: where was his time for the indulgence of this fatal passion? Surely it was *chassé* by another and a purer influence. Alice had great faith in her father; and Mr. Dacre deceived neither himself nor his daughter. Mrs. Dacre would have deceived both. So Tom Thornhill proposed in form, and was formally refused.

The misfortune of such a case is this: that no one can bell the cat. No one told Tom Thornhill why he was rejected by the woman that manifestly loved him. Peasants would have known the truth: but it's not the way of the great world. So he turned and went away sorrowing; but bitter. She was capricious, cold, incomprehensible. At Gilsland he was an idol, debased, broken, prostrate but he was an idol still.

And then Alice grew sad and thoughtful; and her eyes grew dim, and her figure more pliant: she was evidently bowed. And she sought not counsel, but love, from Edith; and the tree began to be supported by the tendrils that had clung to it in earlier times.

There had been a grand ball at St. James's—the last of the season. The Dacres were returning towards Grosvenor Street. Near the top of St. James' Street the crowd of carriages had become great, and a dead stoppage ensued. The place was alive with gas, illuminations, and people: it was as light as day. The girls were looking anxiously at the crowd, which scarcely separated to let their horses through, when they heard two young men of their acquaintance beneath the carriage window, in close conversation:—

'No, no; it was about a card, I tell you: they were playing piquet, and he laid him five thousand to one. I think that fellow Harlington took an unfair advantage, as Tom threw down his cards, considering it a certainty. However, what was to be done? He wrote him a cheque for the money, and wouldn't hear of a drawn game. Thornhills must go, and it has been in the family ever since James the First.'

'Charles the Second,' said Sir Herbert Cardstone, whose baronetage dated from the former monarch, and who was a little tenacious of any unjust encroachment on the privileges of that most pedantic and eccentric king. 'What a charming place it is! I should like to become——' At this moment his companion caught sight of the Dacres' carriage, and stopped the conversation abruptly.

Alice looked up, and at that moment, on the steps of the most notorious gambling-house in town, she saw the haggard face of her rejected lover: his whole air was one of dejection and faded excitement. His handsome features were drawn, and his eyes had assumed an unearthly size.

He was looking without seeing, laughing without a smile, whilst his companions talked rapidly. She had not seen him for some weeks, and he was aged ten years. Edith followed her sister's eyes, and as she took her cold hand in hers, she felt the silent tears drop noiselessly upon her naked wrist. From that day they talked no more of the ruined gambler. By the end of the season Thornhills was in the market, and its owner was alone at Como.

About the same time Charles Thornhill sent for an English groom. He got the next thing to it, an Irish one; and his name was Daly.

THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE OF FOX-HUNTING.

OH! don't you remember, the 1st of November, 18— (we will leave you to fill up the blank space) when you donned your maiden pink, with continuations of corduroy, leather or moleskin, and stood surveying yourself some half-hour in the mirror, before descending to the breakfast-room of your host, where ample provision had been made for expected fox-hunting neighbours, on the opening day of the season? Can you ever forget—though years may have rolled over your head since that day—the joyous extatic feelings of delight with which your heart bounded when, on entering that room, the approving smile of the beautiful Julia, your host's youngest daughter, met your inquiring look? Oh! no—whatever ills or woes betide us in after life, the remembrance of our first love, and first day's hunting, holds still the uppermost place in the storeroom of our memory however crowded with other unwelcome guests. Whilst our young hearts beat lightly and spirits run high, that is the season of our greatest enjoyment, of the sports and amusements of this world, before the day arrives, when with Solomon we are obliged to confess 'we have no longer any pleasure in them.' Careless—confiding—unsuspicious youth! How soon are those bright dreams of happiness dispelled, when the stern realities of life succeed, showing the hollow professions of men, we once esteemed our dearest friends, and perchance the fickleness of woman. Yet with old Horace we may exclaim, *Carpe diem quam minima credulus postero*. Enjoy life whilst you can, not too anxious or sanguine about what may follow to-morrow. It may be that you have now passed the age of man, the threescore years and ten, generally allotted to our mortal existence, in this sublunary world, and that your fox-hunting career commenced under the auspices of the Father of the Chase, during the last season of his tenure of office in the Quorndon country, when the hunting of the fox was the fashion of that time. Many changes and different opinions with regard to the *modus operandi* have taken place since then, our modern Nimrods asserting that our fathers were only groping in the dark, as to the object of their pursuit—and this is true enough in one point of view—for their fox was often found before daylight, and run to ground after sunset, whence he was to be dislodged by aid of pickaxe and shovel, under the struggling moon-beam's misty light—the Master, with his companions in buckram, standing by the while, and exclaiming 'Embowelled will I see thee by-and-by.'

We are constrained to acknowledge the last century to have been, in one sense, the dark age of fox-hunting; but the first glimmering of that light, which has since been fanned into a blazing flame, by their descendants, was discovered by our forefathers—the system of kennel management and breeding of hounds. The first rudiments of the noble science originated with Meynell, and other

mighty Nimrods of his time, with whom commenced the hunting of the fox. I say *hunting*, in opposition to the present system of racing him to death, the motto of old fox-hunters being—To be fairly found, fairly hunted, and fairly killed. To the latter term, exception may be taken by some, who think a fox never ought to be dislodged from the place in which he has taken refuge. Our grandpapas thought otherwise, and acted very differently. They gave their fox fair play at starting, which we do not—fair play in hunting him regularly and patiently through all difficulties—which we do not—and fair play in winding him up at last—which we never do. But if, after all this show of fair play to the wily animal, he displayed himself the artful dodger by going to ground, they, in retaliation for this ungrateful trick, and so much forbearance shown on the part of his pursuers,—‘had him out.’

Our forefathers also considered the chase incomplete without a full choir of melodious notes, from the throats of some fifty or hundred couples of hounds; and it has been related of the great Mr. Meynell, that on his first entrance upon the Quorn country, his hunting pack consisted of the latter number. Well may we imagine this concert of two hundred tongues to have thrilled through their ears with rapturous delight, awaking reviving nature with their musical strains, on the first dawn of day, their cry re-echoing through the wooded dells, and borne far and wide upon the rising breeze! This grand chorus must have been very fine; but Mr. Meynell lived to discover and amend the errors of his early days in this respect, and to agree with Somerville, that this immense number of hounds in the field was a

‘Pompous incumbrance! a magnificence
Useless, vexatious! for the wily fox,
Safe in the increasing number of his foes,
Kens well the great advantage.’

Meynell’s career as a Master of fox-hounds, terminated, I believe, in the first year of the present century, and I should mark the first quarter, or thirty years of that century, as the golden age of fox-hunting—as productive of more scientific, first-class gentlemen huntsmen than any succeeding years can boast. None have surpassed or have equalled in their knowledge of the noble science—the exact time to bear and forbear—the time to press, and the time to relax their hold upon the hounds—the squires of that time, Assheton Smith, Osbaldeston, and Musters—they were shining lights of that period whose feats through flood and field will never be eclipsed. And what a phalanx of other minor stars, of less brilliancy in execution, though not less talented in other respects, does not the recollection of the past bring to our mind, as then handling their own hounds! Lords Elcho, Kintore, Ducie, and Gifford; the Hon. Grantley Berkeley, Nicholl, Foljambe, Codrington, Wyndham, Thompson, a second Tom Smith, J. Russell, and many other Masters of less notoriety, whose names

may not be so well known to the public. With these men fox-hunting was conducted on scientific principles, and a fox-chase never considered complete without a display of the natural instinct of the hound, in finding, working, hunting, and running his game—his huntsman ready with talent to assist him at the proper time, and discrimination to see when that assistance was really needed. Riding and mobbing a fox to death formed no part of their system.

In making these remarks, no reflection is intended upon huntsmen of the present time, many of whom have as much zeal for the sport, and know what *ought* to be done, if *allowed* the opportunity of doing it. Neither do we mean to detract from the merits of the horse or hound of the present age, which are perhaps as well bred as their progenitors; but there is a laxity in their education—both horses and hounds are not prepared in a general sense for the hunting field as those were in former days; the steeple-chasing mania is too much in vogue to admit of training horses for hunting, and hounds are not permitted to make use of their noses. Then we come to the field—a large heterogeneous body of horsemen, congregated at some fashionable meet rather with the object of killing time than of seeing a fox killed—sporting men, not sportsmen—who know no more of the noble science than they do of the Japanese language, and don't care a straw about the working of the hounds—all they care about or want is a gallop. The fact is, that the great majority of the present generation lack the earnestness of their sires in all the business of life save making money or spending it. They go out fox-hunting, because it is the fashion, but are neither earnest in their love of the chase, or the love of woman, reminding one of the lines:—

‘What say our modern gentlemen:
Do Cupid's darts with poison fill us?
Oh! no. They tickle now and then;
But hang me! if they ever kill us.’

‘Well, Tom,’ asked an old sportsman of his son the other day, ‘what did you do from Tinker's Hill?’

‘Quick thing, sir, for twenty minutes—pace quite awful—lots of fellows came to grief. Fences, sir, like green-baize doors—couldn't see through them. I shan't show again till the leaves are down.’

‘Yes, Tom, the hedges are very green for the time of year; and so I suppose were more than half your field as to their notions of riding to hounds. But what of the pack; did they look well?’

‘Charming, sir. Sleek as moles.’

‘How did they work their fox?’

‘Never saw a hound, sir, after they left the gorse, except one confounded old brute, which got in my way at a bullfinch; and I believe my horse broke his back.’

‘Poor old Chaunter, perhaps?’

‘Not unlikely, sir; for he opened his pipes pretty loud when I went over him.’

‘ Ah! that’s a bad day’s work for you, my boy. The Squire will never forgive you, if he knows who killed old Chaunter.’

‘ He got in the way, sir—just in my line, and I could not pull up. Highflyer would have it.’

‘ Turn aside, Tom; never ride in upon the hounds; keep always wide of the pack, as I used to do. But there, it can’t be helped now: I must walk another couple of puppies for him. I suppose you made your bow to the Master?’

‘ Yes, sir; confound him! And he made his to me in a way I did not quite like.’

‘ How so?’

‘ Why, I was hallooing the fox, thinking to do him a service thereby, when he rode up to me, and, lifting his hat, said—“Thank you, sir, for your kind intentions, but I pay three men for doing that which you are attempting.”’

‘ A polite reproof, Tom, for meddling in his servants’ business. I dare say you were hallooing the wrong fox, and doing mischief, for which some Masters would have thanked you in different language. Well, did you see Alice Ashton?’

‘ Yes, at a distance, surrounded by half a dozen Crimean heroes.’

‘ Ah! she’s a charming girl, Tom, reminding me of your poor mother when she was about her age: it makes my heart glow to look at her. Why, aren’t you half in love with her already?’

‘ No, governor. Fellows don’t fall over head and ears in love with a handsome woman now-a-days, as they did in your time. It don’t pay, that sort of thing—marrying a pretty girl for her beauty only. Money, sir, money is all we think of; and if Alice had lots of the needful, I might perhaps take the trouble of making advances in that direction. But as for love in a cottage, it’s exploded, sir, like that puff of my weed—*Tenues evanescit in auras*, as we were taught at Eton; clean gone, sir—out of sight and out of date.’

‘ Ah!’ muttered the governor, ‘things have come to a pretty pass in the old country. No wonder that they are shipping cargoes of young women to the colonies.’

The chief object of the present generation is to kill time and annihilate space. Every man is in a violent hurry about his own business, be that what it may. Half London is under-tunnelled to save a few moments—perhaps half an hour at the outside—to meet this universal mania: the speed of the railroad is not sufficient. Telegrams are barely sufficient to pander to this morbid appetite; and, in the name of common sense, to what purpose is all this inordinate haste? as if time did not flit sufficiently fast already. The man of trade tells us, ‘Time is money;’ that is, he considers every minute lost in travelling or receiving the earliest information on his particular matters is so much loss of money to him. Reuter’s office is besieged to learn the earliest information of what they are doing in foreign parts, to serve the purpose of money-making speculations in the rise and fall of the funds; and this restless spirit, impatient of check or delay, pervades the hunting-field also. ‘Pace,’

'pace, pace,' is the one universal cry amongst modern fox-hunters. They say,—

'Our fathers talk of hunting. Let them.
We only want quick bursts, and get them.'

The noble science is considered as an obsolete doctrine, incompatible with the more enlightened ideas of the present age. All the men of talent and literature—science—heroes—heroines of the past—authors, historians, poets—are all *muffs*; and one mad fellow of a bishop denounces the whole Pentateuch, or five books of Moses, as mere fiction. And why? Because he cannot comprehend how all the beasts, birds, and reptiles, from north, south, east, and west, were brought to Noah's ark, and kept there. Has this very conceited, self-opiniated sceptic ever visited the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, and asked how all these beasts, birds, and reptiles got there? He also doubts how Noah and his three sons made hay for so much cattle, and where they stowed it! Perhaps he questions the authenticity of the New Testament as well as the Old. If not, he will find his answer in the five thousand and four thousand people who were fed from five and seven loaves and a few fishes. We have longed for an opportunity of knocking his pamphlet about the ears of this second Judas in lawn sleeves, and scattering it to the winds of heaven. But such discussions not being permitted in 'Baily,' we leave him to be punished and exposed by more clever pens than ours, concluding our present article with some quaint old manuscript verses anent hunting, although not very flattering to the 'noble science.'

HUNTERS' FOLLIES.

Some dames there be, that will disdeyne
Poor child to feede or handle,
Yet 'file themselves with frisking currs :
Yea, pamper them, and dandle.
How many may we see that spende
Fivefould as much, or moare,
Upon their doggis, or on their hawkes,
Than they doe on the poore.
But worst it is, that all this charge
Is to so ill amende:
Namely, to only have a meanes,
Thereby the dayes to spende,
In vanytye, or sport, wherein
Is no true gayne or pleasure ;
And yet therewith consume theyr tyme,
Their chiefest worldly treasure.
True pleasures ought, for true respect,
Some good thereby to growe,
But from these common hunting sportes
Great harmes insue and flowe :
As, first, the charge ; then waste of tyme ;
The toyle of man and horse ;
The damages to neighbor done
In hedges, corn, and grasse.
What gayne and glory can it be,
For twenty doggis at once

The silly, harmless, hartles hare
 To kill and eat, but hoanes ?
 'Tush !' will they say, 'it is not gayne
 That we respect, but crye,
 That to our eares we finde to be
 Most pleasant mellodye.'
 This answer is a mere conceyte,
 Without all salt and season,
 And framed of a fantasie
 Without all sense or reason.
 For why may not another man
 From croakinge of the frogges,
 Conceyve as much delighe as you
 From barking of your dogges ?
 Yea, greater reason may he yelde,
 His judgment to mayntayne,
 For that his pleasure is obteynde
 Without all charge or payne ;
 Or without harme to other men,
 When yours it is annoye,
 As well to neighbor, as yourselfe,
 Though things they do distroye ;
 Which, weyed with the stinking staires
 And brauls in house they make,
 The wisest shunn them after prooffe,
 And clevely them forsake.
 Yet huntinge I must needs commende
 In some degree and sorte,
 To be an honest, gainfull, and
 A necessary sporte.
 As for to kill, and quyte destroye
 The otter gray and fox,
 That spoyle our fishe, our lambs and sheepe,
 Duckes, turkeys, hens and cockes ;
 As well for that they do therebye
 Our sustenance mayntayne,
 As that they cares us do requyte
 Our labor with a gayne.
 Provided yett, that dogges therefore
 In number nor expense,
 Excede not so, as that the salve,
 Than sore give more offence ;
 And that you do not covett more
 That vermyn should encrease
 Then through theyr quite destruction
 Your huntinge sport should cease.

(To be continued.)

THE TARPORLEY WEEK.

THANKS to the hospitable invitation of an old acquaintance in Cheshire, I had lately an opportunity of seeing, for the first time, a pack of whose performances in the field I had read so much, both in prose and verse. The occasion was one of peculiar interest : it was not only the Tarporley Week, but a hundred years had elapsed since the establishment of the Tarporley Hunt Club, and its centenary anniversary was now about to be celebrated.

On Tuesday, the 4th of November, I met the hounds at Ox-Heys Farm. The field was not so large as I had been led to expect; and among them the Master, Lord Grosvenor, and other members of Tarporley were conspicuous in their 'collars of green.' Collison, who hunts them now for the first season, looks exactly the sort of servant that a Master of Foxhounds would wish to possess—light in the saddle, a good and temperate horseman, quick in getting away to his fox, and very keen for sport. His hounds were in fine condition, and seemed as fit for work as himself. We found in Page's Wood, and the fox, after making a circuit of the covert, went quickly away through Philo Gorse, left Oulton Park to the left, and was shortly afterwards run to ground.

A second fox was found in Oulton Low, and a skurry, short and fast, brought us again to Oulton Park, which we crossed at a racing pace; but the hounds checked on reaching the Park wall. I have observed that a Park wall invariably causes a difficulty, more so than either a canal or a railway. Is it that a fox never crosses it directly, but that he runs along the top for some distance before he drops on the other side? Some time elapsed before the hounds recovered the scent; the fox had doubled back towards his starting-point, and after hunting him with a cold scent past Little Budworth, we lost him in the direction of Wettenhall.

The day was not a favourable one for hunting; but if my experience entitles me to express an opinion, I venture to predict that this pack will, under Collison, show the County some right good sport.

On returning home with my friend, I learned, for the first time, some particulars of the Tarporley Hunt Club. When first organized, in 1762, the members met to amuse themselves with hare-hunting. Their number was afterwards increased, and the change of uniform from blue to scarlet, in the year 1769, indicates that at that time they took to fox-hunting.

I well remember the upright figure and the first-rate horsemanship of a quondam member of this Club, the late Lord Delamere, when, a guest at the Castle, he made his annual appearance in the Vale of Belvoir.

On Wednesday, the day of the Hunt Races, I rode to the course in Delamere Forest, where, previous to the race, a distribution of prizes had been advertised to take place in commemoration of the centenary anniversary. One was offered for the best four-year-old likely to make a hunter, one for the best pair of agricultural horses, and one for the best cart-mare. The competition for the two last brought together a very superior show of animals, and though it was a point of some difficulty to select the one among them to which the experienced eye and judgment of Colonel Cotton and Captain White would award the prize, their decisions appeared to give universal satisfaction. The Hunters' Stakes were won by Mr. Shakerley's Witch; and a capacious silver bowl, with two goblets and fifty pounds added, was carried off by a well-bred chestnut mare belonging to Mr. Kay.

On Wednesday night, I understand, there is usually a larger gathering of members in the Club dining-room than on any other in the week.

On Thursday night a ball, which had been the absorbing subject of conversation since I had been in the County, was given by the members of Tarporley Hunt. Invitations had been sent to all resident within the limits of the Hunt. A ticket had been reserved for me by my friend; and though aware that the pages of 'Baily' are not usually the vehicle for 'fashionable intelligence,' yet I venture to hope that I may be allowed space for a short account of this very sporting ball.

The ball was held at the old Royal Hotel in Chester, and certainly in some respects it was unlike any other ball I ever attended, particularly as regards the decoration of the room. Many of your readers may probably have seen how often such attempts at decoration degenerate into vulgarity. The embellishments usually are limited to a 'Tally ho!' a 'Success to Fox-hunting!' and to a pair of fox's brushes, stuck and stiffly crossed over the chimney wall.

On entering the ball-room at Chester, the general effect was particularly agreeable to the eye, and though on examination every detail was appropriate either to this particular Hunt or to the noble science, there was yet nothing which could offend the most fastidious taste, or which did not add to the harmony of colour that pervaded the room. At the extreme end were hung two full-length portraits, one of Mr. Smith Barry and one of Sir Peter Warburton, which had been removed for the occasion from the Tarporley Club-Room. Over each chimney-piece was a large oil-painting representing the badge of the Hunt; a white swan, encircled by the motto, 'Quæsitum meritis.' Other scrolls, both on the walls, and on the orchestra front, were inscribed, in illuminated letters, with quotations from the hunting songs of their poet-laureate, Mr. Warburton of Arley, among which I read—

' May the sport we ensure
Many seasons endure,
And the Chief of our chase be Le Gros Veneur!'

In the centre of the orchestra was a circular wreath of gorse flowers, from which projected a fox's head in full relief.

The red-coats of the members helped much to enliven the scene, and I observed that several ladies did honour to the occasion by adopting the Hunt colours for their ball dresses.

All, from the Lord-Lieutenant of the County down to the youngest ensign from the barracks, appeared fully to enjoy the evening. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was among the guests, seemingly as free from care as the merriest dancer in the room, looked as if he shared in the happiness of all around him. Possibly, though no fox-hunter himself, he may have been calculating with inward satisfaction the amount which a pack of fox-hounds and the number of horses necessarily employed contribute to the resources of the

country. I did not forget to drink 'Success to Tarporley Hunt!' in a bumper of champagne, which I found well worthy of the commendations bestowed upon it by my companions in the supper-room.

My engagements obliged me to leave Cheshire the next morning; and, as I journeyed homewards, I could not help reflecting how much such a Club as that of Tarporley must tend to promote good feeling and good fellowship among the gentry of the County; and as a lover of the sport I was pleased to think how favourable an impression such an entertainment as the one I have recorded would leave on the minds of many who could in no other way have been associated with the hunting-field.

PEREGRINUS.

P.S.—I enclose a copy, just received, of a song written for the occasion by Mr. Warburton, and which was sung, as I am told, after dinner on the Wednesday in Tarporley Week.

TARPORLEY SWAN-HOPPING.

November 6th, 1862.

When a Swan takes to singing they say she will die,
But our Tarporley Swan proves that legend a lie;
For a hundred years past she has swung at this door,
May she swing there and sing there a thousand years more!

Rara avis in terris our Swan, though not black,
White as snow are the feathers she wears on her back;
Still her flock, in November full-feathered, are seen
Resplendent in plumage of scarlet and green.

Heralds say she is sprung from that White Swan of yore
Which our Sires at Blore Heath to the battle-field bore;
Quæsitum meritis, loyal and true,
When their swords Cheshire men for Queen Margaret drew.

To and fro in her flight she has travers'd the Vale,
She has lov'd on an ocean of claret to sail;
Whate'er takes her fancy she thinks it no sin,
So her dancing days, now she's a hundred, begin.

You have heard in your youth of the Butterfly's Ball,
How the birds and the beasts she invited them all;
The Tarporley Swan, not a whit less gallant,
Invites all her friends to a Soirée dansante.

Lest her flock at the Ball should themselves misbehave,
The old Swan thus a lecture on etiquette gave:
'Though, my sons, o'er the Vale you make light of a fall,
Beware how you make a false step at the Ball.

'You must all in good feather be drest for the night,
Let not the Swan neck-tie be tied over tight;
Each his partner may fan with the tip of his wing,
Patent pumps for web feet will be quite the right thing.

'Expand not your pinions, 'twere folly to try,
In vain would their vastness with crinoline vie;
Let no rude neck outstretch'd o'er the table be seen,
Nor stand dabbling your bills in the supper tureen.

‘When you sail down the middle, or swim through a dance,
With grace and with stateliness, Swan-like, advance,
Let your entrance, your exit no waddle disclose,
But hold all your heads up, and turn out your toes.

‘In the Chace, in the Chair, you to whom we all bow,
On the shelf leave at Calveley your hunting horn now,
You must not shout “Away” when the dance is begun,
Nor hollo, excited, “Whoo-hoop” when ’tis done.

‘White, the only white bird that I have in my flock,
Though his plumage he varies oftentimes as a jock,
Still among the first flight, to the Ladies’ delight,
He may give them a lead in the “galop” to-night.

‘Since the article grown in the States is so dear,
I will show the choice Cotton, home-grown, I have here,
And the Ladies will own, I may venture to bet,
They have ne’er seen a sample to equal it yet.

‘Geoffrey, my son! be this privilege thine,
Taking care that my guests be well furnish’d with wine,
To insure the champagne be the best you can buy,
You may dip your own bill in a bottle and try.

‘I make an exception in favour of one,
And excuse his appearance to-night as a Swan,
Let him come there to teach ’em the humours of France
And show them how Little Dogs, Little Dogs dance.

‘And you, naughty Tommy! come hither, my dear,
You who cut ducks and drakes on the water at Mere,
If a well-behaved Swan I will let you go loose,
But you’re no child of mine when you play the wild goose.

‘Was a mother with forty such sons ever blest?
Scarce a nook in the shire where they have not a nest;
I have two sons at Tatton, who fail not each year
To come home to Mama for a holiday here.

‘I’ve a Frank at Poole Hall and at Statham a John,
Very anxious am I to push both of them on,
Perchance at this Ball each may pick up a mate,
For so pretty a pair it is never too late.

‘T’other side of the Dee, in Welch Wales far away,
I’ve a beautiful bird that was bred at Wynnstay;
A fine one at Rufford, a finer at Stafford,
But the finest of all this fine flock is at Trafford.

‘From Sir Dicky, my son, who is eldest of all,
From Johnny, my second, at Withington Hall,
Down to Oulton’s young cygnet, as yet scarcely fledg’d,
To appear at the Ball, one and all, you are pledg’d.

‘To the counsel convey’d in these motherly words
Give heed, and I trust you will all be good birds;
I give you my blessing and bid you begone,
So away to the Ball with you, every one.’

CRICKET.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS' AVERAGES FOR 1862.

IN 'Baily,' of November, the past season's batting averages of seven of The Public School Elevens were inserted. We now complete the series by the insertion of those of Winchester and Rugby.

THE WINCHESTER ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES (1862).

H. Stewart	45 and 4 over	T. B. Hitchcock . . .	9 and 10 over
J. P. Young	25 and 4 over	W. E. Bryan	9 and 6 over
G. S. Streatfield . .	19 and 6 over	J. B. Allen	9 and 4 over
H. Foster	16 and 4 over	W. G. Marshall . . .	8 and 10 over
*C. J. Eden	11 and 5 over	M. J. Teesdale . . .	8 and 6 over
P. Thresher	10 and 5 over		

Professional, James Dean, Sen. (Sussex).

* Captain of The Eleven.

THE RUGBY ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES (1862).

	Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Most in One Innings.	Most in a Match.	Least in a Match.	Times not Out.	Average per Innings.	Over.
B. B. Cooper	15	24	700	141	141	14	4	35—0	
T. Case	19	30	525	77	82	2	2	18—21	
J. S. E. Hood	20	31	450	44	74	1	4	16—18	
G. P. Robertson . . .	20	30	489	70	70	4	0	16—9	
C. Marshall	15	22	327	51*	61	8	2	16—7	
W. F. Ashton	11	16	169	26	49	3	1	11—4	
H. V. Ellis	19	30	328	54	64	9	0	10—28	
G. A. Vander-Meulen .	19	30	278	45	72	3	4	10—18	
W. Lloyd	18	26	220	27	42	1	4	10—0	
R. H. Davis	17	26	181	26	40	2	6	9—1	
G. S. Owen	14	22	168	40	49	4	1	8—0	
R. Murray	19	28	182	26	29	0	3	7—7	

* Not out.

Mr. Cooper's 35 is the highest Rugby average made since 1854, when Mr. J. Kempson's average for 19 innings was 37 and 6 over.

THE RUGBY BOWLING AVERAGES (1862).

	Innings.	Balls Bowled.	Overs.	Runs.	Maidens Over.	Wickets.	Runs off each over.	Balls for each Wicket.	Over.	Runs for each Wicket.	Over.	Wide Balls.	No Balls.	Average per Innings.	Over.
B. B. Cooper	14	1104	276	496	71	55	1—220	20—	4	9—	1	0	0	3—13	
J. S. E. Hood	28	3720	930	974	452	97	1—44	38—34	10—	4	8	0	0	3—9	
G. P. Robertson . . .	9	728	182	215	70	33	1—33	22—	2	6—17	3	0	0	3—6	
G. S. Owen	17	2152	538	618	249	60	1—80	35—52	10—18	5	0	0	0	3—9	
R. Murray	8	772	193	245	85	20	1—52	38—12	12—5	15	0	0	0	2—4	

Professional, Alfred Diver.

Law X. is likely to have a very bad innings during the recess, and no true lover of cricket will sorrow if the mischief-maker is 'Clean bowled out.' 'Our rulers' as the ground men up at Lord's delight in terming the Committee of The Marylebone Club having agreed to take the said law into their judicial consideration, have very properly commenced proceedings by issuing a circular calling on the executive of the principal clubs in England for an answer to the following very important queries :—

'1.—Is it desirable to retain in the laws of cricket the restriction, which has so long existed, on the height of the hand in bowling ?

'2.—If not, would it be desirable to omit from Law X. all reference to the height of the hand, either at the moment of delivery or previous to delivery ?

'3.—If some restriction ought to be maintained, is the wording of Law X. sufficient for the purpose, provided umpires will do their best to enforce its provisions ?

'4.—If any change in the wording of Law X. should be considered desirable, should the tendency of such change be towards greater or less strictness in reference to the bowler's hand ?

'5.—Is it likely, under such a state of the case, that clubs, generally, would agree to support those umpires who endeavour to carry out the spirit of the laws of cricket to the best of their judgment ?

These are grave questions, requiring cautious and well-studied answers. One thing is certain, that if it is determined to rigidly enforce Law X. as it now stands—nine out of ten of the left-handed bowlers throughout the country will be disfranchised. The Notts Committee have already decided and unanimously resolved to recommend, 'That the restriction, now existing, on the height of the hand in bowling, as laid down in Law X., be abolished ; but that throwing or jerking be discountenanced.' It will be curious to note the answers from the other clubs. In the mean time we leave this all-important subject in the judicial hands of a body of English gentlemen, whose practical knowledge of the working of this and other laws, conjoined to their known devotion to the fine old game, assures us that alterations required will be effected, albeit, we think their verdict—when it comes—would have been more satisfactory to the cricketers of England, had they called to their councils the free discussion and votes of a representative from the two Universities and each cricketing county in England.

Mr. Dark has announced his list of ground men at Lord's for 1863. They are—Grundy, Wootton, Nixon jun., Bignall, Biddulph (all 5 from Notts), George Chatterton, Caleb Robinson, Thomas Hearne, and George Baker. The fresh hands are Bignall and Biddulph : the latter will materially strengthen the club and ground matches, as his wicket-keeping is unquestionably good, and a season's practice on Lord's ground is precisely what this promising young 'Keeper of the Sticks' requires, and cannot fail to make him A 2. As to Bignall he is a young bowler of great promise. In the Nottingham Colt match played last April we shall not easily forget how his bowling 'worked up' The County Eleven in their first innings ; Bignall 'bowled' James Chatterton and Shaw, and from his bowling, Brampton, Clarke, Richard Daft, George Parr, Grundy, and Biddulph were caught, that is, he took 8 wickets out of 10 ; Bignall's analysis in that match stood thus :—

Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wides.	No Balls.	Wickets.
30	16	26	0	0	8

and this against The Nottingham County Eleven ; so there is some good bowl-

ing stuff in him, and his and Biddulph's engagements at Lord's evidence the desire of Mr. Dark to encourage rising talent.

The Surrey Averages for 1862 have come to light: they are not up to the old Surrey form, and the bowling figures plainly show us Surrey's weak point last season. The introduction of Whale next season would be of infinite service to the county we are convinced. It is a matter of regret to all who delight in good cricket to find that The Nottingham and Surrey County match is not to be played next season. We hope the difficulties will be surmounted and the matches played, as in these days of nondescript matches against 22's, we can ill spare so fine a contest as The Notts and Surrey Eleven against Eleven.

'The Averages for 1862,' Fred Lillywhite's 'Cricketer's Guide,' and his second volume of 'Scores and Biographies,' will each and all be published in the course of a week or so.

We can glean nothing new respecting the second visit of an English Eleven to Australia.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.

November Notions and Notices.—Chops and Changes in the Chase.—Stud Statistics.—Exhibition Whips.—Lord Portsmouth's Pictures, and Racing Rumours.

NOVEMBER will this year, at all events, escape the usual imputation of dullness. And if fogs have been the order of the day in the City, the West End has been lighted sufficiently without the aid of gas, for anybody conversant with sporting matters to complain of vacuity in that hemisphere. In fact, in that quarter Reindeers were the Guy Fawkeses of the million, and to the newspapers the dispute was a greater godsend than the Road Murder, or the Bank Robberies, inasmuch as the parties concerned in it all belonged to the upper ten thousand, and did not disguise themselves by the signatures of 'Honestas,' 'Amicus,' or 'Justitia,' but came forth under their own proper baptismal callings. As everybody contradicted everybody, the correspondence promised to last over Christmas; but at last even the ammunition in the Admiral's Flag-ship was expended, and a cessation of hostilities by all the combatants agreed to. Much has been said and written on the subject of the disputed wager, and it is hardly to be expected we can be silent upon it; although we are so surfeited with the word itself, that during a stroll the other morning in the Zoological Gardens, a reindeer being pointed out to us by a keeper, we cut him so short in a lecture he was about to deliver to us on the manners and customs of the race, that he must have formed a very strange opinion of our temperament; and obstinately refusing to hear a syllable, we quitted the Gardens, as if they had been suddenly converted into a practice ground for Whitworths or Armstrongs. According to our own views, the whole affair was a 'Comedy of Errors' from beginning to end, and the real heading of it ought to have been 'Much Ado about Nothing;' for if two or three gentlemen at a friend's house, cannot win or lose between five or ten pounds each, without all Europe being agitated about it, then there is an end to society. And our readers will scarcely credit the fact that, beyond the fancy bet of Mr. Ten Broeck's, the whole sum involved in the dispute as to the spelling of the two words, did not exceed fifty-five pounds. In olden days such a sum, or even ten times such a one, would have been lost with indifference, and paid without hesitation; and, therefore, the mixing it up with the Tarragona Inquiry is, to our minds at least, very bad taste, and alto-

gether uncalled for. We trust, however, the matter is now buried in oblivion ; although, from the foolish measure adopted by a portion of the Jockey Club against 'Argus,' it is just possible the whole may be reproduced as an Easter piece. This is by no means desirable ; but the Club will only have themselves to thank for it, inasmuch as it is foolish to suppose that so vital a principle as the liberty of the Press can be extinguished, for so trivial a cause, at the instance of a quintette of persons. And so we take leave of the topic for more genial and seasonable ones.

The Racing of the Month has been of that character which the reporters term hybrid, the jumpers, as at Astley's, varying the exhibitions of the regular performers. And, judging by the accounts which have reached us, 'the second season,' to employ a theatrical phrase, has been as successful as its promoters could desire ; and jockeys and trainers will be glad of their holidays—the former to give full play to their appetites, and the latter to have a little time for hunting, coursing, shooting, and the few country amusements which come within their scope. On the whole, the season has been a strikingly good one, and in our next we shall review its leading features. But, in dealing with the three chief Meetings which have taken place since the Houghton, we may truly observe that each has been distinguished by its great characteristic, viz., Worcester by its rain, Liverpool by its cold, and Shrewsbury by its frost. At each the same stereotyped list of visitors were present, but the local fashionables were absent, and the Stands exhibited a beggarly list of empty boxes. At Worcester, for the great Handicap, Aurelian, the most unlucky of horses since Newcourt, was thought to be 'real jam,' and good enough to plunge upon. But Balham was too quick on his legs, and too much for him, as he beat him in the commonest of canters, and sent John Day home rejoicing to his pet Canary, who had no end of 'fanciers' for Liverpool. The Upton and Severn Steeple Chases followed Worcester, and the same company adjourned to assist at them. But they were hardly equal to former years. And we must confess we gave Mr. Rowlands credit for being a better practitioner, and topographer, than to go out of his course, and lose a race he had won. However, as he submitted with so good a grace to the awards against him, all we can do is to wish him better luck another time. Liverpool is gradually improving, and The Autumn Cup seems to be a hit. For 'Gardening operations' nothing could be more appropriate than the ground, which regularly held Canary, and did not serve Dulcibella, whose friends had waited for her with a degree of exemplary patience that merited a better reward. Loud as was the outcry made against her not running for The Cæsarewitch, it will be seen, by the way Hartington stuck to her here, she would have had no chance with him in that race. And it would perhaps have been better if Lord Stamford had put up with his forestalling for The Great Yorkshire Handicap at Doncaster, and run her there, for then she would in all probability have pulled him through. Those who recollected The Gardener at York, and saw John Peart bidding for him for a friend, who was only done out of him by a head, he having gone as far as 135 guineas, and Mr. Johnson knocked him down for 140, would never have recognized him again. Then he really resembled a frozen-out Gardener in Berkeley Square, and now he looked as if he had got into a real good place, with plenty to eat and drink, and not too much to do. The consequence was, that with a three-year old weight on him he came through from end to end, and won in a canter. But although he won so easily, with a high weight, the following week he cut a very indifferent figure ; and we should not be surprised if we had seen his

'best cuttings.' Lord Westmorland, we believe, was near having him in his service; and he would have been useful to him with his young horses at Findon. John Osborne also was not a little pleased with his victory, as he is such a patron of The Cure, and this is the first one that has ever stayed over a distance of ground. It may be, however, he derives this quality from his dam, who was a great favourite with Sir Charles Monck. Shrewsbury, we confess, we hardly know how to deal with, so radically sweeping has been the Reform Bill which Mr. Frail has carried in respect to it; and even the oldest patrons of the 'Raven' and 'Bell' could not recognize the Meeting. But for the heading of the List, the reader might really have imagined he was at Newmarket, for Lord Stamford, the leading Steward, was assisted by Judge Clarke, Mr. Manning, and Mr. Marshall. The Handicaps were of marvellous purity and correctness. Not an anchor was down during the four days; and to prevent the recipients of the Stakes from being paid in the forged notes which had not yet come into the Bank of England, Mr. Frail, with one stroke of his pen, did away with a paper currency, and substituted a gold one. Such a measure of course created no small amusement in the Ring, and the owner of The Bounding Brick gave expression to his views upon it, in a manner that showed him to be a sound financier, and a correct judge of character. The racing, which lasted from morn till dewy eve, was quite of a Newmarket character, owners having every course to choose from, so that stayers and non-stayers had an equal chance given them of paying their expenses.

With the Epsom Division Shrewsbury has always been a favourite *locale* for reproducing animals that have been generally imagined to be consigned to the boilers of Mr. Arthur Heathcote; but on this anniversary none of the old favourites were served up, and M. Philippe must have been surprised at being done out of his annual trip. Frail himself, we are given to understand, never appeared to greater advantage, and said that at last he was thoroughly appreciated. By his performance in getting two hundred horses together that would otherwise have been shut up in their stables, he has fairly stamped himself as 'the E. T. Smith' of his order, and a benefactor to the city. And the higher step in municipal honours to which he aspires we have no doubt will be cheerfully conferred upon him. A Frail Mayor is hardly a desideratum, but at Shrewsbury we would desire no better; for it is singular, as in the case of Mr. Hatfield at Doncaster, and others we could mention, that racing officials always make excellent corporate servants.

Having shut up our racers in their stables, we will now turn to the hunting field, for which we find Messrs. Mason, Anderson, Murray, and Darlby as ready as John Scott, John Day, Isaac Woolcott, the Dawsons, and Godding are in the spring. Charlie Simmonds also has his usual sort 'of long and low, close to the ground, thick as a woolpack, and stayers for a moon,' ready for the Oxonians, whose Parents and Guardians need never mind those they are interested in dealing with him. Jem Mason now takes a long adieu of Mount Street, and, 'Pooled' up to his eyes, once more becomes a Leicestershire Pilot. By all the accounts that have reached us, there is every prospect of a good season; but the announcement of Lord Stamford's retirement from The Quorn, which appears in his official organ, is an event of too much importance to be passed over silently. To Leicestershire the loss will be very severe, as no Master has done the country so well. And if his Lordship has occasionally had his whims and fancies, he might be fairly permitted to be indulged in them, when the quantity of sport he shows is considered. The Mastership of The Quorn is one of the most difficult offices for a

Sportsman to hold, inasmuch as he must have a certain amount of *prestige* about him, and he has to please the most fastidious set of critics in the world—men who have lived in the golden age of Leicestershire under Masters whose names have become household words in the county. Throughout Lord Stamford's *régime* nothing has been wanting to show sport, and we doubt if the country will be ever done better. A Noble Viscount closely connected by marriage with a popular adjoining Master, and early associations with Melton, has been named as his successor, but as yet no formal steps have been taken in the matter.

The five death vacancies among the Masters of Hounds have been thus filled up: Lord Yarborough's by his son, the present Earl, and Lord Willoughby de Broke's by the Hon. William North, who was associated with him; Mr. Luttrell steps into the shoes of his father, Colonel Luttrell, in the Somersetshire country; while Mr. Beddoes occupies Mr. Luther's place in Shropshire; and Mr. Cookson has been chosen in the room of Mr. Wilkinson for The Hurworth. The other changes are as follows:—Captain Peyton and Mr. Richardson have got The Bicester, *vice* Drake, retired, and Lord Malden succeeds Lord Lonsdale for the same cause; Mr. Pitman, of Taunton, a sportsman of the first order, has taken The South Berks, and The Craven men are in high spirits in having in Mr. Coxe, a Master who is sure to show sport and command their good-will; Mr. Tregonwell, of The Hursley, has been replaced by Mr. Standish, and Mr. Baker in The North Warwickshire by Mr. Milne; The Heythrop are in future to be hunted by a Committee, and The H. H. have been very fortunate in securing Mr. Deacon, from the Far West, to step into the shoes of Mr. Tredcroft; Mr. Hill's country near Scarborough has been taken by Mr. Harcourt Johnstone; and The South Down, in Sursex, vacant by the retirement of Mr. Donovan, will also be managed by a Committee. The above, we imagine, will be found to compose all the principal changes; and, as far as the public character of those concerned in them goes, there is no cause for cavil, but, on the contrary, for congratulation. As yet we have received but few returns of what hounds have been doing, but in our next we hope to commemorate 'many rattling 'good things,' and 'many excellent forty minutes.' Melton is filling fast, and all the old *habitués* will occupy their usual quarters. The York and Ainsty, under Sir Charles Slingsby, have begun well, but, owing to the slippery state of the ground last week, accidents were as plentiful with them as blackberries. The Hon. Robert Lawley, whose mind might well have been upset by the recent correspondence in which he has been engaged, and who was probably thinking of a Reindeer instead of a fox, had a very bad one on Monday week, by which he sustained a concussion of the brain. His recovery, however, is so far progressed that, as with Royal patients, no further bulletins will be issued. Lord Wenlock, his brother, strange to say, within a few minutes afterwards had also a spill through his horse stumbling, but, beyond splitting one ear like a terrier, and a few bruises, he sustained no further injury. Mrs. Walker, likewise, one of the finest horsewomen in Yorkshire, came to grief that day, with many others too numerous to mention. Lord Middleton's opening day on Langton Wold was a regular gala one, numbers of Sportsmen coming from a distance to show their respect to his Lordship, who seems far more desirous to conciliate public opinion than he was a few years back. Mr. Henry Hall, late Master of the Heythrop, and Bullock, the second Whip of The Holderness, we have to include in the obituary of the Month. The former had long ago achieved a great reputation as a Sportsman, and was likewise an Agriculturist of the highest order, and an

excellent member of society. Bullock, although he had been with Mr. Hall only five years, was held by him in the highest estimation, as was proved by his following him with his family to the grave. As with nine accidents out of ten in the hunting field, the fall which his horse gave him was over a small fence, and when picked up his skull was so fractured that no hopes were ever entertained of him. The Hurworth, with Mr. Cookson at their head and Tom Parrington as Huntsman, have had some first-rate sport, and, although the frost has been troublesome, they have been fortunate in their days. Foxes in most parts are plentiful, and, as the hounds both look and work well, and don't tire, there is every prospect, with open weather, of a rattling season. Returning South, we find Mr. Tailby has done nothing worth speaking of yet, but there is a good time coming for him we have no doubt; and his strongest supporters are, as usual, quartered at Market Harborough. And when we think how anxious the railways pretend to be to accommodate hunting men, we do hope there will be no more occasion for the dissatisfaction of last year about the few fast trains that run between there and London. Lord Southampton has had an address, signed by nearly four hundred gentlemen who have been in the habit of hunting with him, expressive of their gratitude for the sport he has afforded them for the last twenty years, and the proceeding is creditable to all parties. The agitation against Wire Fencing has been renewed in earnest, and the Duke of Rutland's efforts to put it down have been ably seconded by 'Cecil,' in 'Bell's Life,' and other eminent writers in 'The Field.' Lord Portsmouth, who had the good fortune to escape being mixed up in the Tarragona Inquiry, had a flattering recognition paid to him at his opening day at Eggesford House, which was thrown open for the occasion with true West Country hospitality; and his sport has been as good as the Devonians could desire.

The Bicester new establishment has worked exceedingly well, and the money laid out in horses and hounds has done them good service.

November being the month when breeders begin to be anxious about their studs, we must, in pursuance of our annual custom, take a bird's-eye view of what is going on in the paddocks, pointing out what chops and changes have taken place since last year; but we cannot help thinking that the days of Fifteen Hundred Guinea yearlings are over, as Mr. Merry is training off, and Lord Stamford and Colonel Towneley very sick, as they have wisely perceived that price is no criterion of excellence, and that the cheapest yearlings have done the best things. Were we ourselves in the position of Lord Stamford or Colonel Towneley, and purchased the same class of yearlings, we would eschew Handicaps altogether, and merely enter for the very large Produce Stakes, for which, by putting in two they would, in all probability, command them. Going through the career of the principal stallions, we may observe that, great as was Stockwell's career as a stallion last year, it has been totally eclipsed this season, as his stock have won somewhere about 34,000*l.* in stakes, being 10,000*l.* more than last year. Kingston comes next, but, good as the winnings of his stock are, they don't come to even half of Stockwell's, although he was lucky enough to have the winner of the Derby included in his lot. Then comes Newminster, with a good score of nearly 13,000*l.*, followed by Voltigeur, Orlando, &c., &c. But to Newminster's credit it may be said his two-year olds have been most successful, winning about 8,519*l.* in stakes, or more than double that of any other horse, and more than four times all the other stallions, with the exception of Old Sweetmeat and Kingston. And as these two stallions are dead, there is no wonder that the manager of the Rawcliffe establishment was so soon able to write 'Full' against Newminster's name for the season 1863. Amongst

the principal two-year olds Saccharometer stands first, with a very respectable score of over 3,000/., followed by Lord Clifden, Blue Mantle, and Cerintha in rotation, and some seven others. It has been our custom of late years to compare the winnings of the different studs as far as we could, and we find this year that the Rawcliffe stud have produced winners of 66 races, and the value of their stakes amounts to 9,600/. We also find that Her Majesty's and Mr. Greville's stud combined have won about 13,000/. Mr. Blenkiron was lucky enough to pull off The Derby with Caractacus, The Handicap at Bath, one at Stockton, besides some others of less note, making a pretty good score for him, as Caractacus alone has won about 7,500/. It is curious to observe that, out of the number of horses which start in the year, as far as we can ascertain, only about thirteen have exceeded the sum of 2,000/. as their winnings. And of course we need not say that the chief amongst these are The Marquis, Caractacus, Feu de Joie, and Hurricane, with Carisbrook and Saccharometer following close upon their heels, whilst there are twenty-seven winners of between 1,000/. and 2,000/. in stakes, or just double the number of larger winners.

The subjoined list of Winning Stallions and Winning Two-Year Olds will also be worth studying in these long winter nights, when the garotter takes his walks abroad on the look-out for a victim :—

PRINCIPAL WINNING STALLIONS, 1862.

	Races Won.	£.	s.
Stockwell	90	34,125	0
Kingston	49	16,648	0
Newminster.	57	12,874	0
Voltigeur	42	11,102	5
Orlando	71	10,436	0
Wild Dayrell	28	8,088	10
The Flying Dutchman	51	6,967	0
Sweetmeat	35	6,044	0
Longbow, Rifleman, King Tom, and Rataplan, over £5,000 each.			
Weatherbit, King of Trumps, and Touchstone, over £4,000 each.			
Teddington, Idle Boy, and Hesperus, over £3,000 each.			

PRINCIPAL WINNING HORSES, 1862.

	Races Won.	£.
The Marquis, by Stockwell	2	8,550
Caractacus, by Kingston	2	7,575
Feu de Joie, by Longbow	3	4,875
Hurricane, by Wild Dayrell	3	3,620
Carisbrook, by Stockwell	5	3,365
Saccharometer, by Sweetmeat	3	3,220
Asteroid, by Stockwell	8	2,569
Bathilde, by do.	3	2,510
Lord Clifden, by Newminster	3	2,480
Blue Mantle, by Kingston	4	2,221
Argonaut, by Stockwell	5	2,480
Atherstone, by Touchstone	9	2,285
Biondella, by The Flying Dutchman		2,015

PRINCIPAL TWO-YEAR OLD WINNERS, 1862.

	Races won.	£.
Saccharometer	3	3,220
Lord Clifden	3	2,480
Blue Mantle	3	2,221
Cerintha	5	1,890

	Races Won.	£.
King of Utopia	7	1,282
Lady Augusta	3	1,250
Cachucha	2	1,670
Soapstone	4	1,095
Livingstone	9	1,225
Fantastic	5	1,250
Onesander	2	1,650
Two-year old, by Newminster	13	8,519
Do. by Sweetmeat . .	4	4,080
Do. by Kingston . .	8	3,883
Do. by Voltigeur . .	5	2,238
Do. by Orlando . .	5	2,085
Do. by Stockwell . .	4	2,000
Do. by King Tom . .	2	1,565

BRED BY THE RAWCLIFFE STUD FARM COMPANY.

65 Races won by 31 Horses. Stakes value £9,625.

Of the young sires that are coming on, Lord Glasgow's horse, Young Melbourne, we take to be one of the most promising; and judging from the few of his stock we have seen, we consider the Rawcliffe Company have been fortunate in getting him to their paddocks. Buccaneer is another animal whom we look on as certain to get race-horses, not only from his blood, but also from his make and shape, which the trainers loved to dwell upon, as Lord Portsmouth was wont to lead him into an enclosure. For speed nothing of his years could beat him; and being out of a Dr. Syntax mare, he is bound to get stayers. Thormanby, whom Mr. Merry let to his old servant Winttingham cheaper than to anybody else, has already a lot of mares down to him, and as he was always a favourite with the Yorkshiremen, he could not have been better located than at Croft. Mr. Jacques, we hear, has got a nice lot of yearlings and foals, which he would dispose of in one lot, if an eligible offer presented itself; and among them is a yearling, Brother to Neptunus, who is described as being worth going a long way to see. This ought to serve old Weatherbit, whom John Osborne got a bargain, in our estimation, for three hundred pounds, as we learn he is still very fresh and vigorous. Thunderbolt, we perceive, is advertised at twenty guineas, which we cannot but regard as an injudicious step, for a horse notoriously infirm in his feet, and who could never stay over three quarters of a mile. Derby horses have stood at less than this without getting mares; and therefore we fancy few young 'bolts' will be forged next season. Surplice's foals ought to be very clever, from the travels of their sire, who emigrated from Goodwood to Doncaster, and then to Dancbury and Lymington, without having got 'the race horse,' which Isaac Day used so earnestly to predict he would do. Let us hope, however, in his present lessee's hands he may be more fortunate, especially as we are told Chanticleer has become a perfect savage; and to this circumstance, perhaps, we may attribute the temper of Balder, who is now become a gelding. Monarque, who, as the sire of Hospodar, would have soon become fashionable, was within an ace of coming to Mr. Blenkiron's; but at the last moment the Confederates changed their minds, and he still remains at Dangu, to the great comfort of the French breeders. Ellington, whose exhibition at Battersea was a tremendous advertisement for him, has some first-rate mares in his list; and Trumpeter's first lot of foals has done more for him than any recommendation of ours could effect; in short, he needs no 'trumpeter.' Autocrat is steadily working his way in the south, and a few of Mr. Greville's mares would materially assist him. Dundee, we are credibly informed, is altering for the better; and

Marsyas is rapidly rising in the estimation of the visitors to Eltham. Gemma di Vergy is still the Gem of the West, and his subscription rapidly filling; as, on the other side of the water, where he has had the most mares, his stock have been running so well, the Irishmen swear by them. At Rawcliffe there are no less than fifteen stallions stationed, viz., Newminster, Leamington, Young Melbourne, Woolwich, Napoleon, Fallow Buck, Sabreur, Glenbuck, Kildrum, Underhand, Dundreary, Lance, Tower, Antwerp, and Vancouver. Of these, all but the three first are for sale by private contract; and as all foreigners make for this dépôt on their arrival in England, the majority of them will not long remain on hand, since the reputation of Rawcliffe for bargains is proverbial. We have heard also that Mainstone and Wild Huntsman will be added to this lot before Christmas. At Fairfield Stud, close by, Van Galen will be found to have pitched his tent for the season, Mr. Metcalfe, his owner, having let him to Mr. Thompson, for reasons which are both sound and amusing, but which we cannot detail in print. The best points of Van Galen are said to be his hind quarters, which are remarkable for their strength; and his action is of that light character which would suit half-bred mares. With the prestige of Tim Whiffler, the produce of the only thorough-bred mare ever put to him, he ought to do well, especially if the latter beat Asteroid for the Whip. Mr. Painter we must congratulate upon having purchased The Chevalier d'Industrie of Mr. Blake, as we are satisfied he will find him a valuable acquisition to his stud, and the more he is known the more he will be appreciated. At Worthing he was thrown away, but at Dean's Hill he will have every chance of making a reputation. For the sake of the Lancashire distressed weavers, we trust Plum Pudding will not be neglected; and it is creditable to Mr. Eykes's sagacity and liberality thus to have thought of devoting the receipts of this horse to the above fund.

During the progress of the Exhibition we had neither time nor space at our command to deal with the articles most adapted to a Sportsman's tastes; and beyond a brief notice of the excellent saddlery of Mr. Merry, of St. James's Street, and the comfort and convenience of the Perth dog-cart of Mr. Thompson, our pages were silent. Now, however, we feel it incumbent upon us to supply the deficiency. And first and foremost come the whips of Swaine and Aidney, to which the Commissioners could not do otherwise than award a first-class medal. To enlarge upon the worth of a good whip is wholly unnecessary, as those who unfortunately have had a bad one in their hands can well testify. The great feature of Swaine and Aidney's are their solidity, which is produced by the firmness of the platting, and covered with the whitest gut, their durability is insured longer than may be beneficial for the interests of the firm itself. In these cases we found whips suited to every class of persons, and for every occasion, whether for the trousseau of a Bride or the outfit of a Governor-General; and the taste with which they were got up must have proved to foreigners that English articles, in all that regards the equipments of the horse, are not to be beaten. With the small forest of holly sticks that were also piled up in a corner, beside their case, like masts in a dockyard, we were also much struck, as we saw in them the foundation of many 'a tapering crop,' destined to be used by a Villebois, a Peyton, or a Cooper. Their hunting-whips, whether for use or for presents, are also to be highly commended. On the whole, therefore, it is pleasing to think that in this branch of saddlery our improvement has been of such a go-a-head description as to defy competition.

Of new sporting pictures this season there has been a great lack, and the only ones we have seen issued likely to interest our constituency are the portraits of Lord and Lady Portsmouth, after the paintings by Grant, which those spirited publishers, Messrs. Hodge, of Exeter, have just given to the

world. These portraits, which are engraved by Stackpool in a style quite equal to anything that a Landseer or a Cousens has shown us, are produced in the highest state of excellence, and represent Lord Portsmouth in his everyday costume in the kennels of Eggesford, and attended by a couple of his favourite hounds. When his lordship's tastes are considered, the appropriateness of the costume and of the design of the picture will be at once admitted. And we are satisfied that those at whose request he sat, will be far better pleased to have him as he is seen amongst them, than in his robes as a peer in Parliament. Like when his Lordship sat for our Magazine, he still preserves that stooping attitude, and pensive feeling which is peculiar to him, and so suggestive of his thoughts. And as, when we look upon his photograph, it always strikes us, as it has done many of his friends, that he must have been taken after something of his had run second, and that he is saying to himself, 'It was the five pounds;' so now, when he is gazing on these hounds, it is not going too far to presume he is indulging in the thought of some cross, and wondering whether it would meet the approval of his friend Sir Watkin, or Messrs. Russell and Villebois. Of the popularity of the picture there cannot be a doubt, from the manner in which his lordship is liked in those vast districts in the far west, over which his estates extend, and in which he is regarded as a model landlord. To criticise the portrait of a lady is always a delicate task, and all we can say is, that the engraver has ably seconded the artist in handing down to future ages all the higher attributes of her sex, which Lady Portsmouth possesses, and for which her poor tenantry so respect her. And since Grant's picture of his daughter, Mrs. Markham, we fancy he has never been so successful with any female portrait. Of course the interest in both pictures will be confined to Devonshire and Hampshire, and they will be no less welcome in the mansions of the rich, than in the cottages of the poor. Race prizes are so much now the object of competition, and the difficulty of furnishing new designs so great, that we cannot help calling attention to the felicitous hit of Messrs. London and Ryder, of Timour the Tartar for the Fow Chow Cup, in China. Such a subject must be as familiar to the lowest caste of Chinamen, as to English schoolboys, and the figure of the fierce Tartar chief, as well as of the suffering Olinska, are so portrayed to the life, that no key is required to accompany the plateau, which for its magnificence is worthy of the sideboard of a mandarin, or a commander-in-chief.

Racing gossip is very scant, and the tide of emigration has set in from St. James's Street towards Nice, whose climate and whist are ever attractive to sportsmen with chest complaints. Mr. Gratwicke has had a most dangerous attack of bronchitis, from which the worst was at one time apprehended. But we are glad to learn he is slowly mending, for there are very few of his sort left among us; and we trust Harry Goater, to whom he has just sent his horses, will be able to win a few more races for him, just to keep him on. Mr. Gully, who alarmed his friends very much a short time back, has rallied again wonderfully, and, with an intellect as bright as a star, is quietly watching the course of events. John Scott is also in great force, although he does not do much out-door work, and looks forward to showing his friends what Yorkshire gallops can do for horses in the great races of the south. The arrangement he has made with the new owner of Langton Wold, although it necessitates serious sacrifices on his part, nevertheless eases his mind of a great deal of anxiety, and all will go on as before. John's animal spirits, we are happy to say, were never better, as the instant he cast his eye over the portrait of the new Lord Mayor of London, he saw that his pins were doubtful, and said he should be very sorry to train him, for one leg had already filled and the

other was on the point of doing so. For a confirmation of this opinion one glance at the 'Illustrated London News' will suffice. Malton Races, we understand, are abolished, so the annual pilgrimage to Whitewall after York will be given up; but the Welham Cup, so dear to the gentlemen riders of Yorkshire, will be transferred to some other trysting-place. The recent distressed condition of the Lancashire people has not escaped the attention of the racing world, whose contributions to alleviate it, negative completely the idea that no good can proceed from its members. Still the niggardly manner in which the Mansion House Committee dole out their funds has had some effect in the flow of charity; and even Thomas at Tattersall's has not come forward with his promised 'tenner' on account of the proceedings alluded to. Nevertheless, we hope in due time his objections will be overruled, and his good intentions carried out. Mr. W. H. Brooke, the owner of Moonbeam, Manganese, and other animals John Osborne used to bring out, is the only name that figures in our racing obituary. He was a very worthy man, and had acquired a high reputation as a breeder. The fresh alliance between Mr. Powney and the Day family which we alluded to at the commencement of the year, has been completed, and we are assured the bridegroom started on his voyage to the United States like a Hero. Other occupations will now engage the time of the bride, whom all must wish well; but we do hope she will be spared for the Stockbridge week, as Danesbury will not look itself without her, and many a noble coat will be minus its geranium.

The sect of Muscular Christians have had their field day, and seen King elected their Patron Saint, in the room of Mace. Lord Coventry has lost Elcho, and as the Derby winner's career is over, we shall never see again the pace that made such a splendid finish for The Metropolitan. The Sussex Cricket Club have settled the knotty point of bowling by deciding unanimously 'if the ball be thrown or jerked, the umpire shall call no ball.' And we have reason to believe the Court of Inquiry of the commanding officers of the Guards into the Turf Scandal question, has terminated favourably for Colonel Burnaby and Captain Annesley.

Erratum.—In our memoir of Mr. Villebois in our last we stated he was the son of Mr. Villebois, a partner in the house of Combe and Delatfield, whereas it should have been in that of Truman and Hanbury.

ART AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

THE year is drawing to a close. Its joys and delights have fallen with its leaves. 'Tis as the last scene of all and mere oblivion—'*sans* teeth, *sans* eyes, *sans* taste, *sans* everything.' Like the 'run in' of a steeplechase, the excitement is all over, the man 'dead beat,' the 'horse pumped,' and the ground a mere reach of mud and dirt. The grub is going through its chrysalis state, and, by-and-by, will burst forth in all the splendours of a fresh season. But, at present, the Monday Popular Concerts, the English Opera, and the theatres, separately and collectively, cannot whip the jaded energies of the public into theatrical or musical excitement. November, this year as every year, being the dead season of enjoyment, when fogs, and melancholy—garotters, home comforts, and influenza—reign absolute and supreme.

The chiefly noticeable musical and theatrical features of the month have been the production of the new opera so long promised, by Wallace, the libretto by Planché, called 'Love's Triumph,' the revival of the Monday Popular Concerts, in all their antique glory; the final farewell of Mr. Phelps, the tragedian, in his capacity of manager, to the boards of Sadler's Wells; the close of Mr. Boucicault's management at Drury Lane, and the production of two new comedies at The Princess's, and a new drama, 'Camilla's Husband,' at the Olympic. Since the 8th of the month Drury Lane has been closed, and will be reopened on Boxing Night by Mr. Falconer; the Lyceum is announced to commence its season under Mr. Fechter's guidance on the 1st of

January; and Mr. Boucicault is at present engaged in reconstructing and decorating the interior of Astley's Amphitheatre with a view to its development, under his own direction and superintendence, as the Royal Westminster Theatre, for the production of transpontine dramas and the benefit of transpontine tastes.

The English opera, under the Pyne and Harrison directory at Covent Garden, has, as perhaps might be expected at this season, been much less prosperous generally than it deserves to be. It is, however, no hardy annual, and is, paradoxically, though native, exotic, and seems to suffer severely from the lightest causes, which affect only, in inferior degree, undertakings much less entitled to sympathy and support. The new opera has, in qualification of the general absence of popularity attaching to native music, been fairly supported, and proved very tolerably attractive; but the off nights, two in number, when stock operas are played, ordinarily show a beggarly account of empty boxes in spite of the undoubted merit of the entertainment, and the indisputable enterprise of the management in every shape. The new opera, as a musical work, is, in some respects, eminently meritorious, but slight, with a somewhat involved plot, which is injurious to its dramatic fitness, and contains no song, or series of airs, of an eminently popular, or in a phrase of the 'barrel-organ' kind. With many charming qualities and considerable artistic merit, it has no salient points to catch the imagination or taste.

The old Monday Popular Concerts, for they are as a series getting old now, have had chiefly as their attraction, and as their *coup de bataille*, the invincible Joachim, who seems, as time rolls on, to thoroughly vindicate his claim to be considered the very chief of living violinists. To him have been added, as premier attractions, Piatti, Lindsay Sloper, Halle, Santley, and Sims Reeves—the ordinary result, being, as of old, the interpretation of the masterpieces of musical composition, by the master minds of the greatest musical executants, vocal and instrumental, of the present day.

We assign to the retirement of Mr. Phelps from management, although it took place at a minor theatre, and one of late unknown to the fashionable world, precedence over every other topic of the month in association with the drama. For nineteen years this eminent actor, to whom Macready decreed that his mantle fell, has wielded the *bâton* of management. During the whole of this time, he produced, on his own testimony, but one drama of foreign origin, 'Louis the Eleventh,' and that sorely against his will, and during the last season of his career. This may seem but a matter of very small consideration, and a rather questionable boast to those who seek amusement at any price. But to that smaller and less considerable portion of society, which looks on the National drama, and the literature which it so magnificently enshrines, as a matter of grave importance, and as a point of really national honour, it is no small claim to respect. Dramas from the French are ordinarily so flimsy and ephemeral in character, so tricky and false in situation, encourage so inferior a class of dramatic authorship in their arrangement, are so feeble and slipshod, to say nothing of being inelegant, inexpressive, and ungrammatical in dialogue, and altogether are usually so tainted in morality, as to offer very unfit food for healthy and sound digestion. If all men devoted themselves from their infancy to their graves, with intriguing to break some marital tie, and there were no honesty, decency, or virtue in private life, they would then form a comprehensive picture in little of sub-lunary existence. But, happily, life has other aims worth living for, and such entertainment is really far below the intellectual and moral standard of the people among whom it is introduced. And Mr. Phelps's boast, that he has produced thirty-four of Shakspeare's plays—some of them never before acted—that he paid large prices for such English plays of a solid kind as he could procure—deserves to be enshrined with his fame as an actor, in some parts unequalled, in many unsurpassed, by any of his contemporaries.

The two comedies at the Princess's have been—'One Good Turn Deserves Another,' by Mr. Madison Morton, and 'The Triple Alliance,' by Mr. John Oxenford. Both are from the French. Both turn, in part, on the amours

of married women. Both are comedies of intrigue, full of impracticable situations, and one, at least, is marred by the most reckless impossibilities, while they have both many claims to popularity by their freshness and continuity of action, and merits of character, though the dialogue of both is of a very slightly meritorious kind. That of Mr. Madison Morton introduces us to the household of a country blacksmith, by name *Topper*, into whose establishment a captain in the Blues has introduced himself as forgerman, working for five shillings per week and his board, the better to pay court to the wife of a titled land proprietor, knight, or baronet, whom in that position he could never, with any probability, hope to see. On this basis of absurdity, with a general superstratum of mistakes, in which the men uniformly court the wives of others for their own, in which all sorts of revelations are made, with a delightful unconsciousness on the part of everybody of everybody else's existence, and in which the playwright plays the part of a magician, making people invisible, blind, deaf, or stupid, wise, smart, and intelligent again on the instant, as exigency demands, the whole comedy is arrayed. Miss Amy Sedgwick played *Phoebe Topper*, the blacksmith's wife, who, with peculiar stage disinterestedness accuses herself quite unnecessarily of infidelity to her husband to save, or, rather, not to save, the reputation of a lady she has never seen before. Mr. George Vining enacted the blacksmith, who is, fortunately, a very respectable personage, with admirable zeal and discretion, and with the most complete authenticity of character. Mrs. H. Marston also enlivened the *dramatis persone* by her admirable impersonation of *Mrs. Woodpecker*. But the piece was barely redeemed from its absurdities and reckless improbabilities by the admirable acting of the principals, and the laughable nature of some of its incidents, resulting from its various outrages on common sense.

Mr. Oxenford's drama, produced a fortnight after, turns on the quarrel between the *Duchess of Marlborough*, wife of the great Duke, and *Queen Anne*, with the introduction of *Mrs. Masham*, who was afterwards the Court favourite. This small piece of State intrigue, which has been so often historically described, was adopted by M. Scribe as the foundation of a comedy called '*Le Verre d'Eau*,' which was afterwards translated into English, and played at the Adelphi. True, however, to national instincts, M. Scribe made an intrigue between Queen Anne and Mr. Masham the cause of the quarrel with the Duchess of Marlborough; and with a new assignment of place and personages, the scene being laid in Portugal, the comedy now returns to us. Like '*One Good Turn*,' however, with many merits of dialogue and situation, this piece is but a qualified success.

Of metal more attractive is '*Camilla's Husband*,' the new Olympic drama, by Mr. Watts Phillips. This is admirable in story and general conception, and the dialogue, with some drawbacks, is just and dignified. Its story something resembles that of '*The Lady of Lyons*,' a hasty and enforced marriage being justified by the honourable career and well-earned fame of a husband whose social *status* is considerably below that of his wife. Mr. Robson plays the part of a travelling tinker in it with his usual success; and Miss Kate Saville and Mr. Neville have gained golden opinions by their meritorious acting in a drama which is only just within a shade of being a very great and deserved success.

All the energies of the stage are being devoted to the Christmas burlesques and pantomimes. These are to be—'*Goody Two Shoes*,' a pantomime by Mr. Blanchard, at Drury Lane; '*Riquet with the Tuft*,' the subject of an old Olympic burlesque, at the Princess's; '*The Queen of Hearts*' at Mr. Boucicault's new theatre; '*Ivanhoe*' at the Strand; '*Robin Hood*' at the Olympic; '*Rasselas*' at the Haymarket; '*George Barnwell*' at the Adelphi; and '*Beauty and the Beast*' at Covent Garden. These exhaust nearly all the gossip as to the immediate future of theatricals; but '*The Sea of Ice*' is about to be resuscitated at the Adelphi; and Mr. Falconer will, it is said, either at his opening, or immediately after, produce a drama called '*Bonny Dundee*' at Drury Lane.





Wm. L. G. M.

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN, BART.

THE family of the Wynns have for many centuries enjoyed the highest rank among the aristocracy of Wales, and its present representative, whose career in the hunting-field we purpose to sketch as a companion to his portrait, lacks none of those virtues and qualifications as a Sportsman, that have endeared his ancestors to the Principality.

Sir Watkin Williams Wynn was born May 22, 1820, and succeeded his father as the sixth Baronet on the 6th January, 1840. He was educated at Westminster, and after a course of study at a private tutor's in Derbyshire, he was entered at Christ Church, Oxford, in October, 1837. Here he remained for nearly two years; but academical discipline interfering too much with his pursuit of the Chase, and other congenial amusements, he took leave of the University, and joined the First Life Guards in July, 1839. Four years in the Household troops was sufficient to gratify his military ardour, and he forsook London and London life, to fulfil his duties as a Landlord, and a Member of Parliament, for he was chosen to represent Denbighshire on his attaining his majority. For a Master of Foxhounds Sir Watkin Wynn may be said to possess hereditary qualifications, inasmuch as his great-grandfather was as celebrated for his attachment to the sport as for his Jacobite opinions, which occasionally exposed him to some personal inconvenience. In fact, in 1745 he was compelled to quit Wales, and partake of the hospitality of his friend the Duke of Beaufort at Badminton. At that time it was not the custom of the newspapers to record 'Fashionable Arrivals and Departures,' consequently Sir Watkin was perfectly safe in his retreat; and a picture is still in existence at Badminton in which the Duke and the Baronet are looking over a race-horse. Of this picture there was a duplicate at Wynnstay; and when the disastrous fire occurred there on the 6th March, 1858,

and it fell a victim, with many other valuables, to 'the devouring element,' as the reporters would say, the present Duke, with his characteristic generosity, had the original copied by a first-rate artist, and sent it to Wynnstay. The death of this fine old Sportsman was too curious a one to omit noticing; and the believers in dreams will have another instance of the correctness of their theories. For it seems that his second wife, Lady Wynn, who was the daughter of Sir Charles Shakerley, and his own god-daughter, dreamed that he would be killed out hunting, and with the earnest devotion of a wife prayed him to give it up, and not go out that day. To this appeal he might perhaps have been induced to listen, for youth and beauty will tell upon uxorious husbands, after they have passed the meridian of life. But, unfortunately, Sir Watkin had with him one of those deuced good-natured friends, who are at every rich man's elbow, currying favour with them, by lending themselves to their pleasures, and he suggested that if he yielded in the present instance to Lady Wynn, it would be followed by other encroachments upon his amusements. These arguments unfortunately prevailed, and he went out the next morning, got through the run in safety, but in crossing a field at Acton, near Wrexham, the seat of Sir Robert Cunliffe, on his return home, his horse 'making a peck,' pitched him off, and his head coming in contact with the only stone there was in the field, the dream was too truly fulfilled, for he died on the spot. At the period to which we refer the manners and customs of the higher classes of Welsh society were very curious, and totally different from those of the present day; for at Wynnstay, which was always full of company, the gentlemen used to dine in one room, and the ladies in another, the latter merely coming into the gentlemen's room to have their healths drunk, and saw no more of their husbands, until they were carried either to their beds or their carriages. The next Sir Watkin, grandfather of the present one, although he kept hounds and maintained the hospitality of his race, was of a different turn of mind, and cultivated the drama and fine arts with great assiduity, courting the society of actors, artists, and musicians in preference to Sportsmen; and at Wynnstay, where he built a theatre, private theatricals were constantly held in the winter. With Handel and Garrick he was on the most intimate terms, and of Gainsborough and his great contemporaries he was a liberal patron. In such a position as he occupied it was only natural he should look for an alliance among the neighbouring aristocracy, and he married at an early age Lady Henrietta Somerset, the fifth daughter of the fourth Duke of Beaufort. This union was not of long duration, as she died a few months subsequent; and after a befitting period, he contracted a second marriage with Lady Charlotte Grenville, daughter of the Right Hon. George Grenville, and by whom he had numerous issue. In 1789 this Sir Watkin was gathered to his fathers, and he was succeeded by his eldest son, the late Sir Watkin Wynn, who, from the territorial possessions the family had by this time acquired, went familiarly by

the name of the Prince of Wales. And it is narrated of him, that when he received George the Fourth as Prince of Wales at Wynnstay, and said how proud he felt to welcome the Prince of Wales to his own principality, the latter happily replied, 'Ah! Sir Watkin, I know I am the Prince of Wales, but you are the 'Prince in Wales.' This Sir Watkin, by his devotion to field sports, came back to his grandfather's 'form,' and, besides being a good horseman and shot, was an excellent swimmer; and frequently have he and his brother Charles been known to swim across the River Dee on the coldest winter day after a wounded bird, for of course at that time retrievers were unknown. With Sir Watkin, we should add, originated the good old-fashioned system of keeping 'open house' at Wynnstay, which, however practicable then, could hardly be pursued in the present day. During the whole of his lifetime Sir Watkin enjoyed, in a remarkable degree, the popularity of his family, and in all possibility he would have been spared longer to them, but for his being run away with in his pony phaeton in the grounds of Wynnstay; and being thrown out he sustained such injuries to the spine and limbs, that, although not vital at the time, they must have told upon the constitution of so heavy and big a man. For years, indeed, he was moved about in an arm-chair; and to enable him to enjoy his whist a frame was constructed to hold his cards, which a person behind him used to play for him by his dictation. He died in 1840, leaving by his wife, the Lady Henrietta Clive, daughter of the Earl of Powys, the present Baronet, and Colonel Herbert Watkin Wynn, who was unfortunately killed a few months back by his horse rearing upon him while opening a gate on his way to attend a Volunteer review. The third child, a daughter, is now married to Sir Hugh Williams.

Having thus afforded our readers a slight, and, we trust, not uninteresting sketch of this great Welsh family, we will proceed to consider the present Sir Watkin in his various capacities as a Sportsman, although his career presents fewer incidents of character than some of those Noblemen and Gentlemen who have filled the same prominent position in our pages.

Sir Watkin Wynn having commenced his career as a Master of Hounds when only twenty-three years of age, is a sufficient indication in what direction his tastes lay. To revive the pack which his father had given up in 1837, he had, on attaining his majority, purchased the hounds of Mr. Leche, of Carden Park, a member of one of the oldest fox-hunting families of Cheshire, and intimately associated with the Wynns in all sporting matters. In consequence of his military duties detaining him in London so much, the pack was kept by Mr. Attye at Lightwood Hall, a farm of Sir Watkin's in the centre of his country, for two seasons. But as soon as he quitted the army in 1843, and took up his abode at Wynnstay, they were removed there, and strengthened by the purchase of The Perthshire from Mr. Grant, of Kilgraston, eldest brother of the celebrated Mr. Frank Grant, the artist. To accommodate these he

erected a kennel, which, for space, modern improvements, and conveniences, is surpassed by none, kennel lameness being almost unknown. His first huntsman was Will Grise, who was first whip to The Shropshire, under Will Staples. He lived with him until his death, which occurred after three seasons, and Jack Woodcock, his first whipper, was his successor for one season, when, the Fifeshire being given up, the services of John Walker were secured. This change was viewed with general satisfaction, for so highly were the services of Walker esteemed, that the late Lord Suffield offered him five hundred a year to go into Leicestershire with him. And of The Fifeshire Hounds it may not be generally known, that when purchased by Sir Richard Sutton, and brought direct from Scotland into Leicestershire, they were met at the train, thrown into cover, and gave Sir Richard one of the best runs he ever knew with The Quorn. For fifteen seasons has Walker remained with Sir Watkin, the relations of servant and master being preserved in the most cordial manner; and although he is sixty-two years of age, his nerve is of the same iron character he brought with him from Scotland, and which was first conspicuous when he was with Lord Kintore in the Vale of White Horse. To improve his pack Sir Watkin never loses an opportunity; and to show that money will not stop him in his endeavours, he gave 390 guineas for five couple of hounds at Mr. Foljambe's sale. From this strain is descended his famous stallion hound Royal, so well known to all Masters. He further added to his pack by purchasing some of the best lots at the sales of Mr. Musters, Mr. Story, and Sir Richard Sutton. By this combination of some of the best blood in England Sir Watkin has succeeded in getting the class best adapted to his country, viz., a low and long hound with a great deal of power, good shoulders, and plenty of quality. The present pack consists of 59 couples, 43 old and 16 young, and are hunted in two lots, the big and little one, dogs and bitches being mixed. As regards the country hunted by Sir Watkin, we may remark, there is probably no more varied one in Her Majesty's dominions, from the rough, wooded hills of Llangedwin to the fine grass country of Carden, bordering on what the late Sir Harry Mainwaring used to call 'his Leicestershire.' Parts of five counties are included in it, viz., Shropshire, Cheshire, Denbighshire, Montgomeryshire, and Flintshire, combining the good, bad, and indifferent in a most striking manner. Though the 'swells' in 'the Shires' may sneer at it, it is, nevertheless, a country where good sport and good fellowship are to be found, and where 'vulpicides' are few and far between.

In this district, we should explain, there are portions of countries formerly hunted by other packs, but which, by force of circumstances and the usages of hunting law, are amalgamated with the Wynnstay Hunt. The first meet of the season is always held at Penley Hall, the seat of E. Dymock, Esq., one of the best sportsmen and preservers of foxes in the county, and a worthy descendant of Her Majesty's Champion of Westminster Hall.

And this year the following incident occurred, which we are not aware has before appeared in print. No sooner were the hounds thrown into covert than a gallant fox broke away on either side of the Dingle, one running directly for the house, and having jumped against a window in front, and found no admission, ran round, and effected an entrance into the kitchen, where he caused no slight uproar, but found a friend in need in the person of the amiable lady of the house, who, declaring 'that her hospitality was never sought 'in vain,' had him safely locked up till all danger was passed.

Sir Watkin's own horses are perhaps as fine a lot of weight carriers as it is possible to see in any stable. Comet, a splendid dark chestnut, is, to our mind, the pick of the basket; and Walker's ten horses are remarkably clever, short-legged animals, admirably adapted to a closely enclosed country: the other servants' horses are a fair average lot. The sport this season has not, they say, been very good, owing to a continuance of bad scent. Foxes, however, are numerous; and in this respect Sir Watkin has every reason to be satisfied.

In the field Sir Watkin preserves that gentlemanly demeanour that characterizes every action of his life, and renders hunting with him so agreeable, none of those unpleasant scenes ever occurring with his hounds that we unfortunately read of in some other countries. The working of his hounds he leaves chiefly to Walker, from the unbounded confidence he has in his knowledge of 'The Noble Science;' and, considering his weight, he gets across a country in an extraordinary style. Of course to him the old saying of 'heavy weights making short stables' is not applicable, and his hunters are of the class that might naturally be expected to be found in the stables of such a Master, to whom distance is no object in respect to a fixture. Of the Turf, though a Member of the Jockey Club, the subject of this memoir was never a great patron, notwithstanding he had a few horses once in training at H. Scott's at Ascot; but they were so moderate they are not worth perpetuating. He, however, during that time rode a Match between his own Remnant and Lord Strathmore's Sedi-Ben-Sedi at Gorhambury, and won it, which, considering the weight he was giving away, was a creditable performance, and in the Household troops the event was regarded with much interest. As a coachman he was noted for the fastness of his team, which were among the best matched, and the best worked, of any that figured in those days in the neighbourhood of London. As a shot he inherits his father's reputation; and as he can get fifty miles of grouse shooting within four miles of his own door, he has ample means of gratifying his tastes in that respect.

Having thus disposed of Sir Watkin in those capacities in which he more particularly appeals to our readers, we will append a few remarks on his character as a landlord and private gentleman. In the former office he could have had no more striking proof of the regard in which he was held by his tenants than the sight of their turning out to a man to assist in subduing the conflagration which

destroyed Wynnstay. And although the loss he sustained on that occasion was estimated at near fifty thousand pounds, he never repined; and the object he made the most strenuous exertions to save from the flames, and in which he was successful, was the picture of himself and hounds, presented to him by the Wynnstay Hunt.

But this was not the only proof of the high estimation in which Sir Watkin was regarded by those connected with him, for, on his return from the Continent, where he sojourned during the rebuilding of his house, and during which time his hounds were hunted by Colonel Cotton, a shilling subscription was set on foot all over England, and which realized enough to present him with a picture of himself and Lady Wynn. A penny subscription also among the colliers furnished a very handsome Bible, which was presented at the same time. The picture in question was by Frank Grant, and represents Sir Watkin, with his favourite shooting pony, leaning by the side of Lady Wynn, with his famous hound Royal in the foreground. The likenesses are good, the grouping natural, and the effect pleasing.

In politics Sir Watkin is a moderate Conservative, although the Wynns were originally a Whig family; and that his claims on the party have been recognized, is proved by his refusing Lord Derby's offer of a Peerage. His father likewise declined the same distinction, wisely preferring the possession of his ancient title, with which the fame of his family is associated, to the enjoyment of an honour under which he would not be so distinctly recognized. Sir Watkin, we should add, married, on the 25th of April, 1852, Emily, youngest daughter of Sir Henry Watkins Wynn; and of her it may merely be said she shares in the same marks of popularity that have been bestowed upon her husband, who we hope will long be spared to illustrate those good qualities which have made him an ornament to his order.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, AND ENGLISH SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

BY THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

It is but a few weeks ago that the English nation was compelled to withhold those external tokens of affectionate rejoicing which it was so well disposed to have displayed, on the occasion of the majority of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. No event, perhaps, in his whole career will be found so universally interesting to his people, as that which launched him, like a gallant vessel, to do battle with the storms of life, or, may it please God, to sail prosperously on the tide of an unruffled sea. But the melancholy circumstances of the past year, and our affectionate sympathy with the sufferings of our beloved Queen, denied us that happiness, and made us feel

that no ordinary time would suffice to lift the cloud of sorrow that encircled us, in the death of the late Prince Consort.

Memory has not, however, robbed us of the privileges of hope. If ever a people had a right to calculate upon the advantages that grow out of the virtues of its princes, and their fitness to exercise the influence that belongs of necessity to them, that people is ourselves. Trained to self-government and self-denial, not more by the precepts of his directors than by the example of his august parents; instructed in those arts and accomplishments which are so graceful an accompaniment to more solid learning; fitted by scenes of travel, and by long experience of other lands and governments, for the just appreciation of the excellence of his own; and educated by the discipline, mental and physical, which belongs not less to private care than to the public training of the highest classes of our nobility and gentry, the Prince of Wales returns to his country to take the first place among subjects, and eminently qualified for the responsible duties of his position. To him belongs the happy privilege of offering to the Queen that truest and tenderest devotion and service, which her widowed condition demands. To him we look as to the model of those excellences, which are characteristic of the English gentleman. In him we trust to see reflected the honour, the dignity, the chivalry, the courtesy, of every good and great man amongst his people. To him we look for the confirmation of all that is most worthy of a great nation, and for the reformation of all that debases or degrades, by influence and example.

These are the obvious duties which belong to the first gentleman and the highest subject of the realm. By their performance the Prince of Wales will assuredly attach to himself the respect and regard of his people. He will be happy in the consciousness of having deserved the high opinion that will be formed of him; and his own conscience will echo the praises of the country on which he bestows his care. He will have, in all trials, our assistance, our support, our sympathy; he will command our esteem, our respect, our obedience. We shall be to him a People, and he will be to us a Prince.

But there is yet another aspect in which loyal Englishmen would wish to regard the Prince of Wales, the heir to the throne, and the eldest born of our glorious and gracious Queen. We would give him our love. For his own sake and for ours we would that he should descend from his high estate, and come among us, as circumstances shall permit, that we may tender to him, not only our respect and submission, but that we may teach him to know us, and to love us, and to accept our love in return. We ask this of him now, whilst the bloom of youth and brightness is upon him, whilst every generous and manly pulse throbs most warmly in his breast, and before a still higher destiny shall have rendered personal communication with his people an impossibility. Millions will honour him, and regard him as their king; thousands who may never see him such, desire to know him and to love him as their prince.

With the highest nobility of the land, with the most learned, the most powerful, the wealthiest, and the most influential, he will be constantly brought into contact. They will be taught to love him, and the privileges of their order will give them the happiness which the many ask. The necessities of government, the communications of art and science, the cares of state, the princely pleasures of social life, and even the dissipations of a capital, will draw closely the bonds of union between the prince and the rulers of the people. But from such communication the nation is necessarily cut off, or only feels the sympathy of the heir to the throne diluted by the numberless channels through which it must flow. Let us, in the interests of that vast circle for whom we plead, show by what means these bonds may be extended and secured, so as to make thousands participators in the sunshine which they so naturally and so honestly covet.

The great characteristic of Englishmen, nationally, is their love of sport. It is not too much to say that the peculiarities, prejudices if you will, of our countrymen, are closely connected with athletic exercises of all kinds, and, above all, with the sports of the field. Philosophers may class these tastes low in the scale of rational enjoyment; but we do not hesitate to declare our conviction that the independence of character, the love of fair play, the appreciation of truth and generosity, on which we pride ourselves, and the coolness and daring which charged the heights of Alma and the guns at Balaclava, are the children of our participation in English pastimes. Like the Athenians of old, we do not despise the elegancies of social life, the refinements of art, the luxuries of cities, and the air of courts; but it is not from these that we derive the qualities which make us Englishmen in the highest sense of the term. We boast not to be a nation of warriors, living like our neighbours in the daily routine of discipline, yet when the time comes for the display of severer qualities, ‘*ἡμεῖς ἀνειμένως διαιτώμενοι οὐδὲν ἥσσον ἐπὶ τοὺς ἰδοπαλεῖς κινδύνους χωροῦμεν* :’ we launch ourselves from the midst of our social dissipations upon the tide of war and danger, with a courage that has never been surpassed. And why? because there is cherished in the hearts of our countrymen an ardour in the pursuit of field-sports which gives quickness of eye, steadiness of hand, strength and agility of limb, and a determination and courage belonging to experience and self-reliance. It is this innate manliness, which our public education encourages by its pastimes, and our social life by its sports, that makes a natural hero of every stripling subaltern, gives firmness and decision to the more advanced years of civil life, and diffuses a generous hatred for everything mean or ungentlemanlike, which is expressed by no other word so forcibly as ‘English.’

With these convictions it can scarcely be surprising that we should solicit the patronage of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales for a publication which has for its object, to a certain extent, the promotion of English sports and pastimes. He is already

known in the hunting-field. He has already shown his taste for the great national sport of this country, and we should rejoice if His Royal Highness would condescend to enter into closer competition with the present leaders of Leicestershire and Northamptonshire. We do not despair of the time when the Prince and his illustrious consort shall occupy some seat near Melton or Market Harborough, where he shall witness not only the courtesy and respect of the nobility of the kingdom, by which he is always surrounded, but the hearty goodwill and affection of the squirearchy and yeomanry of the country, when he deigns to qualify the cares of royal state, and the dissipations of the capital, with the health-bringing pleasures of provincial life. Oh, if the heir of England's throne could be made to know the truth, to understand how his very presence, not in the council chamber, or the salons of St. James's and Buckingham Palace, but in the field, on the heath, and in the oak glades and woods of merrie England (like the younger Cyrus, rivalling the nobles of his father's court, in those manly exercises and accomplishments which give grace and ornament to the sterner virtues, and firmness to the elegancies of life), is calculated to strengthen the sentiments of affection and loyalty which are his legitimate due, we should have but little difficulty in persuading him to the adoption of such pursuits, even at some sacrifice of time or taste. Or should Melton and Market Harborough seem to be too business-like in their pleasure, we know not what political motives may be connected with the mastership of Her Majesty's Buckhounds, or what court etiquette may exist, that could prevent the Prince of Wales from assuming that position, and recalling the days of which Frank Grant's Ascot picture is the only memorial. A connection with the field would prove a happy compliment to a powerful section of English sportsmen, some of whom are enthusiastic enough to think that no virtue, no real superiority, can exist quite extraneously of their favourite pursuits; and who would feel more flattered by the exhibition of sympathy with the national taste, than surprised by the cultivation of the most transcendent wisdom.

On one other subject we touch with delicacy, fearful of offending, yet anxious to do justice, where sometimes scant justice is done. We are not of those whose vulgar servility would have chronicled the unexpected though natural appearance of the Prince at Newmarket, but we were glad in believing it, and in the hope that he might be again induced, at a future period, to visit a spot dedicated to another of those manly pastimes in which the noblemen and gentlemen of this country delight. We tread, we say, upon delicate ground. There are those who hold up their hands with horror at the mention of a sport of which they have taken sedulous care to know nothing, or nothing but its worst side; who have ignored its advantages, its utility, its necessity. Loudly will well-meaning but mistaken journalism proclaim the 'Scandals of the Turf,' and urge its demoralizing tendencies. What profession is without its

scandals? The bar, the bench, the senate, the church itself, or that world through which the Prince is bid to stalk so fearlessly? Surely it is no compliment to your Prince to tell him that he is so deficient in strength as to fall a prey to the temptations which thousands withstand, or to bid him avoid a duty because it is hampered with certain perils to the covetous, the weak, or the self-indulgent.

No man who walks through the world with his eyes open can refuse to believe in the vast amount of good that is done by the influence of high rank, and the example of our superiors. If the Turf has its scandals, if it include in its votaries some less scrupulous in their dealings, less rigid in their notions of 'the honourable' than we would have them, where shall we look for one in this country whose rank or character could exert such an influence as the Heir Apparent? We turn to him to cleanse and purify, if need be, an institution having of necessity nothing vulgar, nothing discreditable, nothing wrong; to give his valuable assistance to those members of the Turf who would strengthen its reputation at all risks, and to uphold by his august name and presence the integrity of a system which has been instrumental in asserting our pre-eminence in all that concerns the horse, and the numberless uses to which that faithful and valuable servant of man is turned. The Turf of this country is a fact which cannot be ignored. Be it what it may, it must exist, not in the hands of dishonest speculators, but under the care of the wealthiest and most influential persons of this country. If it die, or exist in any other way, there dies with it our boasted cavalry, our superiority as horsemen; one-half of our sports, and the collateral advantages to the country arising from them; our most rational and innocent enjoyments, and much of the manliness and characteristic daring of the Englishman. What is the end and object of the Hampton Court Stud? Even under the auspices of a Prince scrupulous beyond all men in his rejection of the most trifling appearance of wrong, it has continued to flourish. We cannot, therefore, be accused of urging a consideration which by its novelty, or by its acknowledgment in high quarters, may shock the prejudices of a certain portion of our fellow-countrymen. We would rather place before His Royal Highness a means by which he may remedy error, establish good, promote the best interests of a national sport and an admitted necessity, and assist in perfecting those measures of reform which, under his protection and authority, will carry a weight which their inherent value will not always afford them.

Although we have dwelt thus long upon the subjects above mentioned, it must not be forgotten that there are many others in which the same honourable influence may be exerted for the good of the country. In a nation peculiarly maritime we should be unwilling to exclude the various Yacht Clubs, which form so distinguished a feature in the recreations of English gentlemen. An interest in these would surround the Prince with a halo of affectionate regard from some of our worthiest scions of nobility. If the Turf and the

Field claim a title to his attention for the unquestionable pre-eminence in one branch of the service, surely the aquatic sports of this country bespeak his participation in them, as far as circumstances will allow, as the basis of that bulwark which forms the mightiest, the most characteristic, defence of a nation of islanders. God forbid that our beloved monarch should have to look for protection from foreign foes to either the one arm of the service, or the other; but if ever such a protection for these shores, or for that monarch, shall be required, it will be no mean satisfaction to her Majesty to know that something of her own and her subjects' security is due to the consideration of her gallant son. That an equal capacity or taste for every pastime, however politic, should be found in one individual is not to be expected: if it could be, in the Prince's case the cares of Government, and the development of higher qualities, would disappoint such expectations; but there can be no pastimes characteristic of the country, and not in themselves demoralizing, which will not raise their standard of utility by the lustre which so brilliant an association will shed around them. Let me descend to the more ordinary sports of the field, to the preservation of game, to the still increasing meetings of the courser, and to that most innocent, manly, and most universally cultivated of all our exercises, cricket. It is true that that game appears to require but little additional assistance to give it spirit. All England now, by a gradual progress from the south, to the furthest confines of these islands, every colony that clings with affectionate remembrance to the mother-country, rejoices to encourage a game so truly characteristic of national skill and power. Every university, every school, loves to celebrate her triumphs at Lord's or at the Oval; county against county, country against country. Our pleasures are enhanced by the thousands of bright eyes that welcome the successful batsman or the formidable bowler; but it is impossible to deny that there is still one augmentation to the cricketer's innocent vanity, in the patronage of his Prince, and his occasional presence on the 'tented field.'

Have we said too much, we plead the interest of the subject, and our own anxiety to omit nothing which may render the Prince of Wales favourable to our petition, and not impatient of our suggestions. Have we said too little, it is lest we be thought impertinent in urging what the Prince of Wales's good sense will have already foreseen, and importunate in placing before His Royal Highness the claims of a work which would gladly owe its future success to the honour of a patronage so distinguished.

THE TALE OF THE OLD CUSTOMER.

I WAS born and bred in Pré Wood, a large cover adjoining Gorham-bury Park, in Hertfordshire.

I was one of a litter of four, of whom, alas! I am the sole survivor; my last remaining brother having wandered a few miles from home, became a victim to one Fosssdyke, a bitter enemy of all of our race. I have now arrived at a great age, and have always had the good luck to escape from the killing pack of Lord Dacre, although his Lordship's huntsman, Mr. Ward, has often vowed that he will 'have my old head.'

Upon more than one occasion that energetic man has been much too near carrying out his cruel threat to be at all pleasant. Fortunately for me this part of the country presents great difficulties to hounds. From this spot to Watford there runs an almost continuous tract of woodland, full of leaf: the country itself is intersected with numerous roads and lanes, and rarely holds a scent unless every furrow is under water. But, notwithstanding, I had two narrow escapes for my life last season, within a very few days of each other.

It was a calm, still morning, after several successive days of heavy rain; there was no sun, and the little wind was north of east, which my experience tells me is the most favourable for scent. I was comfortably sleeping in my kennel, when I was startled by the noise of men and hounds. I at once attempted to steal away, but I was viewed, and my worst fears as to its being a good scenting day were soon realized. For the first fifteen minutes or so the hounds were right upon my back. As soon as I dared, I turned short down wind, and they appeared to me to have overrun the scent, as I could no longer hear them; but they are not in the habit of making much noise over their work.

I was rather blown, and was keeping on at a somewhat slackened pace, when a man at work in the fields saw me, and halloed lustily. Bob Ward's horn was soon heard in hot pursuit. I knew that the earths in Pré Wood were stopped, so I made for Bricket, upon whose scrubs I had so often baffled my pursuers, and I soon had the satisfaction of hearing the pack in full cry after another fox. However, some straggling hounds, scoring to cry, came full upon me, and I was forced to move.

'Tally ho! over. It's the big 'un,' shouted a rosy-cheeked farmer in a brown coat. 'Toot! toot!' went that dreaded horn again, and I heard, 'Can't you turn those hounds? they are on a 'fresh fox.' I knew that no time was to be lost, so I slipped away by Oldaker's Corner as fast as my legs could carry me. You may be sure that I left no arts untried to elude my enemies; but it was not until late in the day that, thanks to some fields well foiled by sheep, I was satisfied that I had run the hounds out of scent. Tired and draggled, I was staggering up Serge Hill, when once

more was there a halloo. But the hounds, although in first-rate condition, were by this time beaten. The huntsman's horse, the third that he had ridden that day, could scarcely raise a trot: indeed, everything and everybody was beaten excepting Bob Ward. It was some time before he could get his hounds up to the point where I had been seen, and then they could scarcely own a scent: darkness soon ended the scene. The stars shone brightly before the pack reached the kennels at The Hoo.

I lay that night and the next day in Mr. Solly's plantation without moving, and on the following night I made my way to a cover not often drawn by hounds, called Burston Wood. But a few mornings afterwards, and before that I had recovered from the effects of the last terrible day, I was roused by the voice of a different huntsman, and, looking up, I espied the yellow livery of my Lord Lonsdale. Before I could be aware of it, the hounds were all round me, and, stiff as I was, I had to fly. If it had been Lord Dacre's flying pack I must have fallen a victim before I could have got on my legs; and, as it was, the hounds cleared the first fence within twenty yards of my brush. At the end of the next field there was a deep lane, into which I dashed, and, turning short to the right, scrambled out on the opposite side. I had scarcely effected it, when a body of horsemen, headed by little Bartley the bootmaker—the worthy man, long may he continue to ride hunting—came galloping up the lane, and forced the hounds a couple of hundred yards up it to the left. This saved my life, for, although I soon heard them upon my line again, I had made a good use of my time, and my stiffness was wearing off every moment. Although these hounds had not the mettle and dash of the pack by which I had been lately pursued, they kept on hunting me in a very persevering manner, and for two hours I felt anything but safe. It was a happy moment when a man rode up to the huntsman, the hounds being then at a bad check, and said, 'You'll do no more good, Goddard; you had better give it up. He has beaten you fairly.' The huntsman replied, 'Well, he certainly is a tough old customer. He will last old Bob Ward for a good many seasons.' He then blew his horn to go home.

Since that day I have not been much troubled. These coverts are famous for cub-hunting, and Mr. Ward paid them two visits in October. I think he must have brought fifty couple of hounds with him. Upon each occasion I had the pain of hearing his 'Whoo-whoop!' at the death of one of my grandchildren.

One day in November I myself was hunted for a bit, but the day was rather wild, and I easily escaped. I flatter myself that the nails are not yet cast which are to fasten to the kennel-door the nose of 'The Old Customer.'

CHARLIE THORNHILL ;
OR, THE DUNCE OF THE FAMILY.

CHAPTER XLI.

A GLIMPSE AT THE PAST.

‘Justum ac tenacem propositi virum,’ &c., &c.—HOR. *Odes* iii. 3.

CHARLIE’S life at Frankfort continued to be exceedingly pleasant. He was one of those men who, without any personal regard for comforts or luxuries, had lived in society where such things become a second nature. He wore good clothes without knowing or attaching the smallest importance to it. He liked good dinners without caring to go in search of them. He rode good horses, and he expected his saddles and bridles to be well turned out; but it never occurred to him that they were so. I think if Charlie Thornhill had been born in another rank of life he might have been a sloven: he was now only indifferent, and it gave him a very high caste appearance. There were few men of his age altogether better looking, and few so utterly free from personal vanity.

To persons who understand German society I need hardly explain that the domestic comforts, the manners, and the *ménage* are very different from those of the same class in England. M. Meyerheim had with difficulty been persuaded to receive the *employé* from his correspondents in England into his house. He was well off, had every comfort, and declined, for a long time, on the score of anticipated fastidiousness. Private friendship for Roger Palmer at length prevailed, who was anxious that his nominee should have the full benefit of a good commercial training, and do credit to his discernment whenever he should be recalled to London. The arrangement was made for one twelvemonth. At the end of that time M. Meyerheim himself placed his rooms further at Charlie’s disposal for as long a period as he should feel it convenient. This was too flattering to be overlooked; and though Charlie Thornhill decided upon removing to some commodious rooms within a few doors of the Meyerheims, it strengthened his intimacy and enabled him to regard his old quarters as a home. In fact, he lived as much in the one house as the other.

I am obliged to admit a truth which, I hope, may not militate against Charlie. He was attracted to the Meyerheims not altogether by his admiration for Madame, who was as remarkable for her good pastry as for her beauty, nor yet by his sincere regard for Monsieur, whom he saw daily in his official capacity on the other side of the street, but by the beauty and grace of his countrywoman Kathleen Donald (as she was called in the family), and in whom he felt an undefinable interest. Something drew him towards her. Probably her helpless condition. Enough was known of her to conjure up an obscure and dingy home: parents, probably vulgar,

certainly living in poverty or disgrace: her expatriation assuredly necessary from some cause or other, unconnected with herself. To a man of Charlie's age the self-assumed protection of a beautiful girl is always dangerous, however delicately paraded; and it is seldom that either escape from the fire unscathed: never both. Strange to say, however, Charlie never thought of her without associating her with Edith Dacre. 'Ah!' said he to himself, 'how I wish Edith Dacre could see her; she's just the sort of girl she would like.'

And perhaps he was right. She was a very pretty girl indeed—simple-minded, but clever; imaginative; warm-hearted; Irish; attractive herself, and easily attracted by kindness and attention from others. Charles Thornhill saw all this, and he saw its dangers to her. He had been long enough on the Continent to know the general want of principle of most foreigners. He saw the girl flattered by the attentions of Hartzstein, and he had difficulty in persuading himself that his interference would be quite disinterested. There was a great deal of truth in Charlie.

As occasion offered he had been two or three times to England. When there his visits had been chiefly with his intimate friends, the Marstons, his mother and Tom at Thornhills, Roger Palmer, of course, and to his uncle, who always received him with the greatest affection. Henry Thornhill was beginning to show age. He was not the cheerful bachelor that rumour gave him credit for being. He was unostentatious to a degree, lived very substantially well, and gave his friends the best dinner and wine that could be put before them. But he had no luxuries for himself: a simple brougham, and a good hack of the cob sort. People thought it odd in a man of his temperament and antecedents; but he kept his own counsel; and the most that could be said was, that he was laying up a good purse for his nephew.

Charlie's relation with the Dacres was not altogether a satisfactory one. It was scarcely an engagement; and yet no two people could be more conscious of this position towards each other than Edith Dacre and he. This is not very uncommon in society when circumstances tend to render a positive betrothal imprudent, and a positive rejection cruel. Even Mrs. Dacre was but flesh and blood; and parents are not all so hard-hearted as the world makes out. It is damaging to the girl; but she would probably think herself ill-used if the silken chain were snapped asunder, and utter liberty were restored to her. Like the home-bred bird, she would but perish in the wilderness when she essayed to stray.

It was evident to our hero that Tom's career had been madly reckless of late. So much he learnt from the Marstons. Lady Marston indeed spoke of his rejection by Alice Dacre as the turning-point of his life. 'He was too good, Charlie, to be turned adrift on such a stream,' said she. 'I'm not one of those who like experiments upon *roués*, but your brother is a man who might have been guided by Alice Dacre: he wanted delicate treatment—

‘an arm of iron with a hand of spun silk ; and if ever I saw the woman, Alice Dacre is the one.’

Charlie knew what she said was true, and grieved over it sincerely. He had lived in such a world that it never entered his head that Alice had a reason for her refusal beyond want of affection. He hardly understood this ; but the rejection of such a man as Tom, upon principle, never occurred to him as a possible creed at Gilsland. Charlie did not understand Alice.

During a visit to Sir Frederick Marston some conversation led to the opening of a subject which had a mysterious charm for Charlie, —the possibility of bringing to punishment the murderer of his father, and the ascertaining of the facts connected with the Kildonald property. One remarkable trait in his character was ‘tenacity’ to a purpose. He was slow in adopting views or suggestions. Once adopted, he held to them with a steadiness remarkable in everything but an Englishman and a bulldog.

The facts are simple enough. Sir Frederick took great interest in his farms, and, holding some grass land in his own hands, was in the habit of superintending the haymaking himself. As he rode round his fields, or strolled about with Lady Marston, he recognized again and again certain Irishmen whom he had engaged from year to year, and who, as a mark of grateful remembrance, brought a trifle or two as a present to his honour and the lady. Not unfrequently a couple of bottles of Irish whisky as even Sir Frederick’s cellar could not produce, or a bit of Limerick lace of wonderful workmanship, which had been wrought expressly for the occasion. Lady Marston took much notice of these poor people, and did what she could to make them comfortable in the neighbouring village during the hay harvest on her husband’s land. There’s a great deal of good in the great world of which the little world wots not.

Not long before the time of which I am writing a poor fellow called Peter Donovan had been taken ill on the Marston estate, and died. He had been uneasy as his end drew near, and a Roman Catholic priest, who had been sent for from the nearest town, had failed to make him quite easy under the circumstances in which he was placed. He was still very anxious to see Lady Marston once more. Now Lady Marston was a fastidious person in all things connected with personal comfort, and no fonder of a peasant’s dying chamber than you, or I, or any one of my politest readers. But Lady Marston was a woman as well as a lady, and no more to be daunted by foul smells and wretched sights than Florence Nightingale, and some thousands of women all over the world, when the strong light of duty beckoned her to come on. By the time she reached the dying man his mind had become weakened and his speech incoherent. He muttered some thanks, and his happiness in seeing her, and then with a strong effort proceeded to make what might have been a confession, but for his evident intention that it should be acted upon. Lady Marston’s mind was easily led back to a time which had never been forgotten by her or her husband. She

now heard a confused account from the dying man of one Burke, and the Kildonald property; of certain forgeries; of an old man, a former clerk to the aforesaid Burke; of his own brother, Michael Donovan; but all incoherently, and without any sort of chain which could connect it in Lady Marston's mind with poor Thornhill's death, or with his title to the property in question. There was but one word which sharpened her curiosity: 'The book, my lady; 'och! it was the book I've been draming on to tell you this many 'a day.'

'Book, Donovan! What book do you mean? The wine and 'water quick, Mrs. Gray.'

Here Mrs. Gray administered the draught.

'The pocket-book, we sent it by the mail: there it went safe, 'my lady, to the direction, Sir Frederick Marston. 'Tis the mail; I 'gave it myself. More by token, Mither Burke bid me be careful. 'He sent me away afterwards: but I knowed it all by the papers. 'The murder, and the search, and the book, an' all: but I was in 'foreign parts; and now I'm come back to die.'

There was very little more to be got out of poor Donovan. He never rallied; and his father confessor never came again. He might have disapproved of a plurality of confessors in the village. Lady Marston took her way thoughtfully to the Abbey. She walked up the steps of the portico, turned round in the hall to the right, and entered a small room, where she hoped to have found Sir Frederick. She was not deficient in good sense, and had enough to know that she could not consult anybody better than her own husband. In the present case she was certainly right. I wish all my female friends would adopt her views. If wrong, which might happen once in a hundred times, they could console themselves with having done the right thing, or with having no one to blame but themselves in having chosen a noodle instead of a man. Besides, obedience to delegated authority is the first of virtues. So the weaker vessel rang the bell.

'Is Sir Frederick in?'

'No, my lady; he is gone into the park with Mr. Thornhill.'

'With Mr. Thornhill'—Lady Marston felt, without expressing, considerable surprise—'which Mr. Thornhill?'

'Mr. Charles.' And whilst Lady Marston stood up at the window, and looked out, meditating many things with herself, the servant left the room. Charlie was a valuable ally, if anything was required to be done: and his unexpected arrival was useful.

To persons of quick temperament nothing is so disagreeable as downright inactivity when burdened with business. It is all very well to say that if Lady Marston could have sat still, she would have seen her husband and Charlie in the course of an hour. But she couldn't sit, so she sallied out to meet them, and—missed them.

At dinner they met. It was a comfortable meal in autumn; when one dines by daylight in the country, and finishes with a mysterious twilight. Candles were not brought in on this occasion. There was

nobody else in the house ; and the subject was discussed without the exhibition of painful feelings, which daylight or candlelight must have evoked.

‘Yes, Emily, I recollect the book well enough : it was not a pocket-book, but your poor father’s betting-book, Charlie ;’ here he turned to his guest : ‘he backed a horse of mine very heavily, called ‘Benvenuto’; and he must have won but for a robbery. A man called Kildonald——’

‘Yes, I remember, Sir Frederick : it’s long since I heard the story, but I have never forgotten it ;’ and Charlie clutched the stem of his claret glass, and drained it. The bottle was with him, and he filled himself a bumper.

‘And now, what’s to be done, Frederick ? The poor fellow died this afternoon. You know the substance of our conversation. Can anything be made out of it to justify further steps ?’

‘Everything. We have Burke, Michael Donovan—you’re sure of the name ?—and the old clerk, if he’s alive : I wish we had his name : and Cork must be the basis of our operations.’ Here Sir Frederick paused, helped himself, pushed the bottle to Charlie, and added, half-soliloquizing, ‘Yes, we must try Ireland itself.’

‘I’ll go at once,’ said Charlie, still attacking the ‘34.

‘Take Diver, Charlie,’ said my lady.

‘I don’t like law, Lady Marston. I shall do better alone.’

‘I think not. Besides, what time have you ?’

‘A fortnight good, I can take.’

‘That’s something ; but you can’t do without what is called “a legal adviser.” You’ll get into some scrape, Charlie ; and if you once alarm them, the opportunity will be lost.’

‘If you knew how I have it in my head. I’ve thought of it for years, and never forgotten a single thing you told me, when I first left old Gresham’s.’

‘I believe it,’ said Sir Frederick.

‘Then let me go. Poor Tom’s abroad ; and it wouldn’t suit him.’

‘Then take Diver,’ again urged Lady Marston.

‘If you wish it, I will.’

And then Lady Marston rose from the table, and her husband opened the door with a grace and kindness that would have done credit to the first week of their honeymoon.

‘How’s the stud, Charlie ?’

‘Not large, but very good for Frankfort. I’ve a neat Arab, and a good English horse that I bought at Barton’s sale when I was over here at the end of last season.’

‘No racing, I suppose, about Frankfort, or within reach of you ?’

‘Paris on one side, and not very far off Baden-Baden. They’ve taken to it very kindly. It’s at present too much in the hands of English legs. But the young French world is so fond of it, they must succeed.’

‘It won’t,’ said Sir Frederick.

‘Why not?’

‘Because, as soon as they take to betting, no horse will run on his merits; and then will follow handicaps, half-mile races, roping, welshing, and the whole train of evils to which we are accustomed. You know foxes are hunted and eels are skinned, but it doesn’t follow that either is a pleasant amusement.’ Sir Frederick could just see to pour out one more glass of claret. ‘Shall we ring for candles?’

‘No, thank you, I love this light.’

‘Or want of it?’

‘Whichever you please. I can’t talk by daylight.’

‘Is that a great deprivation, Charlie?’

‘Sometimes. When I’m much interested, I’m generally able to say what I mean; but I often envy fellows who say it so much better.’

‘Ah! you’re an admirer of eloquence. But all men are eloquent when they know their subject and feel it. That rascal Thoroughpin is the most eloquent man of my acquaintance. He never ceases talking when he wants me to buy; and persuades me against my sense, interests, and conviction. Gladstone himself never accomplished that.’

‘I’ve no self-confidence.’

‘Then don’t go to Ireland without Diver. Have you finished?’

Lady Marston was pouring out tea at a small round table. The room was glowing with light: a sudden change. Charlie buried his long body in a fauteuil near Lady Marston, while Sir Frederick took up a pamphlet and prepared to read.

Lady Marston looked at Charlie, gave him his tea, and said carelessly enough, ‘Have you seen or heard of the Dacres lately?’ The question was simple, but Charlie felt like a ship on fire. Some men, poets probably, would have said that his colour came and went: the truthful historian is compelled to declare that it only came. There was no ‘go’ about it at all. He got redder and redder as he answered truly—

‘I came from there yesterday.’

‘How are they all? Alice looked ill through the season; and when she was at Thornhills she was exceedingly unwell.’

‘Thornhills is damp in the autumn, it’s so surrounded by trees.’ By this time Charlie was getting a natural colour again; he ventured to look at his questioner.

‘I’m glad they go to Thornhills. Since Tom has been on the Continent the place is lonely for my mother, and she seems to have taken to the girls.’ Charlie swallowed a little confusion in his tea, which being hot, made his eyes water.

‘Where is your brother? Does he think of coming back?’

‘He was at Naples last winter. Carlingford persuaded him to go there from Como. He’ll not come back to live at Thornhills, I fear.’

‘I’ve no patience with Tom Thornhill,’ said Lady Marston,

viciously biting a piece of thin crisp toast, which gave peculiar force to her verdict. 'He might have been anything, or have done anything : he has thrown away too many chances. As a country gentleman, six years ago, he was the man of his day. Why doesn't he get into Parliament ?'

'He says politicians are so dishonest,' said Charlie, shyly.

'What's that ?' inquired Sir Frederick, looking up from his pamphlet.

'Oh ! I beg your pardon ; it's only Tom's idea of politics. Of course he knows nothing about it : but he says political integrity is all my eye.'

'Well, perhaps he's not far wrong. Does he find men more scrupulous on the turf ?'

'He says they're nearly as bad, but that he's prepared for it there. Have you any horses, Sir Frederick ?'

'None in training : I've given it up. I breed a little for amusement ; but the turf is very different from what it was when your poor father and I went on it thirty years ago. Talking of the turf, what is become of Wilson Graves ?'

'He went abroad after the match between my brother's horse and Robinson Browne's mare.' Charlie said nothing more.

'I heard he lost a great deal of money : and something was said about his trying to get at the horse. Of course nobody believed that, men do tell such wonderful falsehoods.'

'What's become of young Robinson Browne, Lady Marston ? I've not seen him since the match.'

'He's going to be married to Lady Susan Trumpington. He has been most liberal about the settlements, and the Trumpington property is unembarrassed once more.'

'And Harlington ?'

'Nobody knows anything about Harlington. He was exceedingly attentive to Alice Dacre : and as he was certainly the best match of the season, everybody settled it to their own satisfaction. Your old aunt, Lady Casterton, was especially sharp-sighted ; but it all came to nothing ; and he disappeared from the scene. Is there any truth in the report that your mother is to leave Thornhills ? We have a place in this neighbourhood that would exactly suit her and Mary Stanhope.'

'I think not. All sorts of stories were about, I've no doubt, when my brother went abroad ; and it was really supposed to be in the market ; but Tom won't have her disturbed, as long as she likes to live there : and it wouldn't be very easy to let it.'

'Have you seen your mother yet, since you came from Frankfort ?'

'Not yet,' sheepishly.

'Nor your Aunt Casterton ?'

'No one but you,' flatteringly.

'And the Dacres. How goes on the banking ?'

'Very flourishingly. I'm glad I took your advice. It's better than soldiering.'

‘ Now take some more. Go and call on Roger Palmer, you owe him a visit, and your uncle Henry. You have no better friend in the world : and now, Fred, if you and Charlie want a cigar, you’d better have it ; it’s growing late. Good night.’

In three days’ time Charlie was steaming from Bristol to Cork in company with Mr. Diver.

CHAPTER XLII.

IRELAND.

“The thicket is beset, he cannot ‘scape.”—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Act V. Scene 3.

THE voyage to Cork is at no time a pleasant one : and when, after about six-and-thirty hours of intolerable pitching and tossing, Charlie received for reply to a natural demand as to their whereabouts, that ‘ faix, his honour was *on the say*,’ he managed to climb out of his berth, and nearly wrung the neck of the cabin boy. He was a shock-headed young ruffian, and so appreciative of a joke, that he had already been thrashed for this one no less than five-and-twenty times. He only escaped when the body was too sick to defend the mind. The getting up to do anything proved a great amendment, and finding after a hurried toilette, and as much cold water as he could get hold of, that he was not more than two-thirds drunk and one asleep, Charlie scrambled upon deck, in time to catch the first glimpse of Cove and the Black Rock. In a few hours more they were in Cork.

If this were about the beginning of the second volume of a fine old-fashioned half-bound marble-covered affair, instead of being, as it is, near the beginning of the end, I should delay my reader to carry him a tour through Ireland, or at least a certain portion of it. I recommend him, if he wishes to know anything about it, without the trouble of going there, to apply to some of the numerous tourist volumes, headed Killarney, or Glengariff, or Bantry Bay, which about embraces the parts traversed by Mr. Diver and our friend. As regards the going there oneself, that’s a matter of taste. I liked it : but then I’m fond of scenery, character, fighting, and general excitement. I don’t dislike roughing it here and there. Can do without feather beds, carpets, a valet, or a fireplace—can sleep with my window open or shut, broken or whole, with my door locked or unlocked, am a convenient height, say 5ft. 10in., so that I can wear anybody’s clothes of reasonable size ; and 11st. 8lb., so that I can ride anybody’s horse of reasonable weight. I am equally handsome with or without a beard, having tried both : am lavish of money when I have it, and can make a shilling go as far as—twelve pence (and there’s an enormous difference) when I’m hard up. I prefer truffles, and clear turtle, and cliquot, sec, with every conceivable delicacy of the French cuisine ; but I can live upon

bread, beer, whisky, Swiss cheese, and Dorsetshire draught cider, which latter drink I take to be the nastiest thing in existence, and calculated only for the '*durissima ilia messorum*,' which has nothing to do with the army: a mistake not altogether impossible to the unlearned.

If any man can do this, let him knapsack the Tyrol, and Ireland; if not let him stop at home. By-the-way, a great many persons like to travel in order to say that they have been to Constantinople. A word of advice. 'If that's your motive, say it, and don't go.' Because, my dear friend, in your case, if ever a lie was worth the money, that's it: and with the assistance of Murray you may 'forge' all the endorsements, as well as the bill.'

'Now, what's the first thing to be done, Mr. Diver?' said Charlie, as they sat over their breakfast on the following morning. They had seen, be it remarked, the Custom House, the County Prison, the Episcopal Palace, the Infirmaries, and the quays, and had already admired the female population of Cork, which disported itself on the day before on the mardyke; so that the question had evident relation to business.

'I've a friend, or old acquaintance, once a lawyer, now a magistrate, who may assist us in this business.'

Nicholas Corcoran lived in a handsome house near the centre of the modern town, south of the River Lee. He was the last of the pigtails, wore black breeches, and well blacked boots up to the knee, a square cut, straight collared blue coat, with metal buttons, a very soft and voluminous white neckcloth, and a long striped waistcoat of buff colour. He was a shrewd, clever old man—handsome, delicate-looking in figure and feature, with sharp grey eyes and dark lashes and brows, which contrasted curiously with his white hair, which was thinly scattered on his brow, and grew more thickly and wavily on each side of his temples. He was a good judge of law and claret; and dispensed both with equal hospitality. His reception of Diver and Charlie was distinguished by great urbanity, and a determination that they should dine with him that day. In the mean time what could he do for them?

'Did I know Burke?' said the old gentleman, after an explanation of their visit had been laid before him, as far as was needful. 'Indeed I did: sorrow a gentleman in Cork that didn't know him, for he robbed us all. But he was the best sportsman, and the greatest soundrel I ever saw; and they seldom go together. If he's not dead he's afther no good now.'

'You've heard of an old clerk he had, who——'

'What, Phelim O'Brian? he's in Cork still, and a greater scoundrel than the other. If there's any one can tell you anything about Burke, it's Phelim. He's been accused of forgery and every other crime in the world, short of murder, since his absence, and might have been guilty of both.'

'And where shall we find him between this and six o'clock?'

'You must cross the bridge at the bottom of the next street to

'this, and that leads to the old town on the north side of the river. But stay, the streets are narrow and irregular; don't be afraid of dirt or misery, Mr. Thornhill, my servant shall put you in the way.' After many thanks Thornhill and Diver withdrew.

Mrs. O'Brian, the mother of Phelim, received them. She was eighty-five years of age and looked a hundred. She was muttering a low chant over a small turf fire, on which was a kettle: she took but little notice of the strangers, and when asked for her son, pointed upwards—whether she meant in heaven, or only upstairs no one knew. The two men only guessed that it was not the former, so chose the latter alternative. They ascended, however, and there found Phelim, and a long-coated terrier.

Below stairs, nothing could have been more wretchedly miserable than the whole appearance of things. It divulged the last stage of poverty previous to absolute starvation. Upstairs, things were more cheerful. Phelim was a miserable-looking object himself—lean, lank, and dirty, and bearing a strong resemblance to his mamma; but he was surrounded by business, in the way of writing materials, chairs, a table, a bottle of whisky, though it was early in the day, and a pipe, which he laid aside on the entrance of the two.

'Maybe I'll be able to do something for you, gentlemen.'

'Nothing at present; much hereafter, if you can only inform us where Mr. Burke is to be found.'

Phelim looked up with a scared look; and then recovering himself, asked if it was 'Mr. Burke of the Blackwater Villas, or of Tivoli, on the river, a little way out of town.'

It was neither—and this led to an explanation of *the* Mr. Burke in question. And then he knew nothing. And no one knows the immovability of an Irishman's determined stupidity, till he has tried it. He almost forgot the name; nearly denied his own identity; and when compelled to admit that he had been his clerk at the time of his quitting the country, pretended never to have heard of him, or from him, from that day to this.

'There's an estate called the Kildonald Estate? Who receives the rents?'

'That's Mr. Burke himself that receives them.' Here he looked uncomfortable; and a gradual tremor crept over Phelim O'Brian.

'But he's not been in England for years; and yet the rents go somewhere.'

'Is it the rents? Sorrow any rents we get. It's the agent in London—he comes down twice a year.'

'What's his name, Phelim? Come, don't be afraid. It will be a fine thing for you, when the business is righted. You'd like a little agency round here?' (May Mr. Diver be forgiven—Charlie allowed him to lie.)

'Indeed it would suit me, and the ould woman down stairs.'

'It's possible, Phelim; but where's Burke?'

'How would I know? didn't he go to Australia, and then to

‘America? leastways they say the New Yorkers was puzzled quite.

‘I’d a thought he’d ha’ met wi’ his match, there, anyhow.’

‘But where is he now?’ said Charlie, putting in an obviously leading question.

‘Honour bright, I don’t know. I wish I did.’

‘What would you do?’

‘By my soul, I’d make him curse the day ever he cheated Phelim

‘O’Brian out of a year’s wages.’

‘But you don’t know where he is?’

‘I don’t, yer honour.’

‘Leave us together, and I’ll see you at dinner,’ said the wily lawyer (aside). ‘Well, Thornhill, (aloud) it’s no use—he knows ‘nothing, so we’ll be off. Good morning, much obliged—’ he got thus far, but no farther, for no sooner had Phelim O’Brian heard the name of Thornhill, than rising suddenly from his chair he repeated the name, three or four times, and resuming his seat, seemed with difficulty to restrain himself.

Charlie, who had sense enough to know that Diver was the proper person to hunt the fox, though he might ride to him, obeyed him implicitly: and though he fully comprehended the value of this exclamation, he turned round, and made his way down the ruined staircase without eliciting a remark from the old lady in the chimney corner.

He was no sooner gone than Mr. Diver brought his artillery to bear: and the town was not long before it began to hang out signals of distress or capitulation. It was evident that Phelim O’Brian was to be bought. Burke had left him at his utmost need: and in placing the Atlantic between himself and his country, never counted on his animosity.

Money and safety were the two grand things for which Phelim stipulated. The first was a certainty, the latter nearly so; for the best of all reasons, that he seemed to have known very little, and acted entirely under Burke’s directions. Of the papers connected with the Kildonald property he knew nothing, excepting that they had been stolen from the office on the night of the robbery. There were others whom it was absolutely necessary to find before much could be made out of the business. There were the two Donovans. One was dead, we know, the other was nobody knows where. He had had half a dozen aliases: he was Donovan, and Heenan, and Daly. To Mr. Diver these names conveyed nothing; but when Charlie heard them he pricked up his ears. There was one George, too, an illegitimate son of Kildonald’s, as they said; he knew something about Burke, but he had never been heard of. One thing only came out after three days’ examination, and an endless effort to make out something about Michael Donovan, quite unsuccessfully. Burke had deliberately forged the date and name to several deeds, drawn out by Phelim himself, after the death of old Mr. Kildonald, conveying to him certain interest in the estate for so many thousand pounds received on account, but which thousands had never been

paid at all. To prove this it was necessary to secure Mr. Phelim, and Charlie very wisely left it to Mr. Diver to make use of his professional knowledge for the purpose.

When Charlie left Cork he had enjoyed some good dinners at Mr. Corcoran's table; he had seen something of the beauty and easiness of the Cork ladies; he had tested their inflammability to a certain extent, and found them as soft as gun-cotton and equally combustible; but he had made no progress in the discovery of his father's murderer, and went back to England more determined than ever of purpose.

Of course he ran down to Thornhills. His mother was all affection, as usual; but while she talked to him, and of his prospects, it was evident that she was thinking of Tom. Mary Stanhope thought they had both been spoilt; and as to Tom's folly, it was perfectly inconceivable. She hoped Charlie was not making a fool of himself with those Dacre girls. They ought to marry rich men. Edith was flighty, and would make a capital wife for young Lord Buddicombe, who came out at an Exeter Hall meeting on the Young Women's Mental Discipline Association. He would have a home specimen to practise on. Alice was as proud as Lucifer—though, poor dear thing, she certainly was very ill. When Charlie wanted to make a fool of himself, he'd better do so with a banker's or alderman's daughter. She didn't know what was come to the young people of late years. Charlie's own extravagance was quite sinful: he didn't play, but he spent it all on himself. And when he took leave, which he did in a couple of days, she gave him a cheque for a hundred pounds 'to buy a little present' from Aunt Mary. She had made it two hundred to Tom, as being the most in want and the least deserving of it.

He forgot neither his Uncle Henry nor Roger Palmer. The former he found, as usual, in Pall Mall, in the midst of business. Everything had a prosperous look about him but the man himself. He looked worn, prematurely aged, and overworked—a dull stone in a gorgeous setting. He was to Charlie the same as ever, touched lightly, but kindly, on Tom's extravagance, and hoped Thornhills might be saved. He could not buy it, or he would. 'If ever you have the chance, Charlie, don't throw it away.'

Charlie walked off thoughtfully enough. If his uncle did not put it in his power, who would? By this time he had reached Roger Palmer's. The old man was delighted with everything his *protégé* had done. His services would be very valuable in another year or two at home.

The first person Charlie saw on his return to Frankfort was his own groom. He looked very steadily at the man, and then began to wonder at his own stupidity. If every one was as honest, what an admiring world this would be! He recognized him directly. This was the man who held his horse, who stole his dog, who sent him to Whitechapel, and who called on him at Armstrong's. And now he saw the difference. The one character was that of a cun-

ning looking, half ferocious sort of person, with bullet head, ragged whiskers, unkempt, unshorn, who looked lost without the attendance of Calcraft. The other was that of an active, cleanly, close-shaven, practical groom. Not the fine gentleman, who spent one half of the year at Melton and the other between Newmarket and London; but there was a something still in the man's eye that recalled his former characteristics at once.

'How are the horses, Donovan?' said his master.

The man jumped round as if he had been shot. All colour left his cheeks; and then as suddenly recollecting himself, he said, 'I ask yer pardon, sir; did ye spake?'

'I asked after the horses: that's all. Is the brown English horse all right?'

'Yes, sir, they're both right enough; and his feet's improving, anyhow. I kept his heels nice and open; and I wouldn't let 'em even cut away his frog. Baron Hartzstein's man wants the master to buy him.'

'If he's big enough to carry me, I may as well keep him as sell him.'

'He's the horse that can do it, yer honour: he's near thorough-bred, and has great hocks and a good back. He'd make a steeple-chaser, if he knows how to lep.'

'I'll ride him at half-past three;' saying which, Charlie turned from his stables, and made his way to Madame Meyerheim's. 'I think we know where to put our hands upon Mr. Donovan when we want him.' And Charlie entered the *porte cochère*, and rang the bell.

'What, Miss Donald, all alone? Well, I hope you are all as I left you. But you look unwell yourself,' added he, after a pause, in which he stood looking at the pretty eyes of his compatriot.

'Miss Donald,' said Bertha, 'is very naughty, I'm sure.'

'Why so, Bertha? what makes you think so?' said Charlie, encouragingly.

'Ah! I know, but I won't tell. I know she is, because she's just like me.' Bertha was a flat-faced, blue-eyed little girl with flaxen hair.

'Not much, Bertha, I should think.'

'Yes, but she is. She's always crying now; and I only cry when I'm naughty.'

Charlie looked round, and Kathleen jumped up, and left the room.

'Well, Bertha, and what have you been doing since I went away? Who's been here to play with you?' And Charlie drew the child towards him.

'Oh! there's another gentleman been here instead of you; and he goes to the Thier Garten, and to Mainlust, and—and—but I don't like him so well as you, he talks such funny English.' Little pitchers have good ears as well as long.

'Really, that's kind. And what's his name?'

'I don't know his name, but he came here with Comte Degenfeld.'

Charlie changed the conversation, and after chatting with Madame

Meyerheim, and hearing that the officers were to give a grand ball at the Casino, he took his leave.

So his friend Hartzstein was not gambling at Homburg. There must be some attraction to keep him in Frankfort—perhaps his friendship for Degenfeld, or his pleasure in Herr Meyerheim's society, or—something else.

Charlie's Irish groom was not exactly what he seemed. His life had been a chequered one. He was well brought up for a cotter's son. The priest and the squire had stood his friend when a boy, and had sent him to school. More than that, they saw that he learnt, and had half a crown in his pocket. But he took to evil courses: he took to poaching and horsebreaking instead of quill-driving in Burke's office, for which he was intended. Then he began to wander further afield. He became a vagabond frequenter of race-meetings, and Burke discarded him. Presently he returned, starving, begging; and want drives out honesty when it has a tendency to go of itself. Burke had something for him to do, which he did, unscrupulously and effectively. And the two had a hold on one another; but the rich and respectable man's grip was the tighter. Poverty has a lying look when confronted with wealth. By-and-by he got honester, and tried to work, but it took him a great many years to do so. He was a tout, then a stable-boy, then he became a helper in some large stables, and when he got the chance he became a groom. He had not been so happy since he was a child in his father's house on the Kildonald estate; and the name of Thornhill had a mysterious charm for him. He had been of service to Charlie before this; and we love those we can serve. Aristotle gives a selfish reason for this in our own vanity—perhaps the true one.

A few days later Charlie was smoking in the stable, a reprehensible but not unpleasant practice, when Daly said to him—

'Baron Hartzstein was looking at your English horse, yer honour: he wants to buy him.'

'He may have him: I've seen one belonging to a Hungarian gentleman.' Charlie looked very indifferent.

'He goes well in harness: it's a grand horse he is in leather.'

'It's just what he's fit for. If he wants any information the baron can ride and drive him (I suppose he's quiet), and the price is eighty pounds.'

'I'll be puzzled entirely, faix, with the pounds. It's about francs and florins he's always axing. Maybe I'll tell him too little.'

'Then say two thousand francs: that's about the mark.' The next day the horse was sold.

Charlie sat in a brown study one day, about three o'clock, smoking a German pipe. It was rarely that he indulged in that way; but his cigars were getting low, and he had no fancy for the produce of Bremen or Hamburg in lieu of the Havanah. So he took to a pipe. 'Come in,' said he; and there entered a not frequent visitor or two: Degenfeld, De Weiler, and Hartzstein.

‘ Herr Carl becomes quite the German,’ said Degenfeld.

‘ How’s the pipe? Tastes he good?’ said De Weiler.

‘ Middling, thank you, baron,’ replied Charlie. ‘ There’s a cigar for you. Hartzstein, those are some of Tom’s: you’d better take one.’

The two barons helped themselves, and the comte followed their example. Charlie rang the bell. ‘ Bring up a bottle of steinwein.’

‘ Do you go to the ball given by the Grand Duke next week, Mr. Thornhill?’ said De Weiler, who was not an old acquaintance, and consequently more formal than Hartzstein and Degenfeld. ‘ I hear some of your countrymen are coming over from the spas.’

‘ Yes; I have a carte, and intend going.’

‘ And your pretty countrywoman?’ said Degenfeld: ‘ Hartzstein raves about her.’

‘ I agree with him,’ said Charlie; ‘ but she’s not quite a countrywoman: she’s Irish.’

‘ Irish or English, will she be there?’ said Hartzstein.

‘ I hardly think so. The Meyerheims are going, I presume; but——’

‘ I have carte blanche, and if Madame Meyerheim——’

‘ I should not like to propose it to Madame Meyerheim, myself,’ interposed Thornhill, ‘ if I were the Grand Duke’s most intimate friend; and I don’t think the Baroness Hartzstein would feel complimented if she were placed in the same situation as Miss Donald.’

Here the conversation dropped; and Charlie inquired what the baron thought of his new purchase. He liked him much: the horse rode well, and was good in harness; a capital match to the one he had brought with him from England. Young Phelps, the attaché to the embassy, had offered Hartzstein a hundred for him.

Before the three gentlemen rose to go, Degenfeld drew nearer to Charlie. ‘ Mr. Thornhill, I expect an Englishman to dine with me and our friends here, next week, at the Hôtel de Russie, privately: will you join us?’

‘ Certainly, with pleasure.’

‘ What day will suit you? We can make it any day.’

‘ Say Wednesday, then. Adieu, adieu!’ They all shook hands, and parted. Two of their sabres clanked down stairs, and they sallied into the Zeil. Charlie finished his pipe, and went to the bank.

‘ Confound that fellow Hartzstein’s impudence,’ thought he: ‘ these Germans are the most impertinent fellows alive. When an Englishman means wrong, or does wrong, he is seldom proud of it. But these fellows are as fond of their vices as a North American Indian of his scalps. Poor girl! I wonder what old Donald and his wife are like. Upon my soul, she stands in a very awkward position. Meyerheim’s as good as gold; so is his wife. But they know no more of fellows like Hartzstein than I do of astronomy. It certainly is no business of mine. I wonder whether Degenfeld knows anything about it. What’s every man’s business is nobody’s business.’

‘It’s every man’s business to protect a poor girl from an unprincipled blackguard like Hartzstein. If she wasn’t so good-looking I’d do something towards stopping it myself: but there isn’t a soul here or in England that wouldn’t say I was in love with the girl myself.’ Such were Charlie’s meditations as he sat on a three-legged stool, staring at vacancy: and no man can deny that, though slow and old-fashioned in his notions, they were tolerably just—for the Dunce of the Family.

The day before the intended dinner at Degenfeld’s Charlie sat at his desk in an inner room of the bank. He had had letters from England, detailing the course of events in Ireland. Diver was in full cry, and hoped not only to secure the testimony of Donovan, but the person of Burke himself. The latter was living under his own name not twelve months ago, as the rents had been received from the Kildonald estate, and receipts signed by his agent in his name. That gentleman had not yet appeared: doubtless he would be found within a month of the next rent-day. Burke had been traced to America; and there, finding the aborigines as barbarous and the settlers as unprincipled as himself, he had disappeared. Charlie was requested to be as quiet as possible, and to awake no suspicion of the intended investigation.

The letters from Lady Marston, and one from Mr. Dacre, who occasionally wrote to him, were full of English gossip or family news. Tom’s affairs were better than had been expected. His mother and Mary Stanhope were at Thornhills for the winter. Lord Audley had proposed and been rejected by Alice Dacre, and Robinson Browne was going to be married to Lady Susan Trumpington: lots of blood for the money, as the Piccadilly Phenomenon might observe. Both letters spoke of the rapidly failing health of Henry Thornhill, who was gone into the country for change of air; and Mr. Dacre seemed to think that he might pass the next winter in the south of Italy—he did not say for what reason.

‘A letter by private hand for Mr. Thornhill,’ said one of the clerks, opening the door of Charlie’s room. He placed it on the table. The edging was black as well as the seal, and the handwriting was unknown to him. It had a lawyer-like appearance. Charlie was but mortal himself, so he turned it and twisted it, and looked at the crest, and made a dozen conjectures. He never guessed right; and, with some fear of undefined calamity, he broke open the letter. When opened he did not look at it for a minute or more; and when he did, the truth was told in a most unceremonious fashion. His uncle had died without a warning and without a struggle. Henry Thornhill was no more. Enclosed was a letter, the last that had been written by the deceased, addressed to Charlie, and to be forwarded to him as soon as circumstances permitted. As its contents concern no one more than the recipient, and may well remain undisclosed until the requirements of the story bring them to light, I shall try the reader’s patience, if he feel any curiosity to know them.

'GENTLEMEN RIDERS.'

MR. GEORGE THOMPSON.

THE increasing popularity of race-riding by gentlemen, not only in England but on all parts of the Continent, induces us to imagine that a few sketches of the chief stars would not be out of place in our pages; and in selecting Mr. George Thompson to start with, we would not for a moment ruffle the feathers of Captain Little, who must be admitted by common consent to be the leader of the circuit, and to have the leading business of the day. But circumstances over which we have no control, the excuse of the gentleman who could not meet his acceptance at maturity, must plead our excuse for not opening the ball with him.

Mr. George Thompson was born in 1833, and is the son of Mr. H. S. Thompson, of Fairfield, near York. From the possession of his senses young George Thompson exhibited a most extraordinary penchant for horses, and seemed to have an intuitive knowledge of riding, which his father, likewise an excellent horseman, cultivated earlier perhaps than many Paterfamilias would have done; for at three years old he was lunged round a field on a Shetland pony with a caveçon, and at eight had ridden with his father across country on a pony given him by his uncle, Colonel Thompson, and was always in the first flight. Seven years, as the playbills say, are supposed to elapse, when, the day previous to an amateur meeting which used to be held on Rawcliffe Ings, a gentleman offered to run Mr. H. Thompson's pony *The Maid of Skelgate* with his own hack, catch weight, half a mile. The challenge was accepted, and the articles drawn up; but, on going down to the start, Mr. Thompson discovered that a jockey boy, who was in Scott's stable, and who had ridden several winners in public, was about to ride his opponent's horse. Against this step he remonstrated warmly, maintaining the conditions were for gentlemen riders. The articles, however, when produced, showed no such stipulation, and the owner of the horse boastingly said he had got the best of the match, inasmuch as Mr. Thompson was eleven stone, and his own jockey under seven. Annoyed at such a trick being played upon him, Mr. Thompson made no reply, but riding off to his carriage, in which Mrs. Thompson and her family were seated, he merely said to his wife, 'Hand me 'out George: I am too heavy;' and at the same moment a little dark-eyed cherub, in a blue cloth frock ornamented with gilt buttons, made his appearance out of the window, to the delight of the crowd, who watched the changing of the stirrups from his own pony to *The Maid of Skelgate* with great interest. This little boy, it is needless to add, was our Hero, who, as he cantered down with his father to the post, without the conventional boots and breeches, and showing his little red legs and white trousers, was loudly cheered. 'What am I to do, papa?' was the only question he asked. 'Why, 'hold your reins tight, and directly they say "Go," come as fast as

‘you can home.’ He did so, won in a canter, and was put back into the carriage in the same way he came out, the whole scene reminding the spectators strongly of a scene in a pantomime. At this time his weight was within a pound of three stone, so that he must have been the lightest jockey that ever rode in public. Shortly after this important event in his life, and which no doubt left a powerful impression on his memory, he was sent to Dr. Sharpe’s academy at Doncaster, which had a great reputation at the time for the number of scholars it produced. Here he remained until he went to Eton, where his favourite pursuits were football and boating. In the latter amusement he was a great proficient; for his light weight and steady hand and eye made him a capital steersman, and he holds now the silver rudders which were won by the crews under his guidance. On leaving Eton, it was his intention to have entered the army, and commissions in more than one cavalry regiment were offered; but he subsequently abandoned the idea, and, being in easy circumstances, he gave the preference to the life of a country gentleman, for which, from his active habits, he is eminently fitted. From the fact of his father always having a small stud of horses in training, and being a warm patron of Hunters’ Stakes, young George had greater opportunities of practice than fall to the lot of many gentlemen riders; and, as Nature gave him a head, and practice hands, and knowledge of pace, he quickly grew into notice, the demands upon his good nature and time, for he rode solely to oblige his friends, being as much as he could satisfy; for the gentlemen riders are the only species of human beings who are privileged to travel hundreds of miles for a comparative stranger at their own expense. And of this exclusive right some writers would rob them; but we ourselves should be very sorry to become an accessory after the fact. Of course, from his light weight—for he can ride now 7st. 7lb.—he is in constant requisition, and on the northern circuit he has decidedly the call of the gentlemen riders. In the south, also, his appearance in the enclosure invariably leads to a demand for his services; but, unless it is to oblige a friend, he rarely goes out of ‘the black country’ and the northern district, otherwise his name would figure to still greater advantage in the winning returns. Though short, George Thompson, in point of muscle, is a perfect Pocket Hercules, a circumstance which is of great use to him when finishing with a parcel of boys, who are wasted to death before they get up. Relative to the best race he has ridden there will be always a diversity of opinion; but, according to our ideas, he never performed better than when at Croxton Park, on Miss Briggs, he beat Mr. Scobell, on Ethelwolf, after a dead heat, which so pleased the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary, who were on the Stand at the time, that they applauded him as cordially as we have witnessed them do a favourite singer. The year before last, he also rode a remarkably fine race, when, on Lord Coventry’s Flich, he beat Count Batthyany on Suburban. Although often solicited to ride in the Derby for his personal friends, he has always declined

doing so ; but when his father had the management of Sir George Strickland's stud he steered Cambondo for the St. Leger. Having a horror of betting—for he never stood five pounds on an animal in his life but twice, viz., when The Dutchman beat Voltigeur in his match, and when Brown Duchess won the Oaks, which mare Mr. Saxon purchased at Rawcliffe at his recommendation—he has escaped those quicksands which have swallowed up so many young men who are attached to the Turf. Generally speaking, Gentlemen Riders are not celebrated for hiding their light under a bushel, but with George Thompson the case is widely different, for he is remarkable for the modest tone in which he speaks of his exploits in the saddle, never in any case disparaging his competitors. Good-natured and agreeable in private life, with the Mothers of Yorkshire he has always kept his place in the market ; and, to sum him up in one sentence, he may be regarded as one of those rare curiosities, an unspoiled public favourite.

A COLLEGE FINGERPOST.

PART I.

‘OUT with him, out with him ; take care or you’ll lose him !’ exclaimed my father in great excitement and piscatorial enthusiasm, as I, agile, and perhaps equally moved in my youthful ardour for laying hold of a half-captured fish, having slid down a shelving bank as quickly as possible into the stream, found myself already up to my middle in the water. ‘Take care !’ I was taking all care, and very much to my own satisfaction did I succeed in dexterously placing my straw hat underneath a great, coarse chub of about five pounds weight, which had, like a shot, taken the governor’s ‘red spinner’ as soon as it fell on the rippling stream underneath a projecting alder bush. I say, I was satisfied, and as far as landing the fish in rather a novel manner, I really was ; but when I discovered that it was but a chub instead of a trout, I must own I felt both disgusted and out of temper, and inwardly resolved not again to venture myself as a walking landing-net, unless I could be certain of the nature of the prey. The governor himself imagined, and very naturally so too, as he hooked him, that he was a famous trout. Many a good one had he killed in the same water, and hence his anticipation. The landing-net, of course, had been forgotten—we are pretty sure to forget something—at least it generally happens that we do so in our fishing or shooting excursions. Sometimes the salt, sometimes the corkscrew ; indeed I will go so far as to say that oblivion as to certain necessary articles at a picnic is undeniable ; ‘I quite forgot ‘it,’ often causes an impromptu invention, or substitute, which results in a bit of fun and merry-making. Although the landing-net, owing, I believe, to my late rising on the identical morning, and our consequent hurry at starting, had been left behind, still that day is not left behind, nor ever will be, in my memory. I well recollect

it; I have reason to do so, for it was eventful. It was a kind of red-letter day to me: from it I can date, as it were, the commencement of a new era of my existence. Yes, it was a day pregnant with hope, fear, and anticipation to one situated as I then was. We all, I imagine, have the pardonable weakness, nay, even the most agreeable vanity of noting down, if not in our books, yet in our memories—far more faithful—some striking and extraordinary incidents of our early career, which, though perhaps not ‘leading on to fortune,’ may nevertheless have led, step by step, to very important and telling results in after life. Who, indeed, among us does not well recollect the first sovereign that was his own property so called; his first kiss from the girl he thought he loved, and where it was consecrated; his first step into the head form at school; his first party; his first accident; his first memorable *something*, be it great or little? Happy, truly, the expression, ‘Juvat præterita recordari.’ The genial May day in 184—, which I am now recalling, was destined to beget important incidents. It was slightly overcast (an omen, perhaps, of my future), not entirely cloudy, for the sun shone forth in all his glory at intervals. There was a gentle breeze modifying the heat, and, indeed, altogether it was exactly such a day as is wont to gladden a true angler’s heart, and put him in rather reliable anticipation of ‘making up a respectable creel,’ as the professional anglers have it. The poet, as he sang

‘When with his lively ray the potent sun
Has pierced the streams, and roused the finny tribe,
Then issuing cheerful to thy sport repair,’

must, I think, have been enjoying the delights so peculiar to a glorious May day.

‘Chubby’ being safely landed and deposited in the creel on Sam’s back, I hung my saturated ‘straw’ upon a bush hard by; and it was during the process of its drying, that we—*i. e.*, pater and self—commenced, I may say, digging the hole in which to place the fingerpost pointing to college, though not telling the number of miles thereto, much less the cares and pleasures, the good and the evil connected therewith. It was at this very time, while, seated on the green bank of the river, we were making short work of the contents of a goodly flask of sherry and some sandwiches (I was eating hard-boiled eggs, for I abhor the latter), with which necessities of life we were always provided, for fear of being ‘lost,’ that the first conversation of any seriousness ‘in re’ my University destination took place between my father and myself.

‘Bump,’ said he, as he handed over the amontillado, looking round at the same time to see if Sam, our man Friday, was within hearing distance; ‘You will have to go to college about September, I find; how shall you like it? But,’ added he, ‘I think you have always had a wish to go up to the University.’

‘Oh! I shall be very glad to go up to Oxford,’ replied I, visions of self-mastership, vast importance, a well-filled pocket, nothing to

do but enjoy oneself, and pleasures for evermore, almost on the instant following each other up in my mind in rapid succession, like so many bright bubbles from a tobacco-pipe blown by a delighted youngster. Alas for my verdancy!

‘Then I shall not return to school after Midsummer, I suppose?’

‘Probably not,’ said he; ‘but as I have written to Mr. Kiffin, a friend of mine, and an old “chum,” to make inquiries for you, we shall know all about it, I have no doubt, in a few days, at least very shortly. But now let us be moving; Sam, put this flask and the luncheon up. Bump, you had better take off that light “Orl,” and put on a “Hawthorn” or a “Granham.” I find my “Granham” kills well. Be sure and fish the weir-hole steadily; I’ll try the back mill stream.’

Thus for the first time in anything like reality college life ‘loomed in the distance.’ How likely I was, with excited feelings, a beating heart, and an imagination now soaring above things of mediocrity, to fish the weir-hole well, I leave to lovers of the gentle art to conclude; and I have no hesitation in saying that I draw no exaggerated picture of the effect, which intelligence of a highly pleasing and important nature has upon the mind of a youth of seventeen, some of whose characteristics are, or ought to be, a desire after eminence, an honest pride, and, which is far more natural, a view of the future in its clouded brilliancy only. I think it but fair to myself, as well as my readers, here to state, in reference to the term ‘Bump,’ by which my father addressed me, that my godfathers and godmothers did *not* give me that very euphonious name, but that I had the good fortune to acquire the ‘cognomen’ while at school, from a supposed, perhaps not unreal, forward manner, or bumptiousness, existing in my composition. The name had by this time become as familiar to me as a household word; and well it might, for it was applied to me throughout our household by all except the servants, though I was known also by my schoolfellows as ‘The Pope,’ and ‘Bedouin,’ but for what earthly reasons I am at a loss to imagine. However, I do know that I was always looked upon as an ‘early bird,’ though I was not the one at the top of the nest; neither was I fortunate enough to pick up *the* worm, for my elder brother swallowed that dainty by right of primogeniture. In testimony of some evidence of precocity appertaining to my nature, I may just remark that that uncompromising disciplinarian, and inflexible pedagogue, old ‘Burr,’ (our head master,) actually threatened me with immediate expulsion, when I had just passed my sixteenth year, because, to use his own very pithy expression, I was ‘not content with trading on my own account at a certain ladies’ school in the town, but had taken upon myself also to act the part of go-between in affairs of the heart for some of the other boys and equally aspirant young ladies, thus combining business with amusement. “Hæ nugæ in seria ducent,”” gravely remarked he. Mind, I do not believe that he could have carried out his cruel and

nefarious purpose, in accordance with any law, rule, or precedent ; but that he did most manfully threaten to do so, which is the next step to action, and that I was in a most terrible funk, I am bound to assert. This little matter, *en passant*, had the very salutary effect of materially cooling my amatorial ardour : cold water was decidedly thrown upon it, and the flame, which was innocently kindled, but may perhaps have burnt to my future cost, was ruthlessly and finally extinguished. Here, then, was good springing out of evil ; or rather from an attack of capricious malice on the one side, an advantage as regarded the future decidedly gained on the other. Allow me, therefore, to pay any merited tribute to that rare specimen of a preceptor, for he certainly had some good points which must not be forgotten, though they decidedly did not predominate over his contrary ones. I would at the same time give you a brief sketch of what he was like, and this being done, we shall have a fair start along the road indicated by the fingerpost, my only reason for thus far digressing being, that, as I am writing a true story, and he comes so frequently and so forcibly to my mind, I cannot well help noticing him pretty fully.

‘Burr,’ for we knew him by this name better than by any other, was, to start with, a first-rate scholar, very deeply read in classics, most accurate in his conclusions, a fair politician, a worshipper of ‘The Times,’ devoted to port, and withal, a sound theologian. To his praise be it said that so disgusted was he at not obtaining a first class (he got a second, and I am satisfied could only have missed his first by ‘a fluke,’) that he never gave out to any one that he had taken honours at all, and I only discovered the fact from an accidental survey of ‘The Calendar’ some months after I had been ‘in residence.’

He was a short, thick-set, stocky, cob-like sort of man, with good chest and powerful shoulders (I shrug my own as I call to mind his caning powers), a very plain head, which evidenced little breed—as his stock have since shown to be the case—a dull, disappointed-looking eye, good ‘understandings,’ and altogether he looked like ‘staying a distance.’ He was always well up to the collar when in harness, but of an unmistakably currish, and sometimes even savage disposition. Nevertheless he always looked glossy in his coat, for he was ‘done’ well, and, indeed, his general appearance was ‘fat and well liking.’ It was the universal opinion after the display Rarey made of his talent in this country, that if he could have had Burr under his tuition, he would have rendered him as docile as he did that savage brute Cruiser. Such was the individual who, a month or so previously to the fishing excursion above spoken of, had informed my mother, with expressive and becoming dignity, that he ‘considered her third son fit for college, and that he had better ‘matriculate next Michaelmas term, if Mr. Broadley and herself ‘had not altered their intentions as to their son’s destination. ‘His reading had been various and extensive, and though he was not ‘particularly well up in mathematics, still as classics were first made

'sure of at Oxford, he had no doubt Broadley Tertius would acquit 'himself respectably, and probably do him and the school some credit.' The usual thanks having been tendered and accepted for the great care bestowed on my education, the interview ended. Mother-like, Mrs. Broadley felt very proud that her son was all but *ripe* for college—*ripe* at the age of seventeen! Ah! little did she imagine, unsuspecting creature! how much better it would have been for my welfare, for the paternal coffer and her own peace of mind, if I had been allowed to remain 'at walk' for at least another year and a half, before being 'entered.' But it was not to be. Old Kiffin had busied himself in making the requisite inquiries, and not very long after a letter awaited me at breakfast bearing the Oxford post-mark, and the inscription 'R. Broadley, Esq.' Though I had conjured up all the most extravagant and erroneous ideas as to my 'Varsity career,' backed up as I was by frequent conversations with a young neighbouring Squire, who had been recommended by the master of 'seedy Magdalene' to try change of air with his friends in the country for twelve months, still I must confess I opened that letter with a heart beating with mingled excitement and pleasure. All of a sudden a curious sensation of great rapidity of growth came over me, the appendage of 'Esq.' to my name probably having a 'forcing' tendency; for the few letters I had hitherto received had but the simple Master or Mr. Thus ran the letter:—

'DEAR SIR,

'You will please find yourself at the Dean's residence at
'—— College at half-past eleven on September 17th, provided
'with cap and gown.

'Faithfully yours,

'ARCHIBALD ALLMARK,

'Senior Tutor.'

I at once handed over this very graphic epistle, feeling somewhat confused at the polite summons. 'How am I to *find* myself there?' thought I in the first place; but soon coaches and railways, sweat and steam, seemed to lend their aid. My cogitations, too, were cut short by my father remarking, 'Well, that's all right; that's settled.' He was certainly one of the most easy-going men,—one of the old school. As to myself, I could not see the settlement so readily, for, the truth must be told, I had never been fifty miles from home in my life, and there were not then, as now, railways all over the country. Time passed on, as it generally does to youngsters in their teens, smoothly enough. I had left school, and, free and unfettered, spent my time exactly as I liked. As it became generally known throughout our country town that I was soon to start for Oxford, and the fact had been buzzed about the cricket field, I began to be considered a bit of a lion by some, something in the shape of 'a cub,' I believe, by others who were not deeply interested in me. Now taking a long journey was thought a great feat in days gone by, in proof of which a friend of mine recollects, when his father was

about to start for London, that the house was never free from visitors for three weeks previously, and that some five or six barrels of good old Shropshire ale were consumed by his friends during that short period—friends who had called for no other purpose than to *wish him farewell*, thinking it not improbable that they should never see him again. More fuss was made in those days over a man going up to London than is now over a friend going to the antipodes. Our town, moreover, had never sent but one man before to the University, and that one to Cambridge; and so great an honour did the party himself consider it, that he invariably wrote ‘Cantab’ after his name, though he took no degree whatever. Perhaps he does so now for all I know to the contrary. A week only now remained ere I must take this all-important journey, and a parting supper, emanating from the cricket club, was determined upon, where my learning and all the good qualities I possessed, or was supposed to have, were duly honoured, and I was declared in song to be ‘a jolly good fellow.’ One wag, who supplied the school with books of classic lore, and to whom was intrusted the binding of them as soon as they had lost their original covers by being flung at each other’s heads, as well as by frequent use in a legitimate way, observed, with intense self-satisfaction and humour, that ‘he considered Mr. Broadley’s great store of learning, which ‘enabled him to proceed to Oxford, was in no little measure, though ‘indirectly, owing to the binding of the books; for he had been ‘given to understand that it was not until after “the second “reading” that their contents were fully and satisfactorily understood and remembered; and this repetition rarely took place until ‘the books had been well thumbed, and partly knocked to pieces, ‘and so in consequence required rebinding and cleaning at his ‘establishment for the finishing stroke.’ The day after this supper I very naturally inquired *how* I was to get to Oxford, for the reality began to look me more sternly in the face than ever.

‘You had better get “Bradshaw,”’ said my father, ‘and find ‘out which is your best route.’ A nice easy book, I allow, is ‘Bradshaw’ for a greenhorn in travelling, who had never seen a railway, to unravel! quite a treat even now to some old ladies and gentlemen! Well, I looked into the book and I looked at the map. By the latter I could see where Oxford was, and discover that there was no rail open throughout to it, though there was one dotted out. A careful study of the former soon placed me *inter nubes*, so I determined to go and consult a friend, for no one at home seemed inclined at all to put themselves out of the way to enlighten me. It was there, ‘Do this,’ and you must do it. I don’t mean to intimate harshness or cruelty, but to say each one had to shift for himself—and a very good plan too. Accordingly I hied to the shop of the waggish bookseller for information, as he had travelled a good deal, and was looked upon as a sort of walking encyclopædia. By his aid I discovered the route. I was to get to Shrewsbury how I could (a twenty-five miles drive), thence to Wol-

verhampton by rail, thence to Birmingham by omnibus, thence by rail to Bletchley Junction, and so on to Kidlington Gate, where a coach for Oxford met the train. All this I carefully noted down in my pocket-book, when my friend carelessly remarked, 'Oh! you'll get 'there safe enough *if you are properly labelled.*' This was a 'fac'er.' My bumptiousness came to my aid, and I vanished quickly, determining, with the air of a martyr, to stand or fall by myself, and ask no more questions. 'Hang his chaff, he must think I'm a fool.'

Having left home very early, I got to Shrewsbury in pretty good time, six 'fivers' and ten pounds in gold in my pocket for expenses putting me in good spirits, for, green as I was, I was hardly fool enough not to know that money commands everything, and that with its help by hook or by crook I should be sure to *find* myself at ——— College in due time. Arrived at Wolverhampton, 'a well-'appointed omnibus,' with three horses, and driven by that well-known Jehu, Tommy Archer, bore me through the heart of the black country to 'the hardware village,' *which some people call Birmingham*, as a fellow-passenger informed me in answer to an inquiry. Lunch, or rather dinner, is the next move, then a first class to Bletchley and off. One of my fellow-passengers from Bletchley, evidently an Oxford citizen, and aware that this season of the year was matriculation time—perhaps, too, seeing something green in my eye, politely remarked, 'For Oxford, sir?'

'Yes,' was my answer.

'Fine place, sir; beautiful shops and gardens. Ever there 'before?'

'No. Where shall I find the best inn?'

'That all depends,' replied this disciple of Sir John Barleycorn, who bore the baronet's insignia upon his nasal organ; 'or pretty 'much so, upon whether you care about X's' (expenses).

'Oh! I am regardless of expense,' I replied, with my hand in my breeches pocket feeling my coin.

'Well, then, you can go to the "Angel," or the "Star;" though 'the "Golden Cross" is a grand house, and a good deal frequented 'by University gentlemen.'

A grand house, verily, was the 'Golden Cross.' Well do I remember thee, Will Holland, jolly landlord, of cross-country fame. 'Thine *was* a goodly house in my day! All honour to thy memory! After some little discussion I determined to go to the 'Star;' though I don't think my companion was satisfied, and I surely was ignorant of their different merits.

'Gentlemen Commoner?' remarked my rubicund and inquisitive friend.

'Rather,' I replied. And the shrill engine whistle denoted our near approach to Kidlington Gate, and the shutting off of the steam shut up our conversation.

A raw, chilling wind blowing 'great guns' caused me to alight from the coach at the door of the 'Star' almost perished, though it was but September. Having swallowed some brandy and water to warm

myself, I dined in that comfortable left-hand room, and having tried a cigar over divers 'grogs,' I tooled up to bed, full of expectation, greatness, and the coming day—the great day. I breakfasted.—Did I? Well, I tried; and that's something. Recollect I was almost a stranger up to this time to both grog and tobacco.

'Little fools they drink too much.'

F. P., 7 ft. 6 in., was Vice-Can. at that period; and after having found myself at the Dean's residence at 11.30 under the guidance of one of those aboriginal 'cads' so peculiar to Oxford, who also was kind enough to take me to a good shop to buy a cap and gown, I was marched along with about five-and-twenty other 'colts,' all well groomed, some looking fit to run for a man's life, others trained to death, to F. P.'s gloomy abode. Here we conjointly swore horrid things against the Pope, due allegiance to our gracious Sovereign, and that we would faithfully observe the statutes of the University, a copy of which laws, 'Latinè,' was handed to each of us, and which forbid us at our peril, *inter alia*, to play at marbles or ball against St. Mary's Church, to wear firearms, to dine with civilians, to fight duels, and a lot of other rubbish best left alone.

'Gen. fil.?' said the fee-catcher.

'My father is a gentleman,' replied I.

'Yes, sir, that is what I wanted to know;' and straightway I was entered, 'Broadley, Gen. fil.'

Upon inquiry I found that had I been 'Pleb. fil.'—son of a man in trade—I should have had to pay lower fees; but I did not at all grudge the extra by reason of my 'gentle blood,'—not of Yelverton's sort, however, be it understood. This ceremony occupied about twenty-five minutes: a paper was handed to me printed and significant, and I was *nominally* a member of the University.

'I should not advise you to stay up in Oxford now,' remarked our trainer, who conducted us to the starting-post; 'you will see plenty of it when you come into residence. Return at once, and avoid any further expense.'

This was the very course I intended from the first to pursue, had he not volunteered his advice; but being one of Adam's descendants, and prone to evil, my natural propensity led me to 'run riot.' I immediately, therefore, determined that I *would* see something of Oxford before I returned. He told me to return: as an unbroken colt I did the contrary. I 'starred' it literally for three days, and, finding my forty pounds not all gone, invested in a box of cigars, a ring, and other little articles, with which to astonish the natives, besides getting a new fly-rod and a fresh supply of fishing-tackle of no use whatever to me till the ensuing spring. I went over more colleges in that short period than I ever did afterwards during my three and a half years' residence. The sporting news I heard at the 'Golden Cross,' where I smoked my cigar in the evenings, especially

diverted me, and the sight of the strings of hunters returning from exercise each morning as I was getting up was very gratifying. In those three days I became somewhat deeply imbued with ideas of drink, horseflesh, and 'otium cum dignitate.' Well did the poet write

'Sincerum nisi vas, quodcunque infundis acescit ;'

I experienced the truth of it each morning as regarded my own body, and at the waiter's suggestion resorted to soda and brandy as a remedy. Having paid my bill (a stiffish one, too), with a polite bow from the white-chokered waiter, and a last fond lingering look behind, I quitted the fair city *en route* to Kidlington and the bosom of my friends.

'Good morning,' said a youth of about my own age, as I settled myself on the box seat of the coach. 'You've been staying up, I see. I matriculated with you.'

'Why, yes, I have,' I replied.

'I've been with my uncle, the Rector of Littletown,' said my friend.

'Indeed! I've been staying with the Dean of —— College.'

'Oh!' was his reply.

My answer, I saw, was a dead shot; and though I blushed to tell so direct a lie, I could not help it, as I was not sufficiently 'primed' at the moment as to be able to hide my delinquencies under any more feasible or less important a cloak. The eyes of the coachman settled on me in a moment at this high-sounding statement, and the wheelers received the double thong with a gentle 'Shwit! shwit!' by way, I suppose, of relief to his feelings. At that moment it flashed across my mind that he had picked me up at the 'Star.'

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.

December Dottings.—Stud Statistics.—Racing Reviews.—Hunting Historiettes.—Sporting Shaves, and Newest Novelties.

DECEMBER is a month that furnishes more employment for managers of theatres than for trainers, who, beyond tasting their 'young things,' and going through their bills of costs with their clerks, are converted for the time into country gentlemen. Jockeys have taken to hunting, and, as yet, we have heard of no broken collar-bones. Bookmakers have left the Derby and Spring Handicaps alone, for the billiard-handicaps at the Victoria Club; and the betting upon them while they were going on was quite of a Chester Cup character, for favourites came with a rush, and were soon knocked out; and, strange to say, there was not a 'safe'un' in the lot. The winner of the great one, from having been trained in Roberts's stable, one would have imagined would have been in better demand; but he started at an outside price, and fairly worked his way up to the premiership. The Reindeer Court of Inquiry has at last finished its labours, and the officers of the Grenadier Guards had the satisfaction of finding, not only that their comrade, Colonel Burnaby, had vindicated his honour, but also that there was no foundation for the rumours floating in society affecting his reputation as 'an officer and a gentleman.' A triumph

more conclusive than this cannot be imagined; and yet its justice has been attempted to be questioned, merely because the whole of the proceedings have not been published. For this step there is no precedent; and the covert attack on the Horse Guards, because its Court did not follow in the steps of the Jockey Club, is hardly in good taste. That Military Court was composed of men of as spotless honour as the Newmarket Court, and their inquiries were conducted far stricter, but without that degree of feeling which was so obvious in the Tarragona inquiry. Every rumour that was in circulation at the time against the accused was sifted to the bottom. Affidavits were produced, witnesses examined and cross-examined, and the falsity of the charges proved to be only equalled by the malignity, with which they were preferred. One writer, we perceive, is querulous to know if the 'dictionary' was produced; and we are happy to be able to reply in the affirmative. But relative to his other demand, that Colonel Burnaby should be invited to Mamhead, before the world will be satisfied of his innocence, we think there can be but one opinion—that it is going beyond the limits of fair discussion. But at this season of good fellowship, we will not pursue the disagreeable subject further, for we have reason to know that reflection has come to the aid of several Members of the Jockey Club, who took an active part in the Tarragona Inquiry, and they now see matters in a very different light. So, for the sake of the Turf, we will drop the matter, which has been forced upon us now, and hope never to hear of a similar proceeding. Many feared that the case would have figured prominently in the Pantomimes, but we are glad to find it is not so, and to hear that the manager of one large Theatre caused the scene, which the writer had prepared, and set up, to be withdrawn at the last moment; for, although racing men would have flocked to see it, still it would have produced a sore that would have taken a long time to heal.

For sport December has never been remarkable, and, beyond the Croydon Steeple-Chases, we have nothing to record. These were of a far more satisfactory character than any that have ever been run in the neighbourhood of London; and the returns must have left a nice little 'nest-egg' for next year. For some time there had been doubts about the nature of the country, and it was not until 'Augur' had ridden over it, that public opinion was satisfied; and 'Augur's double' is now become as celebrated as Beecher's Brook. As the ground was so heavy and sticky, the success of Sinking Fund was very appropriate; but he was so completely turned loose in the handicap, only a chosen few faced him to take advantage of the chapter of accidents. One of the days, however, will be memorable for dissolving Mr. Hodgman's connection with the 'Landed interest,' for after a dispute about a plate, 'Ben' told his spirited employer to take his horses away, and place them in a spot we dare not name, but where it was clear they would have very little space to do their work. It is needless to add the resignation was at once accepted, and the vacancy filled up by Balchin.

Reviews of the Season being all the rage, we must of course produce our own. We fear, however, we can introduce but little novelty in it after the quires of paper that have been consumed on it by the contributors to public opinion. That the season has been a great one, needs no further illustration than that by the calculations of 'Nemo,' who promises by his statistical knowledge to be a dangerous rival to Babbage, Cocker, and Bidder, no less a sum than 64,704*l.* was ran for at Newmarket alone, and 1,621 horses started for the 287 races that were run there. At Ascot the 34 Stakes were worth, in the aggregate, 11,152*l.*, inclusive of The Queen's Vase, and 313 animals went to the post. In the Epsom Summer Week 15,390*l.* was

paid over to 27 winners, and 246 horses appeared during the four days. At Goodwood, the amount run for was 10,515*l.*; and this was distributed among 29 winners, the starters amounting, in the whole, to 230 horses. York gave 7,509*l.* in August, and 2,239*l.* in the Spring; while the Doncaster folks can look back with pride to their munificent sum of 13,935*l.*, exclusive of the Cup, one of the choicest works of art ever seen, and likewise to the fact of having had 250 horses running over their Moor in the course of their Meeting. Chester, Northampton, and Bath come next in rotation, but we cannot find space for their returns. The most important point, however, is 'the tottle,' as the late Mr. Hume would call it. And when 'Nemo' makes it out to be no less than 236,339*l.*, and tells us that enormous sum has been distributed among 695 race-horses, the flourishing state of the Turf as an institution is made apparent to the meanest capacity, and calls for a song of triumph from its supporters.

Turning from money matters to owners of horses, we perceive Lord Stamford is again at the head of the poll, the seventy races he has won realizing about 13,556*l.* The bulk of this sum having been accumulated by his two-year-olds—for his Lordship had very bad luck with his threes—it shows he selected his yearlings with rare judgment and discretion. 'Hooton's Millionaire,' which seems to have become as favourite an expression with sporting writers for Mr. Naylor as 'The Squire of Wantage' for Mr. Parr, is 'a bad second,' with 9,555*l.* Still, for so young a stagger to carry off The Suburban, The Oaks, The Whittlebury, Lord Spencer's Plate, and The Eastern Counties Handicap in one season is a great fact; and Godding is well deserving of the handsome memorial by which his services were recognized. Mr. Stanhope Hawke, although third on the list, is certainly the luckiest man of the year, as he only ran The Marquis three times, winning with him the Two Thousand and St. Leger, and getting second for the Derby. By these three gallops he netted 8,530*l.* Mr. Snewing stands out in bold relief with his Derby of 5,635*l.*, his only winning race of the year. And of Caractacus we may here remark *en passant*, that Mr. Brown of Coventry has just painted an admirable picture of him, with his owner, trainer, and jockey. The horse would be recognized in an instant, from the fidelity with which he is painted; while the likeness of Mr. Snewing is as perfect as a photograph, and transplants one at once to the Epsom Paddock on the eventful morning of the 4th of June. The trainer and jockey are likewise well done; and we have rarely seen so pleasing a picture of a Derby group. Sir Joseph Hawley, as we anticipated this time last year, would not be content with lagging in the rear, and although he was terribly out in his Derby calculations, yet Asteroid and Co. have placed him fifth on the list. Count La Grange having won sixteen times, and got 6,455*l.* placed to his credit, ought to act as an encouragement to the Duc de Morny to try his luck with Smith, who would be quite at home at Newmarket. Lord Chesterfield, 'after long years,' has emerged from the ruck, and taken a good degree; and Elcho brought Lord Coventry into a fair position. John Osborne has 'muddled up' in front, with his endless Cures and Weatherbits, and Lord St. Vincent's returns may be said to have paid the purchase-money of Lord Clifden. Mr. Merry is lower down the scale than we have seen him for some years; but Mat Dawson has, as usual, got him his expenses. Both Mr. Valentine and Lord Strathmore have had a good year; and John Day has never before had the pleasure of displaying such a balance-sheet to the Duke of Beaufort. Mr. Henry's altered figure is very different to what it used to be in old John Day's time; but then it must be borne in mind that his stud is under the Limited

Liability Act. The two Premiers, Lord Derby and Lord Palmerston, are very low down the list; and we were sorry to find the former nobleman had not reserved any of his yearlings out of the lot that came from Knowsley to Doncaster. Surely Cape Flyaway, now getting into years, is not the horse destined to fly away with the black jacket and white cap so popular on every course. How the Dawsons, father and son, have slaved for Lord Glasgow and Mr. Jackson will be best shown by the figures attached to their respective names; and we should not be at all surprised to find the turning fortunes of the Scotch Earl date their origin from Young Melbourne. Mr. Parr, without the aid of a Weathergage or Fisherman, or a Rataplan, has managed to keep within the one thousand circle, and likewise Sir Williamson Booth and Colonel Towneley, although the latter's cracks went all wrong during the year. Looking at the value of the stakes won by the different horses, Saccharometer and Lord Clifden are at the head of the two-year-olds, the former's winnings being 3,210*l.*, and the latter's 2,400*l.* Of the Threes, The Marquis and Caractacus are, of course, a long way ahead of the rest; and owing to the former having won the Two Thousand, he tops the Derby winner by 965*l.*, as the balance in favour of each is respectively 8,526*l.* and 7,560*l.* Between the earnings of Feu de Joie and Tim Whiffler there is, strange to say, only a difference of four sovereigns, and that is in favour of the mare. In the four-year-old list Asteroid, Bathilde, and Atherston have been the most profitable animals; and Stampedo and Makeshift take precedence of 'The Fives Court.' On the whole, the great prizes have been pretty evenly divided: for if the players secured the Derby, Chester Cup, and Cæsarewitch, the gentlemen landed the Two Thousand, One Thousand, City and Suburban, St. Leger, Cambridgeshire, and all the Cups. Of riding, the most noticeable 'bits' have been Sam Rogers' finish on The Wizard at Stockbridge, and on Paste at Brighton; Alfred Day's riding of Gemse and Birdhill at Stockbridge and Ascot; Fordham's landing Star of the West at Oxford and Tornado at Newmarket; and Aldcroft's performances on Saccharometer for The Chesterfield, and on Beauvau and The Clarissa colt at York. The most promising of the young ones must undoubtedly be admitted to be Tom French; and Godding is fortunate in possessing his 'copyright.'

Our stud news will now begin to assume a more interesting character, as owners will probably have made up their minds about the destination of their mares. To help them in coming to a conclusion, the advertisements of the owners of the various sires will not a little help them. And among the most curious is that of Mr. Eyke, who, with his usual kindness, is determined the distressed Lancashire operatives shall not be without a slice of his Plum Pudding. We fear, however, it will not be served out in proportion, to allow of other accompaniments. As Stockwell, Newminster, and Voltigeur may be regarded as closed, we may as well turn our attention to the rising generation, who have yet their spurs to win. Young Melbourne, of whom we ventured to speak so highly last month, has already nearly thirty mares booked to him; and he and his stock only require to be seen to be appreciated: for the latter have all the power of Melbourne, without the coarseness which was so fatal to him as a sire. In fact, this Young Melbourne, forcibly brings back to the minds of old breeders, the quality and bloodiness of his grandsire, Pantaloon. As Leamington was full last year, and his yearlings so fancied, there have been plenty of inquiries about him; and as the double Chester Cup winner, and the winner of the Goodwood Stakes, with 8*st.* 6*lb.* upon him, he is certain to be in request again, and for short-legged, thick Touchstone's mares we know no better animal to recommend. The most promising to our mind that we

saw of his get last year was his colt out of Cerintha's dam, which Lord Stamford purchased of Mr. Wybrow Robertson, which will no doubt be stripped early in the season. And as his Lordship has no less than three other Leamingtons, he will have every chance of showing us his real form. Jordan has returned to his old quarters from Wem, where he stood last year, and filled very early; and if his colt out of Blondelle only races as he promised to do, his reputation is made, for the stoutness of his blood renders him a most desirable cross for the numerous speedy, undersized mares we see in training. Sabreur, from his being by Voltigeur, out of Ada by Polygar, own brother to Partisan, should command attention, for he could stay any distance, and is wisely put at a price, that will tempt little men to give him a trial. Windhound, who has relieved Jordan at Wem, was paraded last week to an admiring audience of farmers and breeders, who were invited to take stock of him. Although he is fifteen years old he was as fresh as a kitten, and apparently quite proud of the reputation of his scions, which include such performers as Thormanby, Defender, and Scent. Rataplan, no doubt, will be 'completely registered' before the day, as he has plenty of admirers in the North; but he will miss Mr. Cookson's half-dozen mares, which that gentleman has transferred to Thormanby. For Wild Dayrell we need say nothing, for we have such a living proof of his goodness in Hurricane, Tornado, Dusk, and Buccaneer. The prejudice against the Longbow's staying is likely to be removed by Feu de Joie; and the specimens we have seen of The Monarques confirm the truth of the remarks we made about them in the spring. Although 'The Hesper' labour under the impediment of being 'communicative in their thoughts,' they nevertheless have shown a very fair display of speed, and got through a great number of races.

Chance threw us the other day in the way of having a rapid glance at Mr. Eyke's stud at Shiffnall, which will well repay those who are fond of blood stock. 'Bradshaw,' like time and tide, waiting for no one, only enabled us to ascertain that the Knight of Kars had lost none of those good looks which racing men were so struck with at Doncaster. Nothing could be finer than the points of his shoulder, in which respect he is an immense improvement on Stockwell, and his action is perfection. And we have no doubt that, like the pit of Drury Lane Theatre on Boxing Night, he will be filled early. Twenty mares are already nominated to him, and among the anticipated 'fashionable arrivals' is Henham Lass. Certainly, taking him for all and all, he must be regarded as the best quality horse that Stockwell ever got. Plum Pudding we were surprised to find grown into such an enormous animal, and as Lord Portsmouth thought him good enough at one time to back for the Two Thousand, in preference to Buccaneer, and he comes out of such a staying family, 'the operative horse' ought to make his way in the district. Mr. Eyke evidently fancies him very much; but his stock will have to advertise themselves before the public will follow suit. The dams of such animals as Saccharometer, Horror, Spicebox, Cheesecake, and Boabdil, grazing together in one field, is a sight that few breeders can offer to their friends; and we trust their produce will remunerate Mr. Eyke better than they have hitherto done. Among the young things there was a sister to Saccharometer that was worth going a long way to see, for she is wonderfully clever, with rare back and loins, and beautiful hocks. And if she does not make Mr. Eyke's sale at Chester in May, we shall be dreadfully out in our calculations. All 'the things' looked well done and healthy, and, if time had permitted, we should have enjoyed the stroll through the paddocks with a great deal of pleasure. Pursuing our route towards London, we next looked in on

our old favourite, the Chevalier d'Industrie, at Stafford; and it was impossible not to be forcibly struck with the beauty of his proportions, which made him out 'a gentleman' all over; and, if he had never been 'painted' himself, with such blood in his veins, if he does not get those that will be 'painted,' we are very much deceived. How he should have escaped the foreigners we cannot understand, but we are glad he is preserved to us. Kildonan has gone to Fairfield, to stand by side of Van Galen, and we should not be surprised to see him turn out a fair country stallion. In training he was a very gross horse, and Mr. Parr had great difficulty in keeping him going. And here let us take the opportunity of stating we were somewhat in error in saying Chanticleer had become a perfect savage, as we have a communication from his lessee that he has become as quiet as a sheep-dog, and is led out daily with a common web rein. The rumour in question no doubt arose from the fact of his having bitten the hand of the man who took him from Croome to Russley; but as the fellow beat him severely, he only got his deserts, and now, having nothing but gentle treatment, he has quite come round, and never even wears a muzzle. Mentmore has joined the Royal Stud at Hampton Court, and as the Melbourne and Defence blood is getting so scarce, and he is so remarkably sound a horse, having won eleven races without straining a sinew, we think Colonel Maude was right in securing him, for he is just the stamp of animal needed at the paddocks, where there are many mares that will suit him. Oulston's foals, we learn, are particularly clever and promising, more especially the fillies out of Barcelona, Medea, and Crystal, as well as the colt out of Eva. The Brother to Investment is also said to be very racing-like. Captain Barlow's other sire, Zuyder Zee, is grown into quite a cob, and few would recognize him as 'the 'rolling Zuyder Zee,' as Vates was wont to describe him. His legs are as sound as the day he was foaled, and by petting he has lost the temper he used to show on a race-course; and there is no reason on earth why he should not get race-horses like his half-brother, whose descendants cut up very well this year. From the admirable table of yearling averages published in the 'Sporting Gazette,' we perceive that Stockwell stands at the top of the tree, as nine of his yearlings were sold at an average of 377 guineas, while, only a shade under him, comes the 'three hundred sovereign' Weatherbit, whose four averaged 370 guineas, a fact of which John Osborne will doubtless make the most when he reads of it. The average of thirteen Kingstons was 357 guineas, and he got the highest-priced yearling of the season out of Dinah, which fetched 1,250 guineas. Farralotto is next, as the four Lord Derby sent up reached 325 guineas; but then the rare quality of the mares they were out of should be considered. The Newminsters fetched on an average 260 guineas; the Leamingtons 131, and Jordans 104 guineas; and, considering how recently they have been put to the stud, their progress is very encouraging. The Gemma di Vergys have brought their owner 270 guineas each, taking one with another, and if they run here as well as in Ireland, they will sustain this rate. The highest-priced filly of the year was Yamuna, by Orlando out of Himalaya, for which Lord Stamford gave 600 guineas; and the compiler of the table adds that the general average of the sale of 373 yearlings was within a fraction of 147*l.* each, a sum with which, we agree with him in thinking, breeders ought to be content.

Our hunting despatches have not reached us this month with their usual regularity, but 'the season of the year' will no doubt be the excuse of our correspondents, and of its legitimacy we can scarcely complain. Up to within the last few days, the sport with Lord Stamford, Mr. Tailby, and The Pytchley has been considerably below the average—in fact, very indifferent—but with The Quorn matters have taken a favourable change. The question

of the day at Melton is, how is Lord Stamford's country to be hunted next season. Lord Wilton is all for Colonel Clowes, whom Lord Stamford has offered to assist with a subscription of 500*l.* per annum; but there is a strong party for Mr. Tailby and Godding hunting the country as far as the Wreaks. The Earl, it is said, maintains that Treadwell is a better huntsman than Goddard. Neither of them are, perhaps, quite first-class in that capacity, but if hounds run hard over a stiff line of country it is odds against the former being so near his hounds, as the latter, who is invariably right at their sterns all the way. Still the policy of Egerton Lodge we fancy will prevail, and the Quornites will not be long to discover they have got the right man in the right place, for Colonel Clowes is one of those singular beings that have not an enemy in the world, and is suited by his manner, and knowledge of society to manage a Melton field. The dinners of the Old Club, for cheeriness and goodness resemble those of olden times, and every house is taken. At Market Harborough, Captain Carnegie has got a nice lot of horses, and goes as well as 'any other man;' and Lord Hopetown, as usual, has got a lot of useful-looking animals. With The H.H. the new Master, Mr. Deacon, has been well fulfilling our auguries of him by showing capital sport, and keeping his unruly field in order without forgetting himself; and the subscribers, we think, ought to feel not a little indebted to Mr. Whieldon for his importation of him from The West. And as that gentleman is keeping The Vine up to their last year's form, and Mr. James Dear having no end of sport with his famous little pack of harriers, of whom we have before spoken, and Captain Morant reviving in the New Forest the days of John Waud and Sam Nicholl, Hampshire may be said to be rising rapidly in the calibre of hunting countries. Of The Hambledon we have received no tidings, except that Captain Powlett is doing them better than they have ever been recollected; and if he has not had good sport, it is only from want of scent. The Duke of Beaufort has been fortunate enough to escape the bad luck of some Masters. And among the visitors to Badminton a fortnight back have been Captain White, who made his *début* as a fox-hunter in Gloucestershire. Being well mounted, and getting away well, 'he saw as much as his neighbours,' and was regarded quite as 'a lion' by those who had only read of him in story. Lord Portsmouth's sport has been famous, if 63 foxes in 53 days be regarded as any criterion. In West Norfolk there has been a disagreeable rencontre between Lord Hastings and Lord Sondes relative to the hounds of the former having drawn a covert of the latter Nobleman. Nothing, by the accounts that have reached us, could be in better taste than the conduct of Lord Hastings; and we trust in our next to announce the adjustment of the difference. Poor old Dick Burton has been fairly run to earth at last. As with Mr. Gratwicke, an attack of bronchitis was the immediate cause of his death, which took place at Quorn on the 19th instant. From his having attained his 71st year, he could not complain of the length of his innings, and his reputation as a huntsman has been so universally acknowledged, and so well given to the world by 'The Druid' in 'Silk and Scarlet,' that he needs no other historian. The sad accident to Mr. Burfield, strongly resembling that which proved fatal to young Sam Day, has cast quite a gloom over The Queen's men, with whom he was very popular. The Hon. Mr. Lawley, although better, still feels the effect of his fall so much that he has sold his horses, and will not hunt again this season. At the York Christmas Show, as usual, Mr. Murray was in great force, selling no less than eight hunters at an average varying between 300*l.* and 400*l.* each. Mr. Phillips was also very industrious in his military duties, and transacted a large amount of business.

General sporting news is scarce, so much so, that editors have a difficulty in filling their columns, and were glad to fall back upon our sketch of the late Mr. Gratwicke, and to compliment us upon its execution. To the Sussex Turf he will be a great loss, for he was so much respected, and spent all his winnings in improvements, and useful works in his own neighbourhood. Only once did we hear him complain that his acts and intentions were not properly appreciated, and that was when the clergyman of the church he had built out of his Derby stake, actually reprobated him from the pulpit for sticking to racing. This, we agreed with him, was indeed 'hard lines.' So suddenly was he taken away, we can hardly reconcile ourselves to his loss; and Newmarket will hardly seem itself without him, and his white mackintosh on his arm. In the season also we shall look for him in the window at Stevens's, where he always hung out, ready to beckon in any friend that might be passing with whom he could have a little racing chat. Whether his stud will be sold by private contract, or come to the hammer, is at present undecided, but we rather think the latter course will be adopted. Sir Tatton—why need we add Sykes?—has, we are rejoiced to state, again escaped from 'the Ghouls' of the press, who anticipated a hearty meal over him. For a few days, we believe, his family were very anxious about him, and all Yorkshire was agitated about his state. But he had strength enough of constitution to throw off the bronchitis; and the first thing, we are informed, that he called for when he could eat anything, was for some roast veal and apple tart; and, having washed this down, with a couple of glasses of strong ale, he expressed himself ready to have the Fight for the Championship read to him from 'Bell's Life.' Since then he has been round his paddocks as usual, showing off his young things, and as ready to turn a guinea as he ever was in his life; and with him even now, we fancy a garotter would have but a poor chance. Mr. James Weatherby's accident at Middleham has caused the greatest regret among his friends; and it is fortunate medical aid was so promptly at hand, or the consequences might have been far more serious. His Continental comrades will be, however, as glad as his English ones, to hear they need no longer be anxious about him, as he will soon be in full force again, and as cheery as ever. The programme of the Grand National Steeple Chase Meeting is indeed a grand one, and must, as the time draws near, excite an immense amount of interest; for the object of the promoters is a national one, and cannot be too much encouraged by those sportsmen, who wish to see the breed of superior weight-carrying hunters perpetuated to a greater extent than they are at present. Of a dearth of horses we have no fear; for the money offered will be sure to bring them; and with them will come riders; so both aims will be accomplished, and a day's sport shown such as the rising generation have never witnessed, but only read of. Admiral Rous, we perceive, has commented upon the new rules under which they will be run; and with his remarks it is impossible not to coincide, for they are reasoned with great judgment.

Leamington is certainly one of the most tempting watering-places for a Sportsman to winter in that we know of. Its locale is so central, its hotels so comfortable, and its shops of such a superior character, that, within the radius of a quarter of a mile, a hunting man may be turned out with every requisite for the field or road. For its 'Novelty' also it is now becoming as celebrated as Laurie and Marners' for Lord Mayors' carriages, Peter's for mail phaetons, or Ivall and Large's for broughams. This 'novelty,' as it is called, really deserves its name for its simplicity and utility, for it is a dog-cart on four wheels, that can be converted in an instant into a fashionable wagonette, or a close carriage. And having tried one, in passing through Leamington the other day, we cannot refrain from endorsing the good opinion of other critics who had tested it. For

cricketers going to a match, or ladies to a picnic, or for a shooting party, or to save a fourgon for luggage, a more useful carriage has never been devised; and, judging from the numerous foreign orders that had been given Mr. Mulliner, he, for one, will have no cause to regret the International Exhibition.

Among the new books which the season of the year has brought forth, one of the most useful is the volume on Horse Warrantry, by Mr. Howlett. When we consider how conflicting are trials at law in all cases relative to horses, the value of a work of this kind can be well estimated. And if the instructions laid down by Mr. Howlett are followed out—and, from the plain and straightforward manner in which they are conveyed, no mistake can be made in them—it may save time, temper, and money, and, what is better, keep people out of law.

‘Judex,’ of Manchester, has also issued his annual Derby pamphlet, which is written in a very able manner, his views in most instances being founded on common sense and public running, the two best guides to the winning-post. And as he gives the profits to the Distress Fund of Lancashire, it is incumbent on us to give him what assistance we can in furtherance of his object.

With the ‘Comic History of England,’ written by the late Gilbert A’Becket, our readers must be familiar; and we little thought the idea would have been followed up by a ‘Comic Natural History of England.’ Nevertheless Mr. Buckland seems to have made up his mind to try his hand at one, in the pages of ‘The Field,’ and from the first chapter, which details his treatment of a Southampton porpoise at the Zoological Gardens, we augur well for the following ones, and entreat him to devote himself to them.

ART AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

THE various sad experiences of the past winter, the return of the anniversary of the Prince Consort’s death, the general depression in trade, the distress in Lancashire, the protracted Court mourning, induced a wide-spread belief that the Christmas would be a dull one. Happily, these unfavourable presumptions have been allayed by one of the most prosperous theatrical seasons that has ever been known, up to the period at which we write. Every theatre in London was crowded on Boxing-night beyond precedent.

The doors of Drury Lane were blockaded before the commencement of the performance nearly two hours. The Strand, Haymarket, Westminster, and Adelphi were almost equally besieged, and the majority of the theatres have continued to be well attended ever since. ‘After Christmas the deluge,’ is the maxim in theatrical history. A tide of burlesques and pantomimes surges in, which sweeps away all landmarks, and an epitome of the dramatic events of the month is all but swallowed up in the interest excited by these stirring events of the season.

It is curiously not more than a hundred—it is barely a hundred years ago—since pantomimes were introduced as Christmas entertainments. It is not forty since burlesque had its origin in the extravaganzas of Planché, but they have been seized on, as amusements for the season, with avidity, and have become as much the standing orthodox and invariable Christmas entertainments as the masques and revels of the Courts of Elizabeth and James; as the old show of St. George and the Dragon, with its accompaniment of satyrs, morris-dancers, hobby-horses, Friar Tuck, Maid Marian, Will Scarlet, snapdragon, and blindman’s buff. The Christmas revels at Court before and even after the Restoration often lasted a month, were regulated by statute, and were an important national ordinance. For these the dispensations of modern civilization have substituted Christmas theatrical entertainments, and the season may be fairly looked on as the English carnival, or the nearest approach to it permitted to your phlegmatic Englishman.

For months, in anticipation of December, preparations are made in scenery for the Christmas pantomimes. Haunts of fairies, homes of eternal happiness, bowers of bliss, and halls of dazzling light are devised and constructed.

A new and magic world goes through a process of creation, in defiance of either the geologic or the Mosaic cosmogonists, and which is utterly inconsistent with the notions of Goss, Phillips, Robert Chambers, or Darwin. Trees and shrubs, which are to bear fairy fruit; gigantic tulips, fit for a Brobdignagian world, which are to hide a whole hornet's nest of damsels in pink, tissue, and silver paper; rocks and caves, which are to vomit forth demons, silver lakes, mangolia groves, charmed grottos, and bowers of magic myrtles, all arise without 'progressive development,' and as if a world were being made to order in an opium-eater's dream. Those who see the struggle behind the scenes, who see the mountains made out of lime buckets, who witness the drilling of unhappy children, or the martyrdom—to use a mild phrase—of the young ladies destined to be bound to the stake, of the transformation scene, in all the glory of the lime-light or red fire, and who yawn with the author at rehearsal, and become distracted with the stage-manager, know that unreal world of fancy is real enough; but to the world at large the illusions produced are in these modern days almost necromantic, and are often little less than marvellous even to those most intimately connected with them. Christmas-day passed, the mimic world of shadows and fleeting fancies springs, like Pallas, ready armed, into existence. Harlequin's wand, more potent than Prospero's, raises life 'to the level of dreams.' Puck and Robin Goodfellow, Oberon and Titania, Peachblossom, Cobweb, and Mustard-seed, once more revisit 'these glimpses of the moon.' Hecate drives her flashing car across the eyes of sleeping mortals, and a visionary life appears, filled with dryads, demons, and dragons; fairies, elves, nymphs, and satyrs, as fanciful and fantastic as a hashish eater's dream.

In these transitory and grotesque pleasures, Drury Lane, as usual, and by common consent, appears pre-eminent. Mr. E. L. Blanchard, who is the powerful magician wielding the spell of these so potent spirits of pantomime, and who is the very Cagliostro of nursery legends, is, as usual, the author of the most successful pantomime of the year. His story is *Little Goody Two Shoes*, and here, as usual, the genial author has made mirth for children beyond measure, and framed a draught of more mercurial effect than hippocrass or falernian. *Little Goody* keeps a school, and like most humble, virtuous people, is likewise unlucky and persecuted. But of course, like most good people, she has some one to love her; and *Little Boy Blue* is her swain. The calamities *Little Goody* goes through are inconceivable by the most romantic mind. But she luckily survives them all, and of course marries *Little Boy Blue*. The scenery is very splendid, and worthy the old repute of Drury Lane. At Covent Garden, the entertainment is a burlesque by Mr. H. J. Byron, who is also the author of the Strand, Adelphi, and St. James's pieces. Of these respectively, it may be remarked, that a gorgeous, if not unmatchable triumph of scenic art by Callcott, in a wondrous transformation scene, is the feature at Covent Garden; that the quaint, grotesque, humorous acting of Mr. J. L. Toole, and the eminently artistic rendering of her part by Miss Woolgar, with a scene of Ranelagh in the olden time, and of a *Fairies' Haunt*, by Mr. James, the artist, are the attractions at the Adelphi; that the St. James's relies on the merits of Miss Herbert, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews; and that the Strand burlesque of '*Ivanhoe*' is endowed with its charm, by reason of the acting of Messrs. Rogers and Clarke, and Miss Marshall; and the happy, reckless, punning dialogue.

At the Olympic, Mr. F. C. Burnand contributes an admirable burlesque, which is graced and set off with charming natural scenery by Telbin, painted with the utmost artistic refinement; a view in Sherwood Forest, and a scene near Nottingham, being especially noticeable; and aided by the delightful, fresh, and vivacious acting and singing of Miss Hughes as *Maid Marian*, and a generally efficient cast.

At the Haymarket, Lord Dundreary still continues his fascinating reign; the burlesque of '*Rasselas*' being added, in deference to the season. This is from the pen of Mr. W. Brough, and is fairly creditable on the ground of construction, arrangement, and general treatment. It, is on the whole, interesting. The scenery is admirable and most attractive, and the story is

pleasing, but it is to some extent an error, we conceive, that burlesque has been substituted for pantomime at this house, the theatre being admirably suited by situation for the attendance of children; but possibly this has been considered with a view to the convenience of the crowds who still attend merely to see 'Dundreary.' The Princess's, however, is able to supply the absence of attraction at the Haymarket, having a very excellent pantomime, from the pen of Mr. E. L. Blanchard, called 'Riquet with the Tuft.' Here the scenery is by that most eminent stage mechanist, and very prince of theatrical illusionists, Mr. Beverley; and the transformation scene, A Mushroom Marsh on a misty Morning; a Magic Kitchen, especially designed for children, and The Enchanted Wood, attest alike his ingenuity and eminent artistic qualifications. The story is very pretty; like all the productions of the same author, has a moral; and as carefully eschews any allusion, reference, turn of expression, or idea, which could be misconstrued, or would be unfit for children, as are all his works. There is a very charming ballet, indeed, one that is unequalled this season for its ingenuity and taste, although in this respect Covent Garden, which owes its arrangement to the unequalled skill of Mr. A. Harris, may be noted as being especially happy.

The dramatic events of the month past, independent of the Christmas entertainments, may be briefly chronicled. Mr. Falconer, the lessee of the Lyceum, has resigned his command of that house, and re-opened Drury Lane. Mr. Boucicault has reconstructed Astley's Amphitheatre, and now reigns as manager of the New Westminster Theatre.

Mr. Frank Matthews has entered on a career of management at the St. James's, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews are now, it is said, to resign their engagement at the Lyceum with Mr. Fechter, and join the other Matthews at this pleasant little theatre. There have been comparatively few changes made during the month. A new comedy called 'The Triple Alliance,' by Mr. J. Oxenford, was produced at the Princess's; and a new farce at the same house, by Mr. Linley, 'Law v. Love,' and a trifle at the Adelphi, *apropos* of the garotte panic, called 'The Ticket of Leave,'—these have been the chief novelties. December, as the month usually allotted to theatrical benefits, has been diversified by several of these ceremonial performances, the most noticeable being those of Miss A. Jones, which introduced a Mr. Cowper, an intelligent and judicious actor from the provinces, to the London stage; Mr. Paul Bedford's, on which occasion Mr. Sothorn appeared for the first time since his return to England as *Captain Walter Maidenblush* in 'The Little Treasure,' a part which he has played with some *clat* in America; and Dundreary's own benefit at the Haymarket, when Mr. Sothorn appeared as *Hugh de Brass* in 'A Regular Fix,' and achieved a complete success. Of course Mr. Sothorn is so admirable an artist, so minutely attentive to every detail of his arduous profession, so acutely sensitive to the minutiae of dress, carriage, action, by-play, and facial expression, as to be sure to succeed in any part he undertakes, but the public are only prepared for his success in extravagant or eccentric comedy after his hit in Dundreary; the consequence of which was, that *Captain Maidenblush* was deemed but a moderate success, while the more extravagant part of *De Brass* was as vehemently applauded as Dundreary itself, and even in parts secured a more boisterous applause.

With reference to future theatricals, Mr. Fechter opens on the 10th of January with a piece called 'The Duke's Motto, or I'm here,' a translation of 'Le Bossu,' a drama which has been running for the last five months at the Porte St. Martin Theatre in Paris. A burlesque by Mr. W. Brough was talked of, and the scenery was painted, and the piece placed in rehearsal, but at the last moment was considered so indifferent as to be thrown aside. The theatre is undergoing a complete renewal internally, and is to be opened with considerable *clat*, but neither Miss Helen Faucit nor Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews are, it is said, to form any portion of the company as was at one time supposed.



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